THE

TATLER.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY BYE AND LAW;

For Meſſrs. Longman, Dodſley, Law, Johnſon, Nichols, Dilly, Robinſon, Sewell, Richardſon, Baldwin, Faulder, Rivington, Otridge and Son, B. and J. White, Hookham and Carpenter, Wilkie, Scatcherd, Ogilvie and Son, Newbery, J. Edwards, Vernor and Hood, Nunn, Pote, Miller, Cadell and Davies, and H. Lowndes.

1797.

GENERAL ADVERTISEMENT.

THE editor of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, claims no other merit than that of introducing them to the public in this complete ſeries. Neither the plan, nor much of the execution of it, is his own.

It is now nearly thirty years ſince the outlines of the undertaking were ſketched, in conjunction with the late Mr. Tonſon, by a writer of diſtinguiſhed taſte and talents; who was prevented from purſuing it by avocations of a more important nature. It has been conſiderably altered, and carried much farther than was at firſt intended; but all the information which was obtained by the active zeal, and well-directed inquiries, which that gentleman made among men of the firſt eminence in the world of letters, though ſometimes ſuperſeded on indubitable authorities, has been faithfully preſerved, and is diſtinguiſhed by the ſignature P in the accumulated collection which the reader has now before him.

Of the original papers it may be ſufficient to ſay, in the emphatic words of Johnſon, that 'they comprize precepts of criticiſm, ſallies of invention, deſcriptions of life, and lectures of morality; they employ wit in the cauſe of truth, and make elegance ſubſervient to piety; they have now for more than half a century ſupplied the Engliſh nation, in a great meaſure, with principles of ſpeculation, and rules of practice,

and given their authors a claim to be mentioned amongſt the benefactors of mankind.

'To teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties, to regulate the practice of daily converſation, to correct thoſe depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove thoſe grievances, which, if they produce no laſting calamities, impreſs hourly vexation, was firſt attempted in Italy by Caſa, in his Book of Manners, and Caſtiglione in his Courtier, two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance.

'This ſpecies of inſtruction was continued, and perhaps advanced, by the French; among whom La Bruyere's Manners of the Age, though written without connection, deſerves great praiſe. Before the Tatler and Spectator, if the writers for the Theatre are excepted, England had no maſters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the ſavageneſs of neglect, or the impertinence of civility; to teach when to ſpeak, or to be ſilent; how to refuſe, or how to comply. We wanted not books to teach us more important duties, and to ſettle opinions in philoſophy or politics; but an *arbiter elegantiarum*, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who ſhould ſurvey the track of daily converſation, and free it from thorns and prickles, which teaſe the paſſer, though they do not wound him. For this purpoſe nothing is ſo proper as the frequent publication of ſhort papers, which we read not as ſtudy but amuſement. If the ſubject be ſlight, the treatiſe likewiſe is ſhort. The buſy may find time, and the idle may find patience.

'It is ſaid by Addiſon, in a ſubſequent work, that they had a perceptible influence upon the converſation of that time, and taught the frolic and gay to unite merriment with decency; an effect which they can never wholly loſe, while they continue to be among the firſt books by which both ſexes are initiated in the elegancies of knowledge.

'The Tatler and Spectator reduced, like Caſa, the unſettled practice of daily intercourſe to propriety and politeneſs; and, like La Bruyere, exhibited the "characters and manners of the age."

'But to ſay that they united the plans of two or three eminent writers, is to give them but a ſmall part of their due praiſe; they ſuperadded literature and criticiſm, and ſometimes towered far above their predeceſſors, and taught, with great juſtneſs of argument and dignity of language, the moſt important duties and ſublime truths.

'All theſe topics are happily varied with elegant fictions and refined allegories, and illuminated with different changes of ſtyle, and felicities of invention [a].'

This edition of theſe valuable papers is formed from an accurate collation of the original folio's with Steele's octavo's; not without attention to what was faulty either in orthography or punctuation. This may ſeem a trifling labour; but the neglect of it is the ſource of much of the obſcurity and confuſion which is found in bad editions of good authors.

Tranſlations are annexed to all the mottoes, and ſome of them are tranſlated anew; it having now

[a] Johnſon's Life of Addiſon, *paſſim*.

and then been found neceſſary to adapt them more peculiarly to the ſubjects of the papers to which they were prefixed, the whole application depending upon ſome nice turn of the original phraſe, which does not hold even in the beſt of the received verſions. On this head there is ſtill room for improvement; and the ingenious are requeſted to amuſe themſelves in lending their aſſiſtance.

'The perſonages introduced in theſe papers, were not merely ideal; they were then known, and conſpicuous in various ſtations. Of the Tatler, this is told by Steele in his laſt paper. Of theſe portraits, which may be ſuppoſed to be ſometimes embelliſhed, and ſometimes aggravated, the originals are partly known, and partly forgotten [b].'

Concerning them, there is much certain information, and there are many conjectures, not very improbable, in the courſe of this work. If in ſome inſtances of the moſt flagrant delinquents, their names, though pretty well known, have not yet been communicated to the public; the reaſons for concealment are eaſily conceivable, and ſufficiently forcible to conſtrain, and to juſtify ſilence.

In all caſes where the writers could be aſcertained, their names are mentioned, and memoirs of them are now in preparation, which will be publiſhed in a ſeparate work, with-held hitherto, in hopes of their being benefited, and enlarged, by expected communications from aged and literary people, who are requeſted to give notice of any thing inſtructive, or entertaining, relative to theſe

[b] Johnſon, *ut ſupra*.

writers, or writings, through the channel of the Gentleman's Magazine, or rather by letters directed to J. Nichols, Red-lion-paſſage, Fleet-ſtreet.

Conſidering that there are no ſignatures in the Tatler to aſcertain the writers, and that their names were chiefly to be learnt from information, or a minute attention to little circumſtances in the papers themſelves; the intelligence in this kind is rather more ample than there was any juſt reaſon to expect. Meanwhile, the line that divides conjecture from certainty has ſeldom, if ever, been tranſgreſſed; and in every doubtful caſe, the paper is aſcribed to Steele, the only oſtenſible author.

This rule has been obſerved even in inſtances where there is more than ground to ſuſpect that Steele was not the writer; but this may be eaſily rectified, as future information, or fortunate diſcovery, ſhall have made, what is but conjectural now, more certain hereafter.

There is a debt upon this work, far from inconſiderable, which ſhall be faithfully diſcharged, though kept at preſent an accompt current, till the permiſſion of the creditors can be obtained to ſtate it more particularly. It is hoped, however, and requeſted, that the intelligent will ſtill ſend their communications, and benefactors continue their favours, till this matter comes to be finally adjuſted with regular propriety. Even at this early period, it cannot be much amiſs, to acknowledge with thankfulneſs, that the work is under great obligations to a late very learned and much reſpected prelate, who was himſelf, latterly, no inferior writer in the Spectator and Guardian.

His very valuable communications, ſufficiently diſtinguiſhable of themſelves by ſuperiority in point of importance, needed not to have been marked, as they all are, by ſuitable modes of expreſſion in their introductions, that ſufficiently appropriate them to their worthy author.

For ſimilar reaſons, the precaution, it may be, was greatly unneceſſary, to point out, as has always been done, the favours of other contributors by particular ſignatures, which the editor, with permiſſion of parties, or when it is underſtood that it would not give offence, will with pleaſure embrace, or contrive a convenient way of explaining to the public.

After all the exceptions, that go, it may be, to the beſt, though not the greateſt part of this work, ſetting aſide too the notes which are mere quotations, reſted on their own authorities, in which there is no more to anſwer for but their pertinence; there ſtill remains a miſcellaneous aſſemblage of information, more curious than important, for which the annotator, and ſometimes the editor, are reſponſible. If, now and then, their pens have accidentally run riot, they truſt that they have not yet been guilty of any ſin, ſo deadly, or ſo un-venial, but that they may be forgiven. In the mean time, they claim much lenity on the ſcore of intention, and think themſelves entitled to conſiderable indulgence, from the novelty, the nature, and the name of their book.

Very many of the explanatory illuſtrations ought to be exempted from the rigorous examination of the learned, becauſe they were ſolely written for the ſake of the unlearned; one of the principal

objects being to render the whole work as intelligible, uſeful, and entertaining as poſſible, to the youth of both ſexes, under the idea of its being one of thoſe very important books, by which they are 'initiated in the elegancies of knowledge.'

Theſe admirable eſſays, at that their firſt publication, generally clear, might be in leſs need of comment; but, as they frequently allude to facts which are no longer known, and reprove follies which no longer exiſt, notes become now indiſpenſably neceſſary. This part of the work has been the more difficult to execute, becauſe the paſſages that moſt require explanation, contain alluſions to popular faſhions, modes, and follies, ſeldom recorded in common books, nor very minutely in ſuch as are uncommon, being chiefly to be learnt from perſonal information. To obtain this, neither trouble nor expence has been ſpared; nor will they be with-held, or regretted, if this edition ſhould be ſo fortunate as to meet with the approbation of the public, and become the means of enticing people to a better acquaintance with uſeful papers, which, for ſome time back, have been perhaps more generally bought than read.

The news, and periodical papers, in the courſe of the original publications, form the capital ſource of information, containing nearly the only intelligence that can now be obtained, of the topics of converſation at the time when theſe papers were written, and of little incidents alluded to in them, which hiſtorians have thought it below their dignity to record. In the courſe of examining ſuch of theſe papers as could be procured, many things occurred, not immedi-

ately relative to the ſubjects of the Lucubrations, which had an evident tendency to illuſtrate the hiſtory of arts, manufactures, ſcience, &c. in and about this period. The annotator has filled up every blank ſpace and corner that would otherwiſe have been left vacant, with ſuch curious notices and advertiſements; truſting for his apology, to the general entertainment and utility, which they appeared ſo likely to ſubſerve. To the curious, theſe advertiſements, it is thought, will not be the leaſt acceptable parts of this work; however numerous, they have added nothing to the ſize of the book, being all ſo much pure gain to the reader; ſuch of them as are deemed trifling, or ſuperfluous, may eaſily be paſſed over; and then no harm is done.

Theſe volumes are again given up, as at firſt, 'to the mercy of the town, with all their imperfections on their heads,' and reſpectfully ſubmitted to the candour of the public, who, it is hoped, will judge favourably of an attempt attended with ſuch peculiar difficulties. The editor and annotator cannot conclude without adding, that they ſhall be happy to receive hints and materials for future improvements and elucidations; and that they will cheerfully embrace ſome future opportunity of rectifying whatever may be requiſite in the notes and remarks on the preſent volumes.

Having ſaid thus much, they take leave of the courteous reader for the preſent, in the appoſite words of Horace:

'——— *Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,*
Candidus imperti: Si non, his utere mecum.'

STEELE's

PREFACE

TO THE ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION, 1710.

In the laſt Tatler I promiſed ſome explanation of paſſages and perſons mentioned in this work, as well as ſome account of the aſſiſtances I have had in the performance. I ſhall do this in very few words; for when a man has no deſign but to ſpeak plain truth, he may ſay a great deal in a very narrow compaſs. I have, in the dedication of the firſt volume, made my acknowledgments to Dr. Swift, whoſe pleaſant writings, in the name of Bickerſtaff, created an inclination in the town towards any thing that could appear in the ſame diſguiſe. I muſt acknowledge alſo, that, at my firſt entering upon this work, a certain uncommon way of thinking, and a turn in converſation peculiar to that agreeable gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous to one whoſe imagination was to be continually employed upon obvious and common ſubjects, though at the ſame time obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His verſes on the Shower in Town [c], and the Deſcription of the Morning [d], are inſtances of the happineſs of that genius, which could raiſe ſuch pleaſing

[c] Tat. N° 238. [d] Tat. N° 9.

ideas upon occaſions ſo barren to an ordinary invention.

When I am upon the houſe of Bickerſtaff, I muſt not forget that genealogy of the family [e] ſent to me by the poſt, and written, as I ſince underſtand, by Mr. Twiſden, who died at the battle of Mons, and has a monument in Weſtminſter-abbey, ſuitable to the reſpect which is due to his wit and his valour. There are through the courſe of the work very many incidents which were written by unknown correſpondents. Of this kind is the tale in the ſecond Tatler, and the epiſtle from Mr. Downes the prompter [f], with others which were very well received by the public. But I have only one gentleman, who will be nameleſs [g], to thank for any frequent aſſiſtance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood, conſidering the great eaſe with which he is able to diſpatch the moſt entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with ſuch force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a diſtreſſed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not ſubſiſt without dependance on him.

[e] Tat. N° 11, N° 75. [f] Tat. N° 193.

[g] The veil of ſecrecy has long ſince been removed; it was ſuſpected before the Tatler was re-publiſhed in volumes, but it then became certain, that this auxiliary was Addiſon. His name (as well as thoſe of many hitherto unknown writers, of the Bickerſtaff family,) will appear throughout this edition to all the papers which can with certainty be appropriated.

The ſame hand writ the diſtinguiſhing characters of men and women under the names of Muſical Inſtruments [h], The Diſtreſs of the News-writers [i], The Inventory of the Play-houſe [k], and The Deſcription of the Thermometer [l], which I cannot but look upon as the greateſt embelliſhments of this work.

Thus far I thought neceſſary to ſay relating to the great hands which have been concerned in theſe volumes, with relation to the ſpirit and genius of the work; and am far from pretending to modeſty in making this acknowledgment. What a man obtains from the good opinion and friendſhip of worthy men, is a much greater honour than he can poſſibly reap from any accompliſhments of his own. But all the credit of wit which was given me by the gentlemen above mentioned, with whom I have now accounted, has not been able to atone for the exceptions made againſt me for ſome raillery in behalf of that learned advocate for the epiſcopacy of the church, and the liberty of the people, Mr. Hoadly [m]. I mentioned this only to defend myſelf againſt the imputation of being moved rather by party than opinion; and I think it is apparent, I have with the utmoſt frankneſs allowed merit wherever I found it, though joined in intereſts different from thoſe for which I have declared myſelf. When my Favonius [n] is acknowledged to be Dr. Smalridge, and the amiable character of the dean in the ſixty-ſixth

[h] Tat. N° 153. [i] Tat. N° 18. [k] Tat. N° 42.
[l] Tat. N° 220. [m] See Tat. N° 44, N° 50, N° 51, N° 115, N° 143, and notes. [n] Tat. N° 72, N° 114.

Tatler, drawn for Dr. Atterbury; I hope I need ſay no more as to my impartiality.

I really have acted in theſe caſes with honeſty, and am concerned it ſhould be thought otherwiſe: for wit, if a man had it, unleſs it be directed to ſome uſeful end, is but a wanton frivolous quality; all that one ſhould value himſelf upon in this kind is, that he had ſome honourable intention in it.

As for this point, never hero in romance was carried away with more furious ambition to conquer giants and tyrants, than I have been in extirpating gameſters and duelliſts. And indeed, like one of thoſe knights too, though I was calm before, I am apt to fly out again, when the thing that firſt diſturbed me is preſented to my imagination. I ſhall therefore leave off when I am well, and fight with windmills no more: only ſhall be ſo arrogant as to ſay of myſelf, that, in ſpite of all the force of faſhion and prejudice, in the face of all the world, I alone bewailed the condition of an Engliſh gentleman, whoſe fortune and life are at this day precarious; while his eſtate is liable to the demands of gameſters, through a falſe ſenſe of juſtice; and to the demands of duelliſts, through a falſe ſenſe of honour. As to the firſt of theſe orders of men, I have not one word more to ſay of them: as to the latter, I ſhall conclude all I have more to offer againſt them, with reſpect to their being prompted by the fear of ſhame, by applying to the duelliſt what I think Dr. South ſays ſomewhere of the liar, 'He is a coward to man, and a bravo to God.'

ORIGINAL DEDICATION

TO TATLER, VOL. I.

TO

MR. MAYNWARING*.

'SIR,

THE ſtate of converſation and buſineſs in this town having been long perplexed with pretenders

* Arthur Maynwaring, eſq. 'His works ſet the character of his genius above the reach of the criticiſm of others, and he was himſelf allowed univerſally to be the beſt critic of his times.' Biog. Brit. art. Hughes. Remark L.

'His learning was without pedantry; his wit without affectation; his judgment without malice; his friendſhip without intereſt; his zeal without violence; in a word, he was the beſt ſubject, the beſt friend, the beſt relation, the beſt maſter, the beſt critic, and the beſt political writer in Great Britain.' Memoirs of Mrs. Oldfield, aſcribed to a Mr. Egerton.

He died in 1712, aged 44, and left his eſtate to be equally divided between his ſiſter, his ſon, and his ſon's mother. It amounted to little more than 3000l. His Life and Poſthu-

in both kinds; in order to open men's eyes againſt ſuch abuſes, it appeared no unprofitable undertaking to publiſh a paper, which ſhould obſerve upon the manners of the pleaſurable, as well as the buſy part of mankind. To make this generally read, it ſeemed the moſt proper method to form it by way of a letter of intelligence, conſiſting of ſuch parts as might gratify the curioſity of perſons of all conditions, and of each ſex. But a work of this nature requiring time to grow into the notice of the world, it happened very luckily, that, a little before I had reſolved upon this deſign, a gentleman [p] had written predictions, and two or three other pieces in my name, which rendered it famous through all parts of Europe; and by an inimitable ſpirit and humour, raiſed it to as high a pitch of reputation as it could poſſibly arrive at.

By this good fortune the name of Iſaac Bickerſtaff [q] gained an audience of all who had any taſte of wit; and the addition of the ordinary

mous Works were publiſhed by Mr. Oldmixon, 1715. 8vo. whence a full account of him has been lately inſerted in the Biographical Dictionary.

A ſelection from his Medleys accompanies the new edition of Steele's Lover and Reader, 1789.

[p] Dr. Swift. See Swift's Works, vol. iii. p. 198. See alſo Steele's Original Preface to the Tatler, printed above, p. ix.

[q] Although the Tatler joined an odd ſurname to no very common chriſtian one, there was a man found in this large town, who owned both the names. Swift's Letters, vol. xv. p. 408.

occurrences of common journals of news brought in a multitude of other readers. I could not, I confeſs, long keep up the opinion of the town, that theſe Lucubrations were written by the ſame hand with the firſt works which were publiſhed under my name; but before I loſt the participation of that author's fame, I had already found the advantage of his authority, to which I owe the ſudden acceptance[r] which my labours met with in the world.

The general purpoſe of this paper is to expoſe the falſe arts of life, to pull off the diſguiſes of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general ſimplicity in our dreſs, our diſcourſe, and our behaviour. No man has a better judgment for the diſcovery, or a nobler ſpirit for the contempt of all impoſture, than yourſelf; which qualities, render you the moſt proper patron for the author of theſe eſſays. In the general, the deſign, however executed, has met with ſo great ſucceſs, that there is hardly a name now eminent among us for power, wit, beauty, valour, or wiſdom, which is not ſubſcribed for the encouragement of theſe volumes. This is, indeed, an honour, for which it is impoſſible to expreſs a ſuitable gratitude; and there is nothing could be an addition to the pleaſure I take in it but the reflection, that it gives me the

[r] 'During the prevalence of parties and prejudices, he that would be believed by every body, ſhould be known to nobody, leſt, inſtead of liſtening to the good advice of the cenſor, the cenſured ſhould endeavour, by retorting on his frailties, to extenuate or juſtify their own.'

moſt conſpicuous occaſion I can ever have, of ſubſcribing myſelf,

Sir,

Your moſt obliged, moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF [s].

[s] See more concerning the purpoſes of this paper in N° 3, N° 5, N° 9, N° 51, N° 64, and N° 271. See alſo Dr. Johnſon's Lives of Engliſh Poets, vol. ii. p. 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, and 366, ed. 8vo. 1781.

THE TATLER.[a]

N° 1. Tuesday, April 12, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper seizes for it's theme.' P.

THOUGH the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England, have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds,

[a] The title of this paper, it is said here, was invented in honour of the fair sex; it is fit therefore that it should be left entirely to their jurisdiction. The well-imagined character of the conductor of the paper was the creature of Steele's fine fancy for the equal benefit of both sexes; and conceived and supported throughout with curious felicity, in a manner highly conducive to the intellectual improvement and moral refinement of his countrymen. Having happily devised an original character and office, sufficiently dignified and interesting, Steele assumed both the name and surname of a real person, said to have been about that time a resident in London. Swift had made free with them before, and whimsically adopted them, merely for a laughable purpose. From him it was that Steele borrowed them for a more laudable purpose, as he handsomely acknowledges in his preface to the fourth volume of this work, where he has likewise pointed out some of Swift's least obnoxious contributions to the Tatler. Cer-

they do not ſeem to come up to the main deſign of ſuch narrations, which, I humbly preſume, ſhould be principally intended for the uſe of politic perſons, who are ſo public-ſpirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into tranſactions of ſtate. Now theſe gentlemen, for the moſt part, being perſons of ſtrong zeal, and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and neceſſary work to offer ſomething, whereby ſuch worthy

tainly there were others which Swift affected to conceal, and would not diſcloſe to his moſt intimate companions, for valid reaſons no doubt, which it is not very difficult to diſcover. Some of them, betrayed by little circumſtances, father themſelves ſufficiently; and it will appear in the courſe of the notes, that though they did not much diſgrace the Tatler in point of compoſition, they contributed little or nothing to it in point of uſefulneſs, being among the moſt reprehenſible and leaſt pardonable parts of the paper.

Conſidering what is ſaid in Steele's dedication of The Drummer to Congreve, we may well admit in its greateſt latitude the teſtimony of Mr. Thomas Tickell, who has left it on record, that Steele began and concluded the Tatler without the concurrence of Addiſon. The great obligations of this work to that writer are acknowledged with ample and generous juſtice, in the fine turned compliments paid to him by Steele, in the preface above mentioned. We know likewiſe, on Steele's authority, that theſe papers contain many of Addiſon's pleaſantries and oblique ſtrokes, which would never have come into day-light but under the ſhelter of Bickerſtaff's name, or, to ſpeak more properly, if that prudent man could not have relied entirely on the inviolable friendſhip and ſecrecy of Bickerſtaff's creator, who ſuffered himſelf patiently to be traduced and calumniated for them. Addiſon was unqueſtionably an able, an uſeful, and the principal auxiliary; but this annotator thinks it needleſs to make any apology for his having conſidered Steele, throughout the whole courſe of theſe elegant writings, as the rightful chief and head of the STAFFS. It was Steele who firſt enliſted Addiſon, and all the worthies of the Staffian-family, in the entertainment and ſervice of their country. It was he, whoſe fruitful genius and un-

and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be inſtructed after their reading, what to think; which ſhall be the end and purpoſe of this my paper, wherein I ſhall, from time to time, report and conſider all matters of what kind ſo ever that ſhall occur to me, and publiſh ſuch my advices and reflections every Tueſday, Thurſday, and Saturday, in the week, for the convenience of the poſt. I reſolve to have ſomething which may be of entertainment to the fair

bounded philanthropy contrived to incorporate them into a moſt beneficial ſociety, endowed them with advantages never thought of before, and directed and ſupported them with addreſs and ability, in the promotion of knowledge and taſte, of virtue and religion. He it certainly was, who by his own unremitted exertions, and at his own expence and perſonal hazard, for a courſe of years rendered them ſignally ſerviceable to their contemporaries, and ſpecial benefactors to their poſterity, as they continue to be at this day; when their writings are ſtill likely to be, while our language remains, 'among the firſt books by which both ſexes are initiated in the elegancies of knowledge.'

Even with regard to the many excellent performances in the courſe of theſe papers, of which Steele was not himſelf the author, as they would not have ſeen the light but by the means of his contrivance and publications, and his zeal and addreſs in conducting them, the public was then and is now indebted to him for their benefits; and whatever Steele might owe to Addiſon, and other writers, whom he probably paid, and overpaid with his uſual generoſity, certainly we owe to Steele what was originally written by Addiſon and them. Dr. Johnſon's pleaſing obſervations on this work it would be improper to tranſcribe, and unpleaſant to cenſure. The reader may conſult the doctor's inſtructive and entertaining account in his Life of Addiſon. A general reference to it is all that is neceſſary here; ſome few little miſtakes and inaccuracies in it, which the peculiar nature of the annotator's employment led him to diſcover, ſo far as the illuſtration of theſe papers renders it requiſite, will be ſufficiently obviated, as occaſions ſerve, in the courſe of the following notes.

they do not ſeem to come up to the main deſign of ſuch narrations, which, I humbly preſume, ſhould be principally intended for the uſe of politic perſons, who are ſo public-ſpirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into tranſactions of ſtate. Now theſe gentlemen, for the moſt part, being perſons of ſtrong zeal, and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and neceſſary work to offer ſomething, whereby ſuch worthy

tainly there were others which Swift affected to conceal, and would not diſcloſe to his moſt intimate companions, for valid reaſons no doubt, which it is not very difficult to diſcover. Some of them, betrayed by little circumſtances, father themſelves ſufficiently; and it will appear in the courſe of the notes, that though they did not much diſgrace the Tatler in point of compoſition, they contributed little or nothing to it in point of uſefulneſs, being among the moſt reprehenſible and leaſt pardonable parts of the paper.

Conſidering what is ſaid in Steele's dedication of The Drummer to Congreve, we may well admit in its greateſt latitude the teſtimony of Mr. Thomas Tickell, who has left it on record, that Steele began and concluded the Tatler without the concurrence of Addiſon. The great obligations of this work to that writer are acknowledged with ample and generous juſtice, in the fine turned compliments paid to him by Steele, in the preface above mentioned. We know likewiſe, on Steele's authority, that theſe papers contain many of Addiſon's pleaſantries and oblique ſtrokes, which would never have come into day-light but under the ſhelter of Bickerſtaff's name, or, to ſpeak more properly, if that prudent man could not have relied entirely on the inviolable friendſhip and ſecrecy of Bickerſtaff's creator, who ſuffered himſelf patiently to be traduced and calumniated for them. Addiſon was unqueſtionably an able, an uſeful, and the principal auxiliary; but this annotator thinks it needleſs to make any apology for his having conſidered Steele, throughout the whole courſe of theſe elegant writings, as the rightful chief and head of the STAFFS. It was Steele who firſt enliſted Addiſon, and all the worthies of the Staffian-family, in the entertainment and ſervice of their country. It was he, whoſe fruitful genius and un-

and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be inſtructed after their reading, what to think; which ſhall be the end and purpoſe of this my paper, wherein I ſhall, from time to time, report and conſider all matters of what kind ſo ever that ſhall occur to me, and publiſh ſuch my advices and reflections every Tueſday, Thurſday, and Saturday, in the week, for the convenience of the poſt. I reſolve to have ſomething which may be of entertainment to the fair

bounded philanthropy contrived to incorporate them into a moſt beneficial ſociety, endowed them with advantages never thought of before, and directed and ſupported them with addreſs and ability, in the promotion of knowledge and taſte, of virtue and religion. He it certainly was, who by his own unremitted exertions, and at his own expence and perſonal hazard, for a courſe of years rendered them ſignally ſerviceable to their contemporaries, and ſpecial benefactors to their poſterity, as they continue to be at this day; when their writings are ſtill likely to be, while our language remains, 'among the firſt books by which both ſexes are initiated in the elegancies of knowledge.'

Even with regard to the many excellent performances in the courſe of theſe papers, of which Steele was not himſelf the author, as they would not have ſeen the light but by the means of his contrivance and publications, and his zeal and addreſs in conducting them, the public was then and is now indebted to him for their benefits; and whatever Steele might owe to Addiſon, and other writers, whom he probably paid, and overpaid with his uſual generoſity, certainly we owe to Steele what was originally written by Addiſon and them. Dr. Johnſon's pleaſing obſervations on this work it would be improper to tranſcribe, and unpleaſant to cenſure. The reader may conſult the doctor's inſtructive and entertaining account in his Life of Addiſon. A general reference to it is all that is neceſſary here; ſome few little miſtakes and inaccuracies in it, which the peculiar nature of the annotator's employment led him to diſcover, ſo far as the illuſtration of theſe papers renders it requiſite, will be ſufficiently obviated, as occaſions ſerve, in the courſe of the following notes.

ſex, in honour of whom I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earneſtly deſire all perſons, without diſtinction, to take it in for the preſent gratis, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I deſire all perſons to conſider, that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that before I reſolved upon it, I had ſettled a correſpondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And foraſmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of buſineſs only, but that men of ſpirit and genius are juſtly to be eſteemed as conſiderable agents in it, we ſhall not, upon a dearth of news, preſent you with muſty foreign edicts, or dull proclamations, but ſhall divide our relation of the paſſages which occur in action or diſcourſe throughout this town, as well as elſewhere, under ſuch dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect in the following manner.

'All accounts of gallantry, pleaſure, and entertainment, ſhall be under the article of White's Chocolate-houſe [b]; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-houſe [c]; learning, under the title of Grecian [d]; foreign and domeſtic news, you will have from St. James's Coffee-houſe; and what elſe I have to offer on any other ſubject ſhall be dated from My own Apartment.

[b] White's Chocolate-houſe was then lower down in St. James's-ſtreet than it is at preſent, and on the other ſide.

[c] Will's Coffee-houſe was on the north ſide of Ruſſel-ſtreet in Covent Garden.

[d] The Grecian was, and ſtill is, in Devereux-court in the Strand.

'I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two-pence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under six-pence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney [c] at St. James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my gratis stock is exhausted) of a penny a-piece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

'But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors.'

White's Chocolate-house, April 7.

The deplorable condition of a very pretty gentleman, who walks here at the hours when men of quality first appear, is what is very much lamented. His history is, That on the ninth of September, 1705, being in his one and twentieth year, he was washing his teeth at a tavern window in Pall-mall, when a fine equipage passed

[c] Kidney was one of the waiters at St. James's Coffee-house. See N° 10, N° 26, &c.

by, and in it a young lady who looked up at him; away goes the coach, and the young gentleman pulled off his night-cap, and inſtead of rubbing his gums, as he ought to do, out of the window until about four of the clock, ſits him down and ſpoke not a word until twelve at night; after which he began to inquire if any body knew 'the Lady?'—The company aſked 'what Lady?' but he ſaid no more, until they broke up at ſix in the morning. All the enſuing winter he went from church to church every Sunday, and from playhouſe to playhouſe every night in the week; but could never find the original of the picture which dwelt in his boſom. In a word, his attention to any thing but his paſſion was utterly gone. He has loſt all the money he ever played for, and been confuted in every argument he has entered upon, ſince the moment he firſt ſaw her. He is of a noble family, has naturally a very good air, and is of a frank honeſt temper: but this paſſion has ſo extremely mauled him, that his features are ſet and uninformed, and his whole viſage is deadened, by a long abſence of thought. He never appears in any alacrity, but when raiſed by wine; at which time he is ſure to come hither, and throw away a great deal of wit on fellows who have no ſenſe farther than juſt to obſerve, that our poor lover has moſt underſtanding when he is drunk, and is leaſt in his ſenſes when he is ſober [f].

[f] Edward lord viſcount Hinchinbroke, mentioned afterwards under the name of Cynthio. He died in the life-time of his father, Oct. 3, 1722. See N° 5, and N° 22, and Lover, N° 38.

The reader is desired to take notice of the article from this place from time to time, for I design to be very exact in the progress this unhappy gentleman makes, which may be of great instruction to all who actually are, or who ever shall be, in love.

Will's Coffee-house, April 8.

On Thursday last was acted [g], for the benefit of Mr. Betterton, the celebrated comedy called Love for Love [h]. Those excellent players, Mrs. Barry [i], Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mr. Dogget, though not at present concerned in the house, acted on that occasion. There has not been known so great a concourse of persons of distinction as at that time; the stage itself was covered with gentlemen and ladies, and when the curtain was drawn, it discovered even there a very splendid audience. This unusual en-

[g] C. Cibber acknowledges, that sir R. Steele did the stage very considerable service, led the town to their plays, and filled their houses, by the force and influence of his Tatlers. Steele had no share in the management of the playhouse in Drury-lane for several years after this time. His patent as governor is dated Jan. 19, 1714-15, 1 Geo. I.

[h] By W. Congreve. Published in quarto, 1695. The theatre and company in Lincoln's-inn fields opened with this play, which met with so much success, that Betterton and the other managers made an offer to the author, which he accepted, of a whole share with them in their profits, on condition of his furnishing them with a new play every year. The character of Foresight in this play was then no uncommon one. Dryden calculated nativities; Cromwell and king William had their lucky days; and Shaftesbury himself, though he had no religion, is said to have regarded predictions.

[i] Mrs. Barry on this occasion spoke an epilogue, written by Mr. Rowe, and printed in his works.

couragement, which was given to a play for the advantage of ſo great an actor, gives an undeniable inſtance, that the true reliſh for manly entertainments and rational pleaſures is not wholly loſt. All the parts were acted to perfection: the actors were careful of their carriage, and no one was guilty of the affectation to inſert witticiſms of his own; but a due reſpect was had to the audience, for encouraging this accompliſhed player. It is not now doubted but plays will revive, and take their uſual place in the opinion of perſons of wit and merit, notwithſtanding their late apoſtacy in favour of dreſs and ſound. This place is very much altered ſince Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you uſed to ſee ſongs, epigrams, and ſatires, in the hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and inſtead of the cavils about the turn of the expreſſion, the elegance of the ſtyle, and the like, the learned now diſpute only about the truth of the game. But however the company is altered, all have ſhewn a great reſpect for Mr. Betterton: and the very gaming part of this houſe have been ſo touched with a ſenſe of the uncertainty of human affairs (which alter with themſelves every moment) that in this gentleman they pitied Mark Antony of Rome, Hamlet of Denmark, Mithridates of Pontus, Theodoſius of Greece, and Henry the Eighth of England. It is well known, he has been in the condition of each of thoſe illuſtrious perſonages for ſeveral hours together, and behaved himſelf in thoſe high ſtations, in all the changes of the ſcene, with ſuitable dignity. For theſe reaſons, we intend

to repeat this late favour on him on a proper occaſion, leſt he, who can inſtruct us ſo well in perſonating feigned ſorrows, ſhould be loſt to us by ſuffering under real ones [k]. The town is at preſent in very great expectation of ſeeing [l] a comedy now in rehearſal, which is the twenty-fifth production of my honoured friend Mr. Thomas D'Urfey; who, beſides his great abilities in the dramatic, has a peculiar talent in the lyric way of writing, and that with a manner wholly new and unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, wherein he is but faintly imitated in the tranſlations of the modern Italian operas.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 11.

LETTERS from the Hague of the ſixteenth ſay, that major general Cadogan was gone to Bruſſels, with orders to diſperſe proper inſtructions for aſſembling the whole force of the allies in Flanders, in the beginning of the next month. The late offers concerning peace were made in

[k] Thomas Betterton, juſtly eſteemed the Roſcius of his age, was born in 1635, came upon the ſtage in 1656, and continued on it with great reputation more than 50 years. He died April 28, 1710. There is a metzotinto by Williams, which, Cibber ſays, 'reſembled him extremely;' and a fine picture of him by Pope, in the poſſeſſion of the earl of Mansfield. Sir Richard Steele, who attended his funeral, publiſhed a paper to his memory in the Tat. See N° 167.

[l] The Modern Prophets. C. quarto, 1709. See Tat. N° 11, and N° 43.

Mr. D'Urfey obtained his greateſt reputation by a peculiarly happy talent for writing irregular odes, witty catches, ſatires, and ſongs of humour, ſuited to the ſpirit of the times, which he ſung in a lively and entertaining manner. See Guard. N° 29, and N° 67.

the ſtyle of perſons who think themſelves upon equal terms: but the allies have ſo juſt a ſenſe of their preſent advantages, that they will not admit of a treaty, except France offers what is more ſuitable to her preſent condition. At the ſame time we make preparations, as if we were alarmed by a greater force than that which we are carrying into the field. Thus this point ſeems now to be argued ſword in hand. This was what a great general [m] alluded to, when being aſked the names of thoſe who were to be plenipotentiaries for the enſuing peace, he anſwered with a ſerious air, 'There are about an 'hundred thouſand of us.' Mr. Kidney [n], who has the ear of the greateſt politicians that come hither, tells me, there is a mail come in to-day with letters, dated Hague, April the nineteenth, N. S. which ſay, a deſign of bringing part of our troops into the field, at the latter end of this month, is now altered to a reſolution of marching towards the camp about the twentieth of the next. Prince Eugene was then returned thither from Amſterdam. He ſets out from Bruſſels on Tueſday: the greater number of the general officers at the Hague have orders to go at the ſame time. The ſquadron at Dunkirk conſiſts of ſeven veſſels. There happened the other day, in the road of Scheveling, an engagement between a privateer of Zeeland and one of Dunkirk. The Dunkirker, carrying thirty-three pieces of cannon, was taken and brought into the Texel. It is ſaid the courier of monſieur

[m] The duke of Marlborough.
[n] The waiter at St. James's coffee-houſe.

Rouille is returned to him from the court of France. Monſieur Vendoſme, being re-inſtated in the favour of the ducheſs of Burgundy, is to command in Flanders.

Mr. Kidney added, that there were letters of the ſeventeenth from Ghent, which give an account, that the enemy had formed a deſign to ſurpriſe two battalions of the allies which lay at Aloſt: but thoſe battalions received advice of their march, and retired to Dendermond. Lieutenant general Wood appeared on this occaſion at the head of five thouſand foot and one thouſand horſe; upon which the enemy withdrew, without making any farther attempt.

From my own Apartment.

I AM ſorry I am obliged to trouble the public with ſo much diſcourſe upon a matter which I at the very firſt mentioned as a trifle, viz. the death of Mr. Partridge °, under whoſe name there is an Almanack come out for the year 1709; in one page of which it is aſſerted by the ſaid John Partridge, that he is ſtill living, and not only ſo, but that he was alſo living ſome

° Dr. Swift, in his Predictions for 1708, foretold that Partridge the almanack-maker would infallibly die on the 29th of March, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. The wits reſolved to ſupport this prediction, and uniformly inſiſted that Partridge actually died at that time. See Tatler N° 7, N° 11, N° 35, N° 44, and lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift, p. 62.

' The inquiſition in Portugal was pleaſed in their great wiſdom to burn the Predictions of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq. for the year 1708; and to condemn the authors and readers of them, as Dr. Swift ſays he was told, by ſir Paul Methuen, then ambaſſador to that crown.'

time before, and even at the inſtant when I writ of his death. I have in another place, and in a paper by itſelf, ſufficiently convinced this man that he is dead, and, if he has any ſhame, I do not doubt but that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintance: for though the legs and arms and whole body of that man may ſtill appear, and perform their animal functions; yet ſince, as I have elſewhere obſerved, his art is gone, the man is gone. I am, as I ſaid, concerned, that this little matter ſhould make ſo much noiſe; but ſince I am engaged, I take myſelf obliged in honour to go on in my lucubrations, and by the help of theſe arts of which I am maſter, as well as my ſkill in aſtrological ſpeculations, I ſhall, as I ſee occaſion, proceed to confute other dead men, who pretend to be in being, although they are actually deceaſed. I therefore give all men fair warning to mend their manners; for I ſhall from time to time print bills of mortality; and I beg the pardon of all ſuch who ſhall be named therein, if they who are good for nothing ſhall find themſelves in the number of the deceaſed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** 'A vindication of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq. againſt what is objected to him by Mr. Partridge in his Almanack for the preſent year 1709.' By the ſaid Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq. London, printed in the year 1709 [p].

[p] Reprinted, with Bickerſtaff's Predictions, in the third volume of Swift's works.

N. B. All that precedes the article in this paper, dated from White's chocolate-houſe, p. 6, was re-printed verbatim at the beginnings of Tat. N° 2, and N° 3. The four firſt numbers of the Tatler were given gratis.

N° 2. Thurſday, April 14, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley Paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 13.

THERE has lain all this evening on the table the following poem. The ſubject of it being matter very uſeful for families, I thought it deſerved to be conſidered, and made more public [q]. The turn the poet gives it is very happy; but the foundation is from a real accident which happened among my acquaintance. A young gentleman of a great eſtate, fell deſperately in love with a great beauty of very high quality, but as ill-natured as long flattery and an habitual ſelf-will could make her. However, my young ſpark ventures upon her like a man of quality, without being acquainted with her, or having ever ſaluted her, until it was a crime to kiſs any woman elſe. Beauty is a thing which palls with poſſeſſion, and the charms of this lady ſoon wanted the ſupport of good-humour and complacency of manners. Upon this, my ſpark flies to the bottle for relief from ſatiety. She diſdains him for being tired with that for which all men envied him; and he never came home, but

[q] There is a ſtory very like this in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

it was—'Was there no ſot that would ſtay longer? would any man living but you? did I leave all the world for this uſage?' to which he —'Madam, ſplit me, you are very impertinent!' In a word, this match was wedlock in its moſt terrible appearances. She, at laſt weary of railing to no purpoſe, applies to a good uncle, who gives her a bottle, he pretended he had bought of Mr. Partridge the conjurer. This, ſaid he, I gave ten guineas for. The virtue of the enchanted liquor (ſaid he that ſold it) is ſuch, that if the woman you marry proves a ſcold, (which, it ſeems, my dear niece, is your misfortune; as it was your good mother's before you) let her hold three ſpoonfuls in her mouth for a full half hour after you come home—But I find I am not in humour for telling a tale, and nothing in nature is ſo ungraceful as ſtory-telling againſt the grain, therefore take it as the author has given it you[r].

THE MEDICINE. A TALE—FOR THE LADIES.

Miss Molly, a fam'd toaſt, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then ſhe had a tongue!
From morn to night th' eternal larum run,
Which often loſt thoſe hearts her eyes had won.
Sir John was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual time, then wed the dame;
Poſſeſs'd, he thought, of ev'ry joy of life;
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.

[r] Theſe verſes are by Mr. William Harriſon, though it appears from the preface to Tat. vol. iv. that Steele, when that preface was written, did not know to whom he was indebted for them. See Nichols's Select Collection of Poems, 1781, vol. vii. p. 234.

Exceſs of fondneſs did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine.
From whence ſome petty diſcord would ariſe,
As, 'You're a fool!'—and, 'You are mighty wiſe!'
Though he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was ſhrill, and rather loud than ſweet;
When ſhe began—for hat and ſword he'd call,
Then after a faint kiſs,—cry, 'B'ye, dear Moll:
Supper and friends expect me at the Roſe.'
'And, what ſir John, you'll get your uſual doſe!
Go, ſtink of ſmoke, and guzzle naſty wine;
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!'
Oft as the watchful bell-man march'd his round,
At a freſh bottle gay ſir John he found.
By four the knight would get his buſineſs done,
And only then reel'd off—becauſe alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful ſtorm to come,
But, arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durſt venture home.
My lady with her tongue was ſtill prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine hour! In a ſweet pickle made!
And this, ſir John, is every day the trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with ſpleen, and ſtranger to delight;
Till morn ſends ſtaggering home a drunken beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my heart, as well as reſt.'
'Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obſtreperous ſpouſe,
What, can't you find one bed about the houſe?
Will that perpetual clack lie never ſtill?
That rival to the ſoftneſs of a mill!
Some couch and diſtant room muſt be my choice,
Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with wife and noiſe.'
Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With ſnarling meals, and each a ſep'rate bed.
To an old uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his advice, and ſcarce from tears refrain.

Old Wiſewood ſmok'd the matter as it was,
'Cheer up,' cry'd he! 'and I'll remove the cauſe.
'A wondrous ſpring within my garden flows,
Of ſovereign virtue, chiefly to compoſe
Domeſtic jars, and matrimonial ſtrife,
The beſt elixir t' appeaſe man and wife;
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine,
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his ſullen airs ſir John ſhould come,
Three ſpoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum.
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he ſhall rage and ſcold,
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold:
One month this ſympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, deareſt niece, keep this grand ſecret cloſe,
Or every prattling huſſy 'll beg a doſe.'
A water-bottle's brought for her relief;
Not Nants cou'd ſooner eaſe the lady's grief:
Her buſy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female like, impatient for th' event!
The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domeſtic war:
Entering, he cries,—'Hey! where's our thunder fled!
No hurricane! Betty, 's your lady dead?'
Madam, aſide, an ample mouthful takes,
Court'ſies, looks kind, but not a word ſhe ſpeaks:
Wondering, he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
'Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now?'
She ſmiles, and anſwers only with a bow.
Then claſping her about—'Why, let me die!
Theſe night-clothes, Moll, become thee mightily!'
With that he ſigh'd, her hand began to preſs,
And Betty calls, her lady to undreſs.
'Nay, kiſs me, Molly,—for I'm much inclin'd.'
Her lace ſhe cuts, to take him in the mind.

Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.
For many days theſe fond endearments paſt,
The reconciling bottle fails at laſt;
'Twas us'd and gone,—Then midnight ſtorms aroſe,
And looks and words the union diſcompoſe.
Her coach is order'd, and poſt-haſte ſhe flies,
To beg her uncle for ſome freſh ſupplies;
Tranſported does the ſtrange effects relate,
Her knight's converſion, and her happy ſtate!
'Why, niece,' ſays he,—'I pry'thee apprehend
The water's water—be thyſelf thy friend;
Such beauty would the coldeſt huſband warm,
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
Be ſilent and complying.—You'll ſoon find,
Sir John without a med'cine will be kind.'

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 13.

LETTERS from Venice ſay, the diſappointment of their expectation to ſee his Daniſh majeſty has very much diſquieted the court of Rome. Our laſt advices from Germany inform us, that the miniſter of Hanover has urged the council at Ratiſbonne to exert themſelves in behalf of the common cauſe, and taken the liberty to ſay, that the dignity, the virtue, the prudence of his electoral highneſs, his maſter, were called to the head of their affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper means, to make thoſe excellencies uſeful for the honour and ſafety of the empire. They write from Berlin of the thirteenth, O. S. that the true deſign of general Fleming's viſit to that court was, to inſinuate that it will be for the mutual intereſt of the king of Pruſſia and king Auguſtus

to enter into a new alliance; but that the miniſters of Pruſſia are not inclined to his ſentiments. We hear from Vienna, that his imperial majeſty has expreſſed great ſatisfaction in their high mightineſſes having communicated to him the whole that has paſſed in the affair of a peace. Though there have been practiſes uſed by the agents of France, in all the courts of Europe, to break the good underſtanding of the allies, they have had no other effect, but to make all the members concerned in the alliance more doubtful of their ſafety from the great offers of the enemy. The emperor is rouſed by this alarm, and the frontiers of all the French dominions are in danger of being inſulted the enſuing campaign. Advices from all parts confirm, that it is impoſſible for France to find a way to obtain ſo much credit, as to gain any one potentate of the allies, or conceive any hope for ſafety from other proſpects.

From my own Apartment, April 13.

I FIND it of very great uſe, now I am ſetting up for a writer of news, that I am an adept in aſtrological ſpeculations; by which means I avoid ſpeaking of things which may offend great perſons. But, at the ſame time, I muſt not proſtitute the liberal ſciences ſo far, as not to utter the truth in caſes which do immediately concern the good of my native country. I muſt therefore contradict what has been ſo aſſuredly reported by the news-writers of England, that France is in the moſt deplorable condition, and that their people die in great multitudes. I will therefore

let the world know, that my correſpondent, by the way of Bruſſels, informs me upon his honour, that the gentleman who writes the Gazette of Paris, and ought to know as well as any man, has told him, that ever ſince the king has been paſt his ſixty-third year, or grand climacteric, there has not died one man of the French nation, who was younger than his majeſty, except a very few, who were taken ſuddenly near the village of Hockſtet in Germany: and ſome more, who were ſtraitened for lodging at a place called Ramilies, and died on the road to Ghent and Bruges. There are alſo other things given out by the allies, which are ſhifts below a conquering nation to make uſe of. Among others it is ſaid, there is a general murmuring among the people of France, though at the ſame time all my letters agree, that there is ſo good an underſtanding among them, that there is not one morſel carried out of any market in the kingdom, but what is delivered upon credit.

N° 3. Saturday, April 16, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley Paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 14.

THIS evening the comedy[a], called the Country Wife, was acted in Drury-lane, for the benefit of Mrs. Bignel. The part which gives name to the play was performed by herſelf. Through the whole action ſhe made a very pretty figure, and exactly entered into the nature of the part. Her huſband, in the drama, is repreſented to be

[a] The comedies of Wycherly bear a great reſemblance to his perſonal character, in which there was little virtue, much wit, and more libertiniſm. Theſe were, in the reign of Charles II. the firſt qualifications of a fine gentleman, and the moſt powerful recommendations to the favour of the court. The example of the wit and libertine on the throne was more or leſs copied by all the beaux and rakes of the kingdom—

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis.

In the MS notes of Oldys on Langbaine, it is written that the incidents of this play were taken from a family of the name of Faber, *anglicè* Smith, and others of their neighbourhood in Wiltſhire, where the author was very intimate, and probably acted one of the principal bad characters himſelf. The preſent manners do not allow of plays of this looſe caſt, and ſuch are moſt of the ſame date. The Country Wife was firſt acted in 1683, and afterwards as altered by Lee in 1765; but few attempts to ſeparate the bad from the good in the plays of this period have ſucceeded, ſo cloſely have the authors interwoven the wit with the ribaldry.

one of thoſe debauchees who run through the vices of the town, and believe, when they think fit, they can marry and ſettle at their eaſe. His own knowledge of the iniquity of the age makes him chooſe a wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his ſecurity in her want of ſkill to abuſe him. The poet, on many occaſions, where the propriety of the character will admit of it, inſinuates, that there is no defence againſt vice, but the contempt of it: and has, in the natural ideas of an untainted innocent, ſhown the gradual ſteps to ruin and deſtruction which perſons of condition run into, without the help of a good education to form their conduct. The torment of a jealous coxcomb, which ariſes from his own falſe maxims, and the aggravation of his pain by the very words in which he ſees her innocence, makes a very pleaſant and inſtructive ſatire. The character of Horner, and the deſign of it, is a good repreſentation of the age in which that comedy was written; at which time love and wenching were the buſineſs of life, and the gallant manner of purſuing women was the beſt recommendation at court. To this only it is to be imputed, that a gentleman of Mr. Wycherly's character and ſenſe condeſcends to repreſent the inſults done to the honour of the marriage-bed, without juſt reproof; but to have drawn a man of probity with regard to ſuch conſiderations had been a monſter, and a poet had at that time diſcovered his want of knowing the manners of the court he lived in, by a virtuous character in his fine gentleman, as he would ſhew his ignorance, by drawing a vicious

one to pleaſe the preſent audience. Mrs. Bignel did her part very happily, and had a certain grace in her ruſticity, which gave us hopes of ſeeing her a very ſkilful player, and in ſome parts ſupply our loſs of Mrs. Verbruggen. I cannot be of the ſame opinion with my friends and fellow-labourers, the reformers of manners in their ſeverity towards plays; but muſt allow, that a good play acted before a well-bred audience, muſt raiſe very proper incitements to good behaviour, and be the moſt quick and moſt prevailing method of giving young people a turn of ſenſe and breeding. But as I have ſet up for a weekly hiſtorian, I reſolve to be a faithful one; and therefore take this public occaſion to admoniſh a young nobleman, who came fluſtered into the box laſt night, and let him know how much all his friends were out of countenance for him. The women ſat in terror of hearing ſomething that ſhould ſhock their modeſty, and all the gentlemen in as much pain out of compaſſion to the ladies, and perhaps reſentment for the indignity which was offered in coming into their preſence in ſo diſreſpectful a manner. Wine made him ſay nothing that was rude, therefore he is forgiven, upon condition he never will hazard his offending more in this kind[t]. As I juſt now hinted, I own myſelf of the 'Society for Reformation of Manners[u].' We

[t] See in the dedication of this volume, in N° 5, 9, 51, 64, 271, &c. a full account of the deſign of the Tatler.

[u] 'This ſociety began in 1690; the total number of perſons proſecuted by this ſociety, in or near London, in 44 years, is calculated at about 101,683, &c.' See Stow's Survey of London, edit. 1755, Vol. I. p. 144.

have lower inſtruments than thoſe of the family of Bickerſtaff, for puniſhing great crimes, and expoſing the abandoned. Therefore, as I deſign to have notices from all public aſſemblies, I ſhall take upon me only indecorums, improprieties, and negligences, in ſuch as ſhould give us better examples. After this declaration, if a fine lady thinks fit to giggle at church, or a beau come in drunk to a play, either ſhall be ſure to hear of it in my enſuing paper. For, merely as a well-bred man, I cannot bear theſe enormities.

After the play we naturally ſtroll to this coffee-houſe, in hopes of meeting ſome new poem, or other entertainment, among the men of wit and pleaſure, where there is a dearth at preſent. But it is wonderful there ſhould be ſo few writers, when the art is become merely mechanic, and men may make themſelves great that way, by as certain and infallible rules as you may be a joiner or a maſon. There happens a good inſtance of this in what the hawker has juſt now offered to ſale, to wit, ' [x] Inſtructions to Vanderbank: A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets: A Poem, occaſioned by the glorious ſucceſs of her majeſty's arms, under the command of the duke of Marlborough, the laſt year in Flanders.' Here you are to underſtand, that the author, finding the poets would not take his advice, troubles himſelf no more about them; but has met with one Vanderbank [y], who works in arras, and

[x] By ſir Richard Blackmore. See Spect. N° 6, 339. Tat. N° 14, contains a very proper apology for this raillery.

[y] This man was inimitable in his way; no perſon ever repreſented nature more happily in works of tapeſtry. See

makes very good tapeſtry hangings: therefore, in order to celebrate the hero of the age, he claps together all that can be ſaid of a man that makes hangings;

'Then, artiſt, who does Nature's face expreſs
In ſilk and gold, and ſcenes of action dreſs;
Doſt figur'd arras animated leave,
Spin a bright ſtory, or a paſſion weave;
By mingling threads, canſt mingle ſhade and light,
Delineate triumphs, or deſcribe a fight?'

Well, what ſhall this workman do? why? to ſhew how great an hero the poet intends, he provides him a very good horſe:

'Champing his foam, and bounding on the plain,
Arch his high neck, and graceful ſpread his mane.'

Now as to the intrepidity, the calm courage, the conſtant application of the hero, it is not neceſſary to take that upon yourſelf: you may in the lump, bid him you employ, raiſe him as high as he can; and if he does it not, let him anſwer for diſobeying orders.

'Let fame and victory in inferior ſky
Hover with balanc'd wings, and ſmiling fly
Above his head,' &c.

A whole poem of this kind may be ready againſt an enſuing campaign, as well as a ſpace left in the canvas of a piece of tapeſtry for the principal figure, while the under-parts are working: ſo that in effect the adviſer copies after the man he pretends to direct. This method

Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, vol. v. p. 166. *et ſeqq.* 8vo. 1782. 5 vols.

ſhould, methinks, encourage young beginners: for the invention is ſo fitted to all capacities, that by the help of it a man may make a receipt for a poem. A young man may obſerve that the jig of the thing is, as I ſaid, finding out all that can be ſaid in his way whom you employ to ſet forth your worthy. [z] Waller and [a] Denham had worn out the expedience of Advice to a Painter: this author has transferred the work, and ſent his advice to the poets; that is to ſay, to the turners of verſe, as he calls them. Well; that thought is worn out alſo: therefore he directs his genius to the loom, and will have a new ſet of hangings in honour of the laſt year in Flanders. I muſt own to you, I approve extremely this invention, and it might be improved for the benefit of manufactory: as, ſuppoſe an ingenious gentleman ſhould write a poem of advice to a callico-printer; do you think there is a girl in England, that would wear any thing but the Taking of Liſle, or the Battle of Oudenarde? They would certainly be all the faſhion, until the heroes abroad had cut out ſome more patterns. I ſhould fancy ſmall ſkirmiſhes might do for under-petticoats, provided they had a ſiege for the upper. If our adviſer were well imitated, many induſtrious people might be put to work. Little Mr. Dactile, now in the room, who formerly wrote a ſong and a half, is a week gone

[z] Inſtructions to a Painter, &c. Waller's works. Lond. edit. 1722. p. 171.

[a] Directions to a Painter, in 4 parts. 8vo. 1666. Denham's name is put to theſe pieces, but they are not collected in his works.

in a very pretty work, upon this hint: he is writing an epigram to a young virgin who knits very well (it is a thouſand pities he is a Jacobite); but his epigram is by way of advice to this damſel, to knit all the actions of the pretender and the duke of Burgundy's laſt campaign in the clock of a ſtocking. It were endleſs to enumerate the many hands and trades that may be employed by poets, of ſo uſeful a turn as this adviſer. I ſhall think of it, and, in this time of taxes, ſhall conſult a great critic employed in the cuſtom-houſe, in order to propoſe what tax may be proper to be put upon knives, ſeals, rings, hangings, wrought beds, gowns, and petticoats, where any of theſe commodities bear mottoes, or are worked upon poetical grounds.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 15.

LETTERS from Turin of the third inſtant, N. S. inform us, that his royal highneſs [b] employs all his addreſs in alarming the enemy, and perplexing their ſpeculations concerning his real deſigns the enſuing campaign. Contracts are entered into with the merchants of Milan, for a great number of mules to tranſport his proviſions and ammunition. His royal highneſs has ordered the train of artillery to be conveyed to Suſa before the twentieth of the next month. In the mean time, all accounts agree, that the enemy are very backward in their preparations, and almoſt incapable of defending themſelves againſt an invaſion, by reaſon of the general

[b] Prince Eugene.

murmurs of their own people; which, they find, are no way to be quieted, but by giving them hopes of a ſpeedy peace. When theſe letters were diſpatched, the marſhal de Theſſe was arrived at Genoa, where he has taken much pains to keep the correſpondents of the merchants of France in hopes, that meaſures will be found out to ſupport the credit and commerce between that ſtate and Lyons: but the late declaration of the agents of monſieur Bernard [c], that they cannot diſcharge the demands made upon them, has quite diſpirited all thoſe who are engaged in the remittances of France.

From my own Apartment, April 15.

It is a very natural paſſion in all good members of the commonwealth, to take what care they can of their families. Therefore I hope the reader will forgive me, that I deſire he would go to the play called the [d] Stratagem this evening, which is to be acted for the benefit of my near kinſman Mr. John Bickerſtaff [e]. I proteſt to you, the gentleman has not ſpoken to me to deſire this favour; but I have a reſpect for him, as well in regard to conſanguinity, as that he is an intimate friend of that famous and heroic actor, Mr. George Powel; who formerly played Alexander the Great in all places, though he is

[c] See Tat. N° 5, N° 9, and N° 29.

[d] The Beaux Stratagem. By G. Farquhar. Acted at the Hay-market, 4to. 1707. It was begun and finiſhed in the courſe of ſix weeks, while the author laboured under the illneſs of which he died, during the run of his play.

[e] A real Player of that name.

lately grown ſo reſerved, as to act it only on the ſtage [f].

N° 4. Tueſday, April 18, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

'It is uſual with perſons who mount the ſtage, for the cure or information of the crowd about them, to make ſolemn profeſſions of their being wholly diſintereſted in the pains they take for the public good. At the ſame time

[f] A delicate animadverſion on the irregularity of Mr. Powel, who about this time began to ſink in his reputation by his drunkenneſs. Booth was juſt then in danger of becoming addicted to the ſame vice; but, obſerving the diſtreſſes and contempt it brought upon Powel, he formed a reſolution to break it off, in which he perſevered to the end of his life.

The following quotation from Mrs. Heywood, makes a proper and curious addition to the firſt note on this paper. 'Looſe as the age is ſaid to have been in the reign of Charles II. it is indeed but of later years that vice dared to appear barefaced at the theatre. In the reign of Charles II. I am told, no woman of an infamous character ever came to a playhouſe without a maſk; and long ſince then, throughout the days of his ſucceſſors James, William and Mary, and the greateſt part if not all thoſe of Q. Anne, they retained that modeſt mark of a lewd life, or exchanged it for a black hood pulled over their faces, after the manner of a veil, which diſtinguiſhed, and at the ſame time concealed them from the virtuous part of the aſſembly.' Female Spectator, B. v. p. 257.

thoſe very men, who make harangues in pluſh doublets, and extol their own abilities and generous inclinations, tear their lungs in vending a drug, and ſhow no act of bounty, except it be, that they lower a demand of a crown to ſix, nay, to one penny. We have a contempt for ſuch paltry barterers, and have therefore all along informed the public, that we intend to give them our advices for our own ſakes, and are labouring to make our lucubrations come to ſome price in money, for our more convenient ſupport in the ſervice of the public. It is certain that many other ſchemes have been propoſed to me; as a friend offered to ſhew me a treatiſe he had writ, which he called, The whole Art of Life; or, The Introduction to great Men, illuſtrated in a Pack of Cards. But, being a novice at all manner of play, I declined the offer. Another adviſed me, for want of money, to ſet up my coach, and practiſe phyſic; but, having been bred a ſcholar, I feared I ſhould not ſucceed that way neither, therefore reſolved to go on in my preſent project. But you are to underſtand, that I ſhall not pretend to raiſe a credit to this work upon the weight of my politic news only, but, as my Latin ſentence in the title-page informs you, "ſhall take any thing that offers for the ſubject of my diſcourſe [g]." Thus new perſons, as well as new things, are to come under my conſideration; as when a toaſt or wit is firſt pronounced ſuch, you ſhall have the freſheſt advice of their preferment, from me, with a deſcription

[g] Steele ſeems to intend this as a tranſlation of the motto from Juvenal, prefixed to all the papers in this volume.

of the beauty's manners, and the wit's ſtyle; as alſo in whoſe places they are advanced. For this town is never good-natured enough to raiſe one without depreſſing another. But it is my deſign to avoid ſaying any thing of any perſon, which ought juſtly to diſpleaſe; but ſhall endeavour, by the variety of the matter and ſtyle, to give entertainment for men of pleaſure, without offence to thoſe of buſineſs.'

White's Chocolate-houſe, April 18.

All hearts at preſent pant for two ladies only, who have for ſome time engroſſed the dominion of the town. They are indeed both exceeding charming, but differ very much in their excellencies. The beauty of Clariſſa is ſoft, that of Chloe piercing. When you look at Clariſſa, you ſee the moſt exact harmony of feature, complexion, and ſhape; you find in Chloe nothing extraordinary in any one of thoſe particulars, but the whole woman irreſiſtible: Clariſſa looks languiſhing; Chloe killing: Clariſſa never fails of gaining admiration; Chloe of moving deſire. The gazers at Clariſſa are at firſt unconcerned, as if they were obſerving a fine picture. They who behold Chloe, at the firſt glance diſcover tranſport, as if they met their deareſt friend. Theſe different perfections are ſuitably repreſented by the laſt great painter Italy has ſent us, Mr. Jervas [h]. Clariſſa is by that ſkilful hand placed in a manner that looks artleſs, and

[h] See Pope's works, vol. v. *paſſim*; and Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, &c. vol. iv. p. 23, edit. 8vo. 1782. 5 vols.

innocent of the torments ſhe gives; Chloe is drawn with a livelineſs that ſhews ſhe is conſcious of, but not affected with, her perfections. Clariſſa is a ſhepherdeſs, Chloe a country girl. I muſt own, the deſign of Chloe's picture ſhows, to me, great maſtery in the painter; for nothing could be better imagined than the dreſs he has given her of a ſtraw-hat and a ribbon, to repreſent that ſort of beauty which enters the heart with a certain familiarity, and cheats it into a belief that it has received a lover as well as an object of love. The force of their different beauties is ſeen alſo in the effects it makes on their lovers. The admirers of Chloe are eternally gay and well-pleaſed: thoſe of Clariſſa melancholy and thoughtful. And as this paſſion always changes the natural man into a quite different creature from what he was before, the love of Chloe makes coxcombs; that of Clariſſa, madmen. There were of each kind juſt now in this room. Here was one that whiſtles, laughs, ſings, and cuts capers, for love of Chloe. Another has juſt now writ three lines to Clariſſa, then taken a turn in the garden, then came back again, then tore his fragment, then called for ſome chocolate, then went away without it.

Chloe has ſo many admirers in the houſe at preſent, that there is too much noiſe to proceed in my narration; ſo that the progreſs of the loves of Clariſſa and Chloe, together with the bottles that are drunk each night for the one, and the many ſighs which are uttered, and ſongs written on the other, muſt be our ſubject on future occaſions.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 18.

LETTERS from the Hay-market [i] inform us, that on Saturday night laſt the opera of Pyrrhus and Demetrius [k] was performed with great applauſe. This intelligence is not very acceptable to us friends of the theatre; for the ſtage being an entertainment of the reaſon and all our faculties, this way of being pleaſed with the ſuſpenſe of them for three hours together, and being given up to the ſhallow ſatisfaction of the eyes and ears only, ſeems to ariſe rather from the degeneracy of our underſtanding, than an improvement of our diverſions [l]. That the underſtanding has no part in the pleaſure is evident, from what theſe letters very poſitively aſſert, to wit, that a great part of the performance was done in Italian: and a great critic [m] fell into fits in the gallery, at ſeeing, not only time and place, but languages and nations confuſed in the moſt incorrigible manner. His ſpleen is ſo extremely moved on this occaſion, that he is going to publiſh a treatiſe againſt operas, which, he thinks, have already inclined us to thoughts of peace, and, if tolerated, muſt infallibly diſpirit us from carrying on the war. He has communicated

[i] See N° 1, and N° 12.

[k] By Owen M'Swiney, 4to, 1709. A tranſlation from the Italian of Scarlatti, performed at the queen's theatre in the Hay-market, which was built for the repreſentation of operas, introduced into England about the beginning of the preceding reign. They were at firſt in Italian, and the famous Nicolini was the principal performer in them.

[l] See Tat. N° 1, and N° 20.

[m] J. Dennis, who was a ſworn foe the opera.

his ſcheme to the whole room, and declared in what manner things of this kind were firſt introduced. He has upon this occaſion conſidered the nature of ſounds in general, and made a very elaborate digreſſion upon the London cries, wherein he has ſhown, from reaſon and philoſophy, why oyſters are cried, card-matches ſung, and turneps and all other vegetables neither cried, ſung, nor ſaid, but ſold, with an accent and tone neither natural to man nor beaſt. This piece ſeems to be taken from the model of that excellent diſcourſe of Mrs. Manly the ſchool-miſtreſs, concerning ſamplers. Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly ſay, that May-fair [n] is utterly aboliſhed; and we hear Mr. Penkethman [o] has removed his ingenious company of ſtrollers to Greenwich. But other letters from Deptford ſay, the company is only making thither, and not yet ſettled; but that ſeveral heathen gods and goddeſſes, which are to deſcend in machines,

[n] See the preſentment of May-fair by the grand jury of Weſtminſter, an. 1708, in Stow's Survey, &c. edit. 6. 1755. vol. ii. p. 178. It was entirely aboliſhed in the year 1709; Shepherd's market, near Curzon-ſtreet, was built on the ſpot where it was held, and the ſurrounding diſtrict is ſtyled May-fair.

[o] The facetious Mr. Penkethman formed himſelf upon Leigh, whoſe pleaſant extravagancies were all the flowers of his own fancy. Honeſt Penkey made uſe of the ſtock his predeceſſor had left, and was a very valuable copy of him. We as ſeldom ſee a good actor as a good poet ariſe from the bare imitation of another's genius. 'If this,' ſays Cibber, 'be a general rule, Penkethman was the neareſt to an exception from it. He had from nature a great deal of comic power, but his judgment was by no means equal to it, for he would make frequent deviations into the whimſies of an Harlequin.' See Cibber's Apol. vol. i. p. 112.

landed at the King's Head ſtairs laſt Saturday. Venus and Cupid went on foot from thence to Greenwich; Mars got drunk in the town, and broke his landlord's head, for which he ſat in the ſtocks the whole evening; but Mr. Penkethman giving ſecurity that he ſhould do nothing this enſuing ſummer, he was ſet at liberty. The moſt melancholy part of all was, that Diana was taken in the act of fornication with a boatman, and committed by juſtice Wrathful; which has, it ſeems, put a ſtop to the diverſions of the theatre at Blackheath. But there goes down another Diana and a Patient Griſſel next tide from Billingſgate.

It is credibly reported that Mr. D——y [p] has agreed with Mr. Penkethman to have his play acted before that audience as ſoon as it has had its firſt ſixteen days run in Drury-lane.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 18.

THEY write from Saxony of the thirteenth inſtant, N. S. that the grand general of the crown of Poland was ſo far from entering into a treaty with king Staniſlaus, that he had written circular letters, wherein he exhorted the Palatines to join againſt him; declaring that this

[p] Tom D'Urfey, and the play here alluded to was his Modern Prophets, C. 4to. 179. See Tat. N° 1, and N° 11. This piece is an exceſſive bad one. A gentleman returning from it, or from ſome other of D'Urfey's bad plays, the firſt night it was acted, ſaid to Dryden, 'Was there ever ſuch ſtuff?' 'Sir,' replied Dryden, 'you don't know my friend Tom ſo well as I do; I'll anſwer for him he ſhall write worſe yet.' Medley, N° 16.

was the moſt favourable conjuncture for aſſerting their liberty.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-third inſtant, N. S. ſay, that an expreſs arrived there on the twentieth inſtant, with advice, that the enemy having made a detachment from Tournay, of fifteen hundred horſe, each trooper carrying a foot ſoldier behind him, in order to ſurpriſe the garriſon of Aloſt; the allies, upon notice of their march, ſent out a ſtrong body of troops from Ghent, which engaged the enemy at Aſche, and took two hundred of them priſoners, obliging the reſt to retire without making any farther attempt. On the twenty-ſecond in the morning a fleet of merchant ſhips coming from Scotland were attacked by ſix French privateers at the entrance of the Meuſe. We have yet no certain advice of the event: but letters from Rotterdam ſay, that a Dutch man of war of forty guns, which was convoy to the ſaid fleet, was taken, as were alſo eighteen of the merchants. The Swiſs troops in the ſervice of the States have completed the augmentation of their reſpective companies. Thoſe of Wirtemberg and Pruſſia are expected on the frontiers within a few days; and the auxiliaries from Saxony, as alſo a battalion of Holſtein, and another of Wolfenbuttle, are advancing thither with all expedition. His grace the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene continue at the Hague.

From my own Apartment, April 18.

I HAVE lately been very ſtudious for intelligence, and have juſt now, by my aſtrological

flying poſt, received a packet from Felicia [q], an iſland in America, with an account that gives me great ſatisfaction, and lets me underſtand that the iſland was never in greater proſperity, or the adminiſtration in ſo good hands, ſince the death of their late glorious king. Theſe letters import, that the chief miniſter has entered into a firm league with the ableſt and beſt men of the nation, to carry on the cauſe of liberty, to the encouragement of religion, virtue, and honour. Thoſe perſons at the helm are ſo uſeful, and in themſelves of ſuch weight, that their ſtrict alliance muſt needs tend to the univerſal proſperity of the people. Camillo [r], it ſeems, preſides over the deliberations of ſtate; and is ſo highly valued by all men, for his ſingular probity, courage, affability, and love of mankind, that his being placed in that ſtation has diſſipated the fears of that people, who of all the world are the moſt jealous of their liberty and happineſs, and the leaſt provident for their ſecurity. The next member of their ſociety is Horatio [s], who makes all the public diſpatches. This miniſter is maſter of all the languages in uſe to great perfection. He is held in the higheſt veneration imaginable for a ſevere honeſty, and love of his country: he lives in a court unſullied with any of its artifices, the refuge of the oppreſſed, and terror of oppreſſors. Martio [t] has joined himſelf to this council; a man of moſt un-

[q] In this allegorical paper, by Felicia is meant Britain.
[r] John lord Somers, preſident of the council.
[s] Sidney earl of Godolphin, lord high treaſurer.
[t] Edward Ruſſel earl of Orford.

daunted reſolution and great knowledge in maritime affairs; famous for deſtroying the navy of the Franks [u], and ſingularly happy in one particular, that he never preferred a man who has not proved remarkably ſerviceable to his country. Philander [x] is mentioned with particular diſtinction; a nobleman who has the moſt refined taſte of the true pleaſures and elegance of life, joined to an indefatigable induſtry in buſineſs; a man eloquent in aſſemblies, agreeable in converſation, and dextrous in all manner of public negociations. Theſe letters add, that Verono [y], who is alſo of this council, has lately ſet ſail to his government of Patricia, with deſign to confirm the affections of the people in the intereſts of his queen. This miniſter is maſter of great abilities, and is as induſtrious and reſtleſs for the preſervation of the liberties of the people, as the greateſt enemy can be to ſubvert them. The influence of theſe perſonages, who are men of ſuch diſtinguiſhed parts and virtues, makes the people enjoy the utmoſt tranquillity in the midſt of a war, and gives them undoubted hopes of a ſecure peace from their vigilance and integrity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Upon the humble petition of running ſtationers, &c. this paper may be had of them, for the future, at the price of one penny [z].

[u] At La Hogue, in 1692.

[x] William Cavendiſh duke of Devonſhire, lord ſteward of the houſhold.

[y] Thomas earl of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

[z] The preceding papers had been given gratis.

N° 5. Tueſday, April 21, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, April 20.

'WHO names that loſt thing, love, without a tear,
Since ſo debauch'd by ill-bred cuſtoms here?
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action love, the paſſion is forgot.'

This was long ago a witty author's lamentation, but the evil ſtill continues; and if a man of any delicacy were to attend the diſcourſes of the young fellows of this age, he would believe there were none but proſtitutes to make the objects of paſſion. So true it is what the author of the above verſes ſaid, a little before his death, of the modern pretenders to gallantry: 'they ſet up for wits in this age, by ſaying, when they are ſober, what they of the laſt ſpoke only when they were drunk.' But Cupid is not only blind at preſent, but dead drunk; he has loſt all his faculties: elſe how ſhould Celia be ſo long a maid, with that agreeable behaviour? Corinna with that ſprightly wit? Leſbia with that heavenly voice? and Sachariſſa, with all thoſe excellencies in one perſon, frequent the park, the play, and murder the poor tits that drag her to

public places, and not a man turn pale at her appearance? But ſuch is the fallen ſtate of love, that if it were not for honeſt Cynthio [a], who is true to the cauſe, we ſhould hardly have a pattern left of the ancient worthies that way: and indeed he has but very little encouragement to perſevere; but he has a devotion, rather than love, for his miſtreſs, and ſays,

'Only tell her that I love,
Leave the reſt to her and fate;
Some kind planet from above
May, perhaps, her paſſion move;
Lovers on their ſtars muſt wait [b].'

But the ſtars I am ſo intimately acquainted with, that I can aſſure him he will never have her: for would you believe it? though Cynthio has wit, good ſenſe, fortune, and his very being depends upon her, the termagant for whom he ſighs is in love with a fellow who ſtares in the glaſs all the time he is with her, and lets her plainly ſee ſhe may poſſibly be his rival, but never his miſtreſs. Yet Cynthio, the ſame unhappy man whom I mentioned in my firſt narrative, pleaſes himſelf with a vain imagination, that with the language of his eyes, now he has found who ſhe is, he ſhall conquer her, though her eyes are intent upon one who looks from her; which is ordinary with the ſex. It is certainly a miſtake in the ancients to draw the little

[a] Lord Hinchinbroke. See Tatler, N° 1, N° 22, and Lover, N° 38.

[b] Part of a ſong by lord Cutts, Steele's early patron. See Nichols's Select Collection, 1780, vol. ii. p. 327.

gentleman, Love, as a blind boy; for his real character is a little thief that ſquints. For aſk Mrs. Meddle, who is a confident, or ſpy, upon all the paſſions in town, and ſhe will tell you that the whole is a game of croſs purpoſes. The lover is generally purſuing one who is in purſuit of another, and running from one that deſires to meet him. Nay, the nature of this paſſion is ſo juſtly repreſented in a ſquinting little thief (who is always in a double action), that do but obſerve Clariſſa next time you ſee her, and you will find, when her eyes have made their ſoft tour round the company, ſhe makes no ſtay on him they ſay ſhe is to marry, but reſts two ſeconds of a minute on Wildair, who neither looks nor thinks on her, or any woman elſe. However, [c] Cynthio had a bow from her the other day, upon which he is very much come to himſelf; and I heard him ſend his man of an errand yeſterday, without any manner of heſitation; a quarter of an hour after which he reckoned twenty, remembered he was to ſup with a friend, and went exactly to his appointment. I ſent to know how he did this morning; and I find that he hath not forgot that he ſpoke to me yeſterday.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 20.

THIS week being ſacred to holy things, and no public diverſions allowed, there has been taken notice of even here a little treatiſe, called, A Project for the Advancement of Religion: dedi-

[c] See Tatler, N° 1, N° 9, N° 22, N° 35, and N° 85.

cated to the counteſs of Berkeley [d]: the title was ſo uncommon, and promiſed ſo peculiar a way of thinking, that every man here has read it, and as many as have done ſo have approved it. It is written with the ſpirit of one who has ſeen the world enough to undervalue it with good-breeding. The author muſt certainly be a man of wiſdom as well as piety, and have ſpent much time in the exerciſe of both. The real cauſes of the decay of the intereſt of religion are ſet forth in a clear and lively manner, without unſeaſonable paſſions; and the whole air of the book, as to the language, the ſentiments, and the reaſonings, ſhews it was written by one whoſe virtue ſits eaſy about him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible. It was ſaid by one of this company, alluding to that knowledge of the world the author ſeems to have, 'The man writes much like a gentleman, and goes to heaven with a very good mien.'

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 20.

LETTERS from Italy ſay, that the marquis de Prie, upon the receipt of an expreſs from the court of Vienna, went immediately to the palace of cardinal Paulucci, miniſter of ſtate to his holineſs, and demanded in the name of his imperial majeſty, that king Charles ſhould forthwith be acknowledged king of Spain, by a

[d] Firſt publiſhed by Swift 1709. See Orrery's Remarks, &c. p. 62. 'The gentleman I here intended was Dr. Swift, this kind of man I thought him at that time. We have not met of late, but I hope he deſerves this character ſtill.' Steele's Apology, &c. 4to. Lond. 1714, p. 49.

ſolemn act of the congregation of cardinals appointed for that purpoſe: he declared at the ſame time, that if the leaſt heſitation were made in this moſt important article of the late treaty, he ſhould not only be obliged to leave Rome himſelf, but alſo tranſmit his maſter's orders to the imperial troops to face about, and return into the eccleſiaſtical dominions. When the cardinal reported this meſſage to the pope, his holineſs was ſtruck with ſo ſenſible an affliction, that he burſt into tears: his ſorrow was aggravated by letters which immediately after arrived from the court of Madrid, wherein his nuncio acquainted him, that, upon the news of his accommodation with the emperor, he had received a meſſage to forbear coming to court, and the people were ſo highly provoked, that they could hardly be reſtrained from inſulting his palace. Theſe letters add, that the king of Denmark was gone from Florence to Piſa, and from Piſa to Leghorn, where the governor paid his majeſty all imaginable honours. The king deſigned to go from thence to Lucca, where a magnificent tournament was prepared for his diverſion. An Engliſh man of war, which came from Port-Mahon to Leghorn in ſix days, brought advice, that the fleet, commanded by admiral Whitaker, was ſafely arrived at Barcelona, with the troops and ammunition which he had taken in at Naples.

General Boneval, governor of Cammachio, had ſummoned the magiſtrates of all the towns near that place to appear before him, and take an oath of fidelity to his imperial majeſty, commanding alſo the gentry to pay him homage, on

pain of death and confiſcation of goods. Advices from Swiſſerland inform us, that the bankers of Geneva were utterly ruined by the failure of Mr. Bernard. They add, that the deputies of the Swiſs cantons were returned from Soleure, where they were aſſembled at the inſtance of the French ambaſſador, but were very much diſſatisfied with the reception they had from that miniſter. It is true, he omitted no civilities or expreſſions of friendſhip from his maſter, but he took no notice of their penſions and arrears: what further provoked their indignation was, that, inſtead of twenty-five piſtoles, formerly allowed to each member for their charge in coming to the diet, he had preſented them with ſix only. They write from Dreſden, that king Auguſtus was ſtill buſy in recruiting his cavalry, and that the Daniſh troops that lately ſerved in Hungary had orders to be in Saxony by the middle of May; and that his majeſty of Denmark was expected at Dreſden in the beginning of that month. King Auguſtus makes great preparations for his reception, and has appointed ſixty coaches, each drawn by ſix horſes, for that purpoſe: the interview of theſe princes affords great matter for ſpeculation. Letters from Paris of the twenty-ſecond of this month ſay, that marſhal Harcourt and the duke of Berwick were preparing to go into Alſace and Dauphiné, but that their troops were in want of all manner of neceſſaries. The court of France had received advices from Madrid, that on the ſeventh of this month the ſtates of Spain had with much magnificence acknowledged the prince of Aſturias preſumptive

heir to the crown. This was performed at Buen-Retiro; the deputies took the oaths on that occaſion from the hands of cardinal Portocarrero. Theſe advices add, that it was ſignified to the pope's nuncio by order of council, to depart from that court in twenty-four hours, and that a guard was accordingly appointed to conduct him to Bayonne.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-ſixth inſtant inform us, that prince Eugene was to ſet out the next day for Bruſſels, to put all things in a readineſs for opening the campaign. They add, that the grand penſioner having reported to the duke of Marlborough what paſſed in the laſt conference with Mr. Rouille, his grace had taken a reſolution immediately to return to Great Britain, to communicate to her majeſty all that has been tranſacted in that important affair.

From my own Apartment, April 20.

THE nature of my miſcellaneous work is ſuch, that I ſhall always take the liberty to tell for news ſuch things (let them have happened never ſo much before the time of writing) as have eſcaped public notice, or have been [c] miſrepreſented to the world; provided that I am ſtill within rules, and treſpaſs not as a Tatler any farther than in an incorrectneſs of ſtyle, and writing in an air of common ſpeech. Thus, if any thing that is ſaid, even of old Anchiſes or Æneas, be ſet by me in a different light than

[c] See the dedication to vol. i. and Tat. N° 9, N° 5, N° 61, and N° 271.

has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inſpire the love and admiration of worthy actions, you will, gentle reader, I hope, accept of it for intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a narrative, the matter of which I know to be true: it is not only doing juſtice to the deceaſed merit of ſuch perſons, as, had they lived, would not have had it in their power to thank me, but alſo an inſtance of the greatneſs of ſpirit in the loweſt of her majeſty's ſubjects. Take it as follows:

At the ſiege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by captain Pincent, in colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion a corporal, and one Valentine a private centinel: there happened between theſe two men a diſpute about a matter of love, which, upon ſome aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable hatred. Unnion, being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to ſtrike his rival, and profeſs the ſpite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without reſiſtance; but frequently ſaid, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had ſpent whole months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midſt of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the caſtle, where the corporal received a ſhot in the thigh, and fell; the French preſſing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here? Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midſt of a thick fire of the French took the corporal

upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salſine, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, roſe up, tearing his hair, and then threw himſelf upon the bleeding carcaſs, crying, 'Ah, Valentine! was it for me who have ſo barbarouſly uſed thee, that thou haſt died? I will not live after thee.' He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dreſſed by force; but the next day, ſtill calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorſe and deſpair.

It may be a queſtion among men of noble ſentiments, whether of theſe unfortunate perſons had the greater ſoul; he that was ſo generous as to venture his life for his enemy, or he who could not ſurvive the man that died, in laying upon him ſuch an obligation?

When we ſee ſpirits like theſe in a people, to what heights may we not ſuppoſe their glory may riſe? but (as it is excellently obſerved by Salluſt [f]) it is not only to the general bent of a nation that great revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary geniuſes that lead them. On which occaſion, he proceeds to ſay, that the Roman greatneſs was neither to be attributed to

[f] Sal. Bell. Catil. cap. 53.

their ſuperior policy, for in that the Carthaginians excelled; nor to their valour, for in that the Gauls were preferable; but to particular men, who were born for the good of their country, and formed for great attempts. This he ſays to introduce the characters of Cæſar and Cato. It would be entering into too weighty a diſcourſe for this place, if I attempted to ſhew, that our nation has produced as great and able men for public affairs as any other. But I believe the reader outruns me, and fixes his imagination upon the duke of Marlborough. It is, methinks, a pleaſing reflection to conſider the diſpenſations of Providence in the fortune of this illuſtrious man, who, in the ſpace of forty years, has paſſed through all the gradations of human life, until he has aſcended to the character of a prince [g], and become the ſcourge of a tyrant, who ſat on one of the greateſt thrones of Europe, before the man who was to have the greateſt part in his downfal, had made one ſtep into the world. But ſuch elevations are the natural conſequences of an exact prudence, a calm courage, a well-governed temper, a patient ambition, and an affable behaviour. Theſe arts, as they were the ſteps to his greatneſs, ſo they

[g] In the year 1704, in conſequence of the memorable victory at Hochſted, the duke of Marlborough was appointed a prince of the empire; and had Mildenheim aſſigned for his principality, Nov. 12, 1705. M. Meſnager ſays, that this compliment, for it was little more, made the duke of Marlborough more haughty. 'This little principality in the claim of the houſe of Bavaria muſt,' ſays he, 'be rendered back again at a peace.' Dr. Swift eſtimates this compliment at 30,000l. See Examiner, vol. i. N° 17.

are the pillars of it now it is raiſed. To this, her glorious ſon, Great Britain is indebted for the happy conduct of her arms, in whom ſhe can boaſt, that ſhe has produced a man formed by nature to lead a nation of heroes.

N° 6. Saturday, April 23, 1709.

STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley Paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 22.

I AM juſt come from viſiting Sappho [h], a fine lady, who writes verſes, ſings, dances, and can ſay and do whatever ſhe pleaſes, without the imputation of any thing that can injure her character; for ſhe is ſo well known to have no paſſion but ſelf love; or folly, but affectation; that now, upon any occaſion, they only cry, 'It is her way!' and, 'That is ſo like her!' without farther reflection. As I came into the room, ſhe cries, 'Oh! Mr. Bickerſtaff, I am

[h] Sappho, whoever ſhe was, makes her appearance again in Tatler, N° 40. As ſhe is there repreſented to greater advantage, it would ſeem as if Steele had meant to obviate ſome objection to what is ſaid of her here. The embelliſhments, exaggerations, &c. introduced into characters not entirely fictitious, in order to exhibit them in caricatura, or to ſcreen them from notoriety, made it, at the time of publication, not eaſy, and make it now more difficult, to apply them with certainty to the real perſons intended.

utterly undone; I have broke that pretty Italian fan I ſhewed you when you were here laſt, wherein were ſo admirably drawn our firſt parents in Paradiſe, aſleep in each other's arms. But there is ſuch an affinity between painting and poetry, that I have been improving the images which were raiſed by that picture, by reading the ſame repreſentation in two of our greateſt poets. Look you, here are the ſame paſſages in Milton and in Dryden. All Milton's thoughts are wonderfully juſt and natural, in that inimitable deſcription which Adam makes of himſelf in the eighth book of Paradiſe Loſt. But there is none of them finer than that contained in the following lines, where he tells us his thoughts, when he was falling aſleep a little after the creation:

'While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From whence I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light; when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank, profuſe of flowers,
Penſive I ſate me down, there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drowned ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve[i].'

But now I cannot forgive this odious thing, this Dryden, who, in his State of Innocence, has given my great grandmother Eve the ſame apprehenſion of annihilation on a very different occaſion; as Adam pronounces it of himſelf, when he was ſeized with a pleaſing kind of

[i] Paradiſe Loſt, b. viii. 283.

ſtupor and deadneſs, Eve fancies herſelf falling away, and diſſolving in the hurry of a rapture. However, the verſes are very good, and I do not know but what ſhe ſays may be natural; I will read them:

'When your kind eyes look'd languiſhing on mine,
And wreathing arms did ſoft embraces join;
A doubtful trembling ſeiz'd me firſt all o'er,
Then wiſhes, and a warmth unknown before;
What follow'd was all ecſtaſy and trance,
Immortal pleaſures round my ſwimming eyes did dance,
And ſpeechleſs joys, in whoſe ſweet tumults toſt,
I thought my breath and my new being loſt.'

She went on, and ſaid a thouſand good things at random, but ſo ſtrangely mixed, that you would be apt to ſay, all her wit is mere good luck, and not the effect of reaſon and judgment. When I made my eſcape hither, I found a gentleman playing the critic on two other great poets, even Virgil and Homer[k]. He was ob-

[k] Addiſon, on reading here this curious remark upon Virgil, which he himſelf had communicated to Steele, inſtantly diſcovered that his friend was the author of the Tatler, to which he very ſoon after became a principal contributor. He was at this time in Ireland, ſecretary to lord Wharton; and returned to England with the lord lieutenant, the 8th of September following, A. D. 1709. Tickell's pref. to Addiſon's works.

Addiſon probably mentioned this in the way of raillery to his friend captain Steele. The epithet *Dux* of the feminine as well as of the maſculine gender, ſeems applied, or is certainly applicable to Dido in the cave, as well as in the ſpeech of Juno, and in the narrative of Virgil, Æn. lib. i. l. 368. However this may be, there is an equal beauty and propriety in the poet's dropping, on the occaſion of the meeting in the

ſerving, that Virgil is more judicious than the other in the epithets he gives his hero. ‘ Homer's uſual epithet,’ ſaid he, ‘ is Πόδας ὠκὺς, or Ποδάρκης, and his indiſcretion has been often rallied by the critics, for mentioning the nimbleneſs of foot in Achilles, though he deſcribes him ſtanding, ſitting, lying down, fighting, eating, drinking, or in any other circumſtance, however foreign or repugnant to ſpeed and activity. Virgil's common epithet to Æneas is *Pius*, or *Pater*. ‘ I have therefore conſidered,’ ſaid he, ‘ what paſſage there is in any of his hero's actions, where either of theſe appellations would have been moſt proper, to ſee if I could catch him at the ſame fault with Homer: and this, I think, is his meeting with Dido in the cave, where *Pius* Æneas would have been abſurd, and *Pater* Æneas a burleſque: the poet therefore wiſely dropped them both for *Dux Trojanus*; which he has repeated twice in Juno's ſpeech, and his own narration: for he very well knew, a looſe action might be conſiſtent enough with the uſual manners of a ſoldier, though it became neither the chaſtity of a pious man, nor the gravity of the father of a people.’

cave, his uſual epithets of *Pater* and *Pius*, uſing ſimply the term *Trojanus*, by which he degrades his hero to a mere man. Whatever might be the caſe in the reign of queen Anne, or ſince, certainly in the days of Æneas and Virgil, hiſtory does not brand the military character with the imputation of manners ſo irreconcileable to ‘ the chaſtity of a pious man,’ or ‘ the gravity of a father of a people,’ as to warrant a promiſcuous indiſcriminating cenſure in this kind.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, April 22.

WHILE other parts of the town are amuſed with the preſent actions, we generally ſpend the evening at this table in inquiries into antiquity, and think any thing news which gives us new knowledge. Thus we are making a very pleaſant entertainment to ourſelves, in putting the actions of Homer's Iliad into an exact journal.

This poem is introduced by Chryſes, king of Chryſeïs and prieſt of Apollo, who comes to re-demand his daughter, who had been carried off at the taking of that city, and given to Agamemnon for his part of the booty. The refuſal he received enrages Apollo, who for nine days ſhowered down darts upon them, which occaſioned the peſtilence.

The tenth day Achilles aſſembled the council, and encourages Chalcas to ſpeak for the ſurrender of Chryſeïs, to appeaſe Apollo. Agamemnon and Achilles ſtorm at one another, notwithſtanding which, Agamemnon will not releaſe his priſoner, unleſs he has Briſeïs in her ſtead. After long conteſtations, wherein Agamemnon gives a glorious character of Achilles's valour, he determines to reſtore Chryſeïs to her father, and ſends two heralds to fetch away Briſeïs from Achilles, who abandons himſelf to ſorrow and deſpair. His mother Thetis comes to comfort him under his affliction, and promiſes to repreſent his ſorrowful lamentation to Jupiter: but he could not attend to it; for, the evening before, he had appointed to divert himſelf for two

days beyond the ſeas with the harmleſs Ethiopians.

It was the twenty-firſt day after Chryſeïs's arrival at the camp, that Thetis went very early to demand an audience of Jupiter. The means he uſed to ſatisfy her were, to perſuade the Greeks to attack the Trojans; that ſo they might perceive the conſequence of contemning Achilles, and the miſeries they ſuffer, if he does not head them. The next night he orders Agamemnon, in a dream, to attack them; who was deceived with the hopes of obtaining a victory, and alſo taking the city, without ſharing the honour with Achilles.

On the twenty-ſecond in the morning he aſſembles the council, and having made a feint of raiſing the ſiege and retiring, he declares to them his dream; and, together with Neſtor and Ulyſſes, reſolves on an engagement.

This was the twenty-third day, which is full of incidents, and which continues from almoſt the beginning of the ſecond canto to the eighth. The armies being then drawn up in view of one another, Hector brings it about that Menelaus and Paris, the two perſons concerned in the quarrel, ſhould decide it by a ſingle combat, which tending to the advantage of Menelaus, was interrupted by a cowardice infuſed by Minerva: then both armies engage, where the Trojans have the diſadvantage; but being afterwards animated by Apollo, they repulſe the enemy, yet they are once again forced to give ground; but their affairs were retrieved by Hector, who has a ſingle combat with Ajax.

The gods threw themſelves into the battle: Juno and Minerva took the Grecians part, and Apollo and Mars the Trojans: but Mars and Venus are both wounded by Diomedes.

The truce for burying the ſlain ended the twenty-third day, after which the Greeks threw up a great intrenchment, to ſecure their navy from danger. Councils are held on both ſides. On the morning of the twenty-fourth day the battle is renewed, but in a very diſadvantageous manner to the Greeks, who are beaten back to their intrenchments. Agamemnon, being in deſpair at this ill ſucceſs, propoſes to the council to quit the enterprize, and retire from Troy. But, by the advice of Neſtor, he is perſuaded to regain Achilles, by returning Chryſeïs, and ſending him conſiderable preſents. Hereupon Ulyſſes and Ajax are ſent to that hero, who continues inflexible in his anger. Ulyſſes, at his return, joins himſelf with Diomedes, and goes in the night to gain intelligence of the enemy: they enter into their very camp, where finding the centinels aſleep, they made a great ſlaughter. Rheſus, who was juſt then arrived with recruits from Thrace for the Trojans, was killed in that action. Here ends the tenth canto. The ſequel of this journal will be inſerted in the next article from this place.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 22.

We hear from Italy, that the pope has diſpatched a gentleman to compliment his majeſty of Denmark, and ſent him a preſent of all the

curioſities and antiquities of Rome, repreſented in ſeventeen volumes very richly bound, which were taken out of the Vatican library. Letters from Genoa of the fourteenth inſtant ſay, that a felucca was arrived there in five days from Marſeilles, with an account, that the people of that city had made an inſurrection, by reaſon of the ſcarcity of proviſions; and that the intendant had ordered ſome companies of marines, and the men belonging to the gallies, to ſtand to their arms to protect him from violence; but that he began to be in as much apprehenſion of his guards, as of thoſe from whom they were to defend him. When that veſſel came away, the ſoldiers murmured publicly for want of pay; and it was generally believed they would pillage the magazines, as the garriſons of Grenoble and other towns of France had already done. A veſſel which lately came into Leghorn brought advice, that the Britiſh ſquadron was arrived at Port-Mahon, where they were taking in more troops, in order to attempt the relief of Alicant, which ſtill made a very vigorous defence. It is ſaid admiral Byng will be at the head of that expedition. The king of Denmark was gone from Leghorn towards Lucca.

We are alſo informed, that the pope uſes all imaginable ſhifts to elude the treaty concluded with the emperor, and that he demanded the immediate reſtitution of Comacchio; inſiſting alſo, that his imperial majeſty ſhould aſk pardon, and deſire abſolution for what had formerly paſſed, before he would ſolemnly acknowledge king Charles. But this was utterly refuſed.

They hear at Vienna, by letters from Conſtantinople, dated the twenty-ſecond of February laſt, that on the twelfth of that month the grand ſeignior took occaſion, at the celebration of the feſtivals of the muſſulmen, to ſet all the chriſtian ſlaves which were in the gallies at liberty.

Advices from Switzerland import, that the preachers of the county of Tockenburg continue to create new jealouſies of the proteſtants; and ſome diſturbances lately happened there on that account. The proteſtants and papiſts in the town of Hamman go to divine ſervice one after another in the ſame church, as is uſual in many other parts of Switzerland; but on Sunday the tenth inſtant, the popiſh curate, having ended his ſervice, attempted to hinder the proteſtants from entering into the church according to cuſtom; but the proteſtants briſkly attacked him and his party, and broke into it by force.

Laſt night between ſeven and eight, his grace the duke of Marlborough arrived at court.

From my own Apartment, April 22.

THE preſent great captains of the age, the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene having been the ſubject of the diſcourſe of the laſt company I was in; it has naturally led me into a conſideration of Alexander and Cæſar, the two greateſt names that ever appeared before this century. In order to enter into their characters, there needs no more but examining their behaviour in parallel circumſtances. It muſt be allowed, that they had an equal greatneſs of

ſoul; but Cæſar's was more corrected and allayed by a mixture of prudence and circumſpection. This is ſeen conſpicuouſly in one particular in their hiſtories, wherein they ſeem to have ſhewn exactly the difference of their tempers. When Alexander, after a long courſe of victories, would ſtill have led his ſoldiers farther from home, they unanimouſly refuſed to follow him. We meet with the like behaviour in Cæſar's army in the midſt of his march againſt Arioviſtus. Let us therefore obſerve the conduct of our two generals in ſo nice an affair. And here we find Alexander at the head of his army, upbraiding them with their cowardice, and meanneſs of ſpirit; and in the end telling them plainly he would go forward himſelf, though not a man followed him. This ſhewed indeed an exceſſive bravery; but how would the commander have come off, if the ſpeech had not ſucceeded[1], and the ſoldiers had taken him at his word? the project ſeems of a piece with Mr. Bayes's in The Rehearſal, who, to gain a clap in his prologue, comes out with a terrible fellow in a fur-cap following him, and tells his audience, if they would not like his play, he would lie down and have his head ſtruck off. If this gained a clap, all was well; but if not, there was nothing left but for the executioner to do his office. But Cæſar would not leave the ſucceſs of his ſpeech to ſuch uncertain events: he

[1] Steele ſeems to allude here to the very perilous ſituation of Bayes, with the huge hangman, and his ſword drawn to cut off his head, in caſe the audience did not approve his piece. See duke of Buckingham's Rehearſal, Act I. Sc. i.

ſhews his men the unreaſonableneſs of their fears in an obliging manner, and concludes, that if none elſe would march along with him, he would go himſelf with the tenth legion, for he was aſſured of their fidelity and valour, though all the reſt forſook him; not but that, in all probability, they were as much againſt the march as the reſt. The reſult of all was very natural: the tenth legion, fired with the praiſes of their general, ſend thanks to him for the juſt opinion he entertains of them; and the reſt, aſhamed to be outdone, aſſure him, that they are as ready to follow where he pleaſes to lead them, as any other part of the army.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** The Common Prayer in the ancient Britiſh or Welch language, complete with 39 Articles, Singing Pſalms, &c. in 12mo. Publiſhed with the licence and approbation of the biſhops, and purged from ſome hundred *errata* of the former editions. To ſubſcribers 7l. 10s. per hundred; 20s. per dozen to thoſe who give them away, and 2s. for every ſingle book. Sold by Robert Whitledge, at the Bible in Ave-Mary-lane. Tat. in folio.

N° 7. Tueſday, April 26, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

'It is ſo juſt an obſervation, that mocking is catching, that I am become an unhappy inſtance of it, and am (in the ſame manner that I have repreſented Mr. Partridge [m]) myſelf a dying man, in compariſon of the vigour with which I firſt ſet out in the world. Had it been otherwiſe, you may be ſure I would not have pretended to have given for news, as I did laſt Saturday, a diary of the ſiege of Troy. But man is a creature very inconſiſtent with himſelf. The greateſt heroes are ſometimes fearful; the ſprightlieſt wits at ſome hours dull; and the greateſt politicians on ſome occaſions whimſical. But I ſhall not pretend to palliate or excuſe the matter; for I find by a calculation of my own nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable wit longer than two minutes after twelve of the clock at night, between the eighteenth

[m] See Tatler, N° 1, N° 11, N° 35, N° 44. 'This man was a ſhoemaker in Covent-garden, in 1680, yet ſtyled himſelf phyſician to his majeſty, in 1682. But though he was one of the ſworn phyſicians, he never attended the court, nor received any ſalary.' See Granger's Biog. Hiſt. of England, 4to. 1769. vol. ii. p. 11. p. 322, and p. 379; and Tat. with notes, vol. v. *ad finem.*

and nineteenth of the next month: for which ſpace of time you may ſtill expect to hear from me, but no longer; except you will tranſmit to me the occurrences you meet with relating to your amours, or any other ſubject within the rules by which I have propoſed to walk. If any gentleman or lady ſends to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq; at Mr. Morphew's, near Stationers-hall, by the penny-poſt, the grief or joy of their ſoul, what they think fit of the matter ſhall be related in colours as much to their advantage, as thoſe in which Gervas [n] has drawn the agreeable Chloe. But ſince, without ſuch aſſiſtance, I frankly confeſs, and am ſenſible, that I have not a month's wit more, I think I ought, while I am in my ſound health and ſenſes, to make my will and teſtament; which I do in manner and form following:

'*Imprimis*, I give to the ſtock-jobbers about the Exchange of London, as a ſecurity for the truſts daily repoſed in them, all my real eſtate; which I do hereby veſt in the ſaid body of worthy citizens for ever.

'*Item*, Foraſmuch as it is very hard to keep land in repair without ready caſh, I do, out of my perſonal eſtate, beſtow the bear-ſkin [o], which I have frequently lent to ſeveral ſocieties about

[n] Jervas. See Tat. N° 4, Pope's Works, and Walpole's Adecdotes of painting, &c. *paſſim.*

[o] Stock-jobbers, who contract for a future transfer of ſtock which they do not poſſeſs, are called ſellers of bear-ſkins; and univerſally whoever ſells what he does not poſſeſs is ſaid proverbially to ſell the bear's ſkin, while the bear runs in the woods. See Swift's Works, vol. xx. p. 34. and Tatler, N° 38.

this town, to ſupply their neceſſities; I ſay, I give alſo the ſaid bear-ſkin, as an immediate fund to the ſaid citizens for ever.

'*Item*, I do hereby appoint a certain number of the ſaid citizens to take all the cuſtom-houſe or cuſtomary oaths concerning all goods imported by the whole city; ſtrictly directing, that ſome ſelect members, and not the whole number of a body corporate, ſhould be perjured.

'*Item*, I forbid all n——s and perſons of q——ty to watch bargains near and about the Exchange, to the diminution and wrong of the ſaid ſtock-jobbers.

'Thus far, in as brief and intelligible a manner as any will can appear, until it is explained by the learned, I have diſpoſed of my real and perſonal eſtate: but as I am an adept, I have by birth an equal right to give alſo an indefeaſible title to my endowments and qualifications, which I do in the following manner.

'*Item*, I give my chaſtity to all virgins who have withſtood their market.

'*Item*, I give my courage among all who are aſhamed of their diſtreſſed friends, all ſneakers in aſſemblies, and men who ſhew valour in common converſation.

'*Item*, I give my wit (as rich men give to the rich) among ſuch as think they have enough already. And in caſe they ſhall not accept of

In the language of Exchange-alley, Bears ſignify thoſe who buy ſtock which they cannot receive, or who ſell ſtock which they have not. Thoſe who pay money for what they purchaſe, or who ſell ſtock which they really have, are called Bulls.

the legacy, I give it to Bentivolio [p] to defend his works, from time to time, as he ſhall think fit to publiſh them.

'*Item*, I beſtow my learning upon the honorary members [q] of the Royal Society.

'Now for the diſpoſal of this body.

'As theſe eyes muſt one day ceaſe to gaze on Teraminta [r], and this heart ſhall one day pant no more for her indignation: that is to ſay, ſince this body muſt be earth; I ſhall commit it to the duſt in a manner ſuitable to my character. Therefore, as there are thoſe who diſpute, whether there is any ſuch real perſon as Iſaac Bickerſtaff or not; I ſhall excuſe all perſons who appear what they really are, from coming to my funeral. But all thoſe who are, in their way of life, *perſonæ* [s], as the Latins have it, perſons aſſumed, and who appear what they really are not, are hereby invited to that ſolemnity.

'The body ſhall be carried by ſix watchmen, who are never ſeen in the day.

[p] Dr. Richard Bentley, born at Wakefield, in Yorkſhire, Jan. 1661, died in July 1742. Steele refers to the celebrated controverſy between the doctor and Mr. Boyle, concerning the genuineneſs of the Epiſtles of Phalaris, which had been carried on, almoſt as long as the ſiege of Troy, with great wit and ſpirit, in which the doctor was by no means deficient. See Biogr. Brit. art. Bentley. N.

[q] There are no honorary members of the Royal Society, ſtrictly ſo called; but the title may be given without impropriety to ſuch members as are admitted, merely to do honour to the ſociety, or on account of their rank, or in grateful acknowledgment of ſome conſiderable preſent, or ſervice.

[r] See Tat. N° 45.

[s] Maſks.

'*Item*, The pall ſhall be held up by the ſix moſt known pretenders to honeſty, wealth, and power, who are not poſſeſſed of any of them. The two firſt, a half-lawyer, and a complete juſtice. The two next, a chymiſt and a projector. The third couple, a treaſury-ſolicitor, and a ſmall courtier.

'To make my funeral (what that ſolemnity, when done to common men, really is in itſelf) a very farce; and ſince all mourners are mere actors on theſe occaſions, I ſhall deſire thoſe who are profeſſedly ſuch to attend mine. I humbly, therefore, beſeech Mrs. Barry to act once more, and be my widow. When ſhe ſwoons away at the church-porch, I appoint the merry ſir John Falſtaff, and the gay ſir Harry Wildair, to ſupport her [t]. I deſire Mr. Pinkethman to follow in the habit of a cardinal, and Mr. Bullock [u] in that of a privy-counſellor. To make up the reſt of the appearance, I deſire all the ladies from the balconies to weep with Mrs. Barry, as they hope to be wives and widows themſelves. I invite all, who have nothing elſe to do, to accept of gloves and ſcarves.

'Thus, with the great Charles V. of Spain, I reſign the glories of this tranſitory world: Yet, at the ſame time, to ſhew you my indifference, and that my deſires are not too much fixed upon any thing, I own to you, I am as willing to ſtay as to go: therefore leave it in the choice of

[t] Tat. N° 188.

[u] Chriſtopher Bullock, a dramatic writer, was a player, and the ſon of a player (whoſe name was William); neither of them deficient in merit as actors. B. D.

my gentle readers, whether I ſhall hear from them, or they hear no more from me.'

White's Chocolate-houſe, April 25.

EASTER day being a time when you cannot well meet with any but humble adventurers; and there being ſuch a thing as low gallantry, as well as low comedy, colonel Ramble [x] and myſelf went early this morning into the fields, which were ſtrewed with ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, but indeed of a different turn from the ſimplicity of thoſe of Arcadia [y]. Every hedge was conſcious of more than what the repreſentations of enamoured ſwains admit of. While we were ſurveying the croud around us, we ſaw at a diſtance a company coming towards Pancras-church; but though there was not much diſorder, we thought we ſaw the figure of a man ſtuck through with a ſword, and at every ſtep ready to fall, if a woman by his ſide had not ſupported him; the reſt followed two and two. When we came nearer this appearance, who ſhould it be but monſieur Guardeloop, mine and Ramble's French taylor, attended by others,

[x] Probably colonel Brett, who is ſaid to have been one of the chief companions of Addiſon and Steele, and might be the colonel who with them made up the trio at Hart's coffee-houſe, mentioned in a letter ſigned P. T. publiſhed in the St. James's Chronicle, September 3, 1782; Dr. Johnſon's Lives, &c. vol. ii. p. 399. Spence. In or about the year 1697, Anne counteſs of Macclesfield, having declared herſelf with child by the earl Rivers, was divorced from her huſband, and, being left at liberty to make another choice, ſhe was married ſoon after to colonel Brett. *Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 199.

[y] The title of a romance, by the counteſs of Pembroke.

leading one of madam Depingle's [2] maids to the church, in order to their eſpouſals. It was his ſword tucked ſo high above his waiſt, and the circumflex which perſons of his profeſſion take in their walking, that made him appear at a diſtance wounded and falling. But, the morning being rainy, methought the march to this wedding was but too lively a picture of wedlock itſelf. They ſeemed both to have a month's mind to make the beſt of their way ſingle; yet both tugged arm in arm: and when they were in a dirty way, he was but deeper in the mire, by endeavouring to pull out his companion, and yet without helping her. The bridegroom's feathers in his hat all drooped; one of his ſhoes had loſt an heel. In ſhort, he was in his whole perſon and dreſs ſo extremely ſouſed, that there did not appear one inch or ſingle thread about him unmarried [a]. Pardon me, that the melancholy object ſtill dwells upon me ſo far, as to reduce me to punning. However, we attended them to the chapel, where we ſtayed to hear the irrevocable words pronounced upon our old ſervant, and made the beſt of our way to town. I took a reſolution to forbear all married perſons, or any in danger of being ſuch, for four and twenty hours at leaſt; therefore dreſſed, and went to viſit Florimel, the vaineſt thing in town, where I knew would drop in colonel Picket, juſt come from the camp, her profeſſed admirer. He is

[2] See Tat. N° 10, N° 34, and notes.

[a] A conceit on the ſimilarity of ſound between the words unmarred and unmarried.

of that order of men who have much honour and merit, but with all a coxcomb; the other of that ſet of females, who has innocence and wit, but the firſt of coquets. It is eaſy to believe, theſe muſt be admirers of each other. She ſays, the colonel rides the beſt of any man in England; The colonel ſays, ſhe talks the beſt of any woman. At the ſame time, he underſtands wit juſt as ſhe does horſemanſhip. You are to know, theſe extraordinary perſons ſee each other daily: and they themſelves, as well as the town, think it will be a match: but it can never happen that they can come to the point; for, inſtead of addreſſing to each other, they ſpend their whole time in the reports of themſelves: he is ſatisfied if he can convince her he is a fine gentleman, and a man of conſequence; and ſhe in appearing to him an accompliſhed lady and a wit, without further deſign. Thus he tells her of his manner of poſting his men at ſuch a paſs, with the numbers he commanded on that detachment: ſhe tells him how ſhe was dreſſed on ſuch a day at court, and what offers were made her the week following. She ſeems to hear the repetition of his men's names with admiration, and waits only to anſwer him with as falſe a muſter of lovers. They talk to each other, not to be informed, but approved. Thus they are ſo like, that they are to be ever diſtant, and the parallel lines may run together for ever, but never meet.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 25.

THIS evening the comedy, called Epſom Wells [b], was acted for the benefit of Mr. Bullock, who, though he is a perſon of much wit and ingenuity, has a peculiar talent of looking like a fool, and therefore is excellently well qualified for the part of Biſket in this play. I cannot indeed ſufficiently admire his way of bearing a beating, as he does in this drama, and that with ſuch a natural air and propriety of folly, that one cannot help wiſhing the whip in one's own hand; ſo richly does he ſeem to deſerve his chaſtiſement. Skilful actors think it a very peculiar happineſs to play in a ſcene with ſuch as top their parts. Therefore I cannot but ſay, when the judgment of any good author directs him to write a beating for Mr. Bullock from Mr. William Pinkethman, or for Mr. William Pinkethman from Mr. Bullock, thoſe excellent players ſeem to be in their moſt ſhining circumſtances, and pleaſe me more, but with a different ſort of delight, than that which I receive from thoſe grave ſcenes of Brutus and Caſſius, or Antony and Ventidius. The whole comedy is very juſt, and the low part of human life repreſented with much humour and wit.

[b] By Tho. Shadwell, afterwards poet laureat to K. William III. It was firſt printed in quarto, 1676, but it was acted, it ſhould ſeem, from 1673. He ſtripped the laurel from the brows of Dryden, who thereupon wrote the bittereſt ſatire that ever was penned, entitled M'Flecknoe. He died ſuddenly in 1692, aged 52; and his friend Dr. N. Brady preached his funeral ſermon.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 25.

We are adviſed from Vienna, by letters of the twentieth inſtant, that the emperor hath lately added twenty new members to his council of ſtate, but they have not yet taken their places at the board. General Thaun is returned from Baden, his health being ſo well re-eſtabliſhed by the baths of that place, that he deſigns to ſet out next week for Turin, to his command of the imperial troops in the ſervice of the duke of Savoy. His imperial majeſty has advanced his brother, count Henry Thaun, to be a brigadier, and a counſellor of the Aulic council of war. Theſe letters import, that king Staniſlaus and the Swediſh general Craſſau, are directing their march to the Nieper, to join the king of Sweden's army in Ukrania: that the ſtates of Auſtria have furniſhed marſhal Heiſter with a conſiderable ſum of money, to enable him to puſh on the war vigorouſly in Hungary, where all things as yet are in perfect tranquillity: and that general Thungen has been very importunate for a ſpeedy reinforcement of the forces on the Upper Rhine, repreſenting at the ſame time what miſeries the inhabitants muſt neceſſarily undergo, if the deſigns of France on thoſe parts be not ſpeedily and effectually prevented.

Letters from Rome, dated the thirteenth inſtant, ſay, that on the preceding Sunday his holineſs was carried in an open chair from St. Peter's to St. Mary's, attended by the ſacred college, in cavalcade; and, after maſs, diſtributed ſeveral dowries for the marriage of poor

and diſtreſſed virgins. The proceedings of that court are very dilatory concerning the recognition of king Charles, notwithſtanding the preſſing inſtance of the marquis de Prie, who has declared, that if this affair be not wholly concluded by the fifteenth inſtant, he will retire from that court, and order the imperial troops to return into the eccleſiaſtical ſtate. On the other hand, the duke of Anjou's miniſter has, in the name of his maſter, demanded of his holineſs to explain himſelf on that affair; which, it is ſaid, will be finally determined in a conſiſtory to be held on Monday next; the duke d'Uzeda deſigning to delay his departure until he ſees the iſſue. Theſe letters alſo ſay, that the court was mightily alarmed at the news which they received by an expreſs from Ferrara, that general Boneval, who commands in Commacchio, had ſent circular letters to the inhabitants of St. Alberto, Longaſtrino, Fillo, and other adjacent parts, enjoining them to come and ſwear fealty to the emperor, and receive new inveſtitures of their fiefs from his hands. Letters from other parts of Italy ſay, that the king of Denmark continues at Lucca; that four Engliſh and Dutch men of war were ſeen off Onglia, bound for Final, in order to tranſport the troops deſigned for Barcelona; and that her majeſty's ſhip the Colcheſter arrived at Leghorn the fourth inſtant from Port-Mahon, with advice, that major general Stanhope deſigned to depart from thence the firſt inſtant with ſix or ſeven thouſand men, to attempt the relief of the caſtle of Alicant.

Our laſt advices from Berlin, bearing date the twenty-ſeventh inſtant, import, that the king was gone to Linum, and the queen to Mecklenburgh; but that their majeſties deſigned to return the next week to Oranienburg, where a great chace of wild beaſts was prepared for their diverſion, and from thence they intend to proceed together to Potſdam; that the prince royal was ſet out for Brabant, but intended to make ſome ſhort ſtay at Hanover. Theſe letters alſo inform us, that they are adviſed from Obory, that the king of Sweden, being on his march towards Holki, met general Renne with a detachment of Muſcovites, who, placing ſome regiments in ambuſcade, attacked the Swedes in their rear, and, putting them to flight, killed two thouſand men, the king himſelf having his horſe ſhot under him.

We hear from Copenhagen, that, the ice being broke, the Sound is again open for the ſhips; and that they hoped his majeſty would return ſooner than they at firſt expected.

Letters from the Hague, dated May the fourth, N. S. ſay, that an expreſs arrived there on the firſt, from prince Eugene to his grace the duke of Marlborough. The ſtates are adviſed, that the auxiliaries of Saxony were arrived on the frontiers of the United Provinces; as alſo, that the two regiments of Wolfenbuttel, and four thouſand troops from Wirtemberg, who are to ſerve in Flanders, are in full march thither. Letters from Flanders ſay, that the great convoy of ammunition and proviſions, which ſet out from Ghent for Liſle, was ſafely arrived at

Courtray. We hear from Paris, that the king has ordered the militia on the coaſts of Normandy and Bretagne to be in readineſs to march; and that the court was in apprehenſion of a deſcent, to animate the people to riſe in the midſt of their preſent hardſhips.

They write from Spain, that the pope's nuncio left Madrid the tenth of April, in order to go to Bayonne; that the marquis de Bay was at Badajos, to obſerve the motions of the Portugueze; and that the count d'Eſtain, with a body of five thouſand men, was on his march to attack Girone. The duke of Anjou has depoſed the biſhop of Lerida, as being a favourer of the intereſt of king Charles, and has ſummoned a convocation at Madrid, compoſed of the archbiſhops, biſhops, and ſtates of that kingdom, wherein he hopes they will come to a reſolution to ſend for no more bulls to Rome.

N° 8. Tueſday, April 28, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley Paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, April 26.

THE play of the London Cuckolds [c] was acted this evening before a ſuitable audience, who were extremely well diverted with that heap of vice and abſurdity. The indignation which Eugenio, who is a gentleman of a juſt taſte, has upon occaſion of ſeeing human nature fall ſo low in its delights, made him, I thought, expatiate upon the mention of this play very agreeably. 'Of all men living,' ſaid he, 'I pity players (who muſt be men of good underſtanding, to be capable of being ſuch), that they are obliged to repeat and aſſume proper geſtures for repreſenting things of which their reaſon muſt be aſhamed, and which they muſt diſdain their audience for approving. The amendment of theſe low gratifications is only to be made by people of condition, by encouraging the repreſentation of the noble characters drawn by Shak-

[c] A very immoral, as well as a very ill-written comedy, by Edward Ravenſcroft, 1682. 4to. It uſed to be acted frequently, eſpecially upon lord mayor's days, in contempt, and to the diſgrace of the city, but is at length totally baniſhed from the ſtage, to the honour of the preſent managers. P.

ſpeare and others, from whence it is impoſſible to return without ſtrong impreſſions of honour and humanity. On theſe occaſions, diſtreſs is laid before us with all its cauſes and conſequences, and our reſentment placed according to the merit of the perſons afflicted. Were dramas of this nature more acceptable to the taſte of the town, men who have genius would bend their ſtudies to excel in them. How forcible an effect this would have on our minds, one needs no more than to obſerve how ſtrongly we are touched by mere pictures. Who can ſee Le Brun's [d] picture of the battle of Porus, without entering into the character of that fierce gallant man [e], and being accordingly ſpurred to an emulation of his conſtancy and courage? When he is falling with his wound, the features are at the ſame time very terrible and languiſhing; and there is ſuch a ſtern faintneſs diffuſed through all his look, as is apt to move a kind of horror, as well as pity, in the beholder.

[d] Charles Le Brun, one of thoſe rare men who ſeem intended to do honour to their profeſſion, their country, and their kind, was the ſon of a ſculptor, of Scotch extraction, and born at Paris in 1619, where he died without iſſue, piouſly, and univerſally lamented in 1690, aged 71.

[e] An Indian king, defeated and put to death in an inhuman manner by Alexander the Great. See the ſtory of Porus in Q. Curtius, l. viii. c. 12 and 14. The fine painting in the French king's cabinet here ſpoken of, is 16 feet high, and 39 feet 5 inches long. Florent. Le Comte, tom. i. p. 197. See Tat. N° 153. note. *Mr. Holwell nia l'exiſtence de Porus, mais à preſent l'on a trouve dans l'Inde meme une hiſtoire detailée de ce prince; comme pluſieurs perſonnes qui ont longtems veçu dans ce pais me l'ont aſſure.* Dankerville Recherches ſur l'origin, &c. des Arts de la Grèce. A Londres, 1785, liv. i. c. 2, p. 128, 4to.

This, I ſay, is an effect wrought by mere lights and ſhades: conſider alſo a repreſentation made by words only, as in an account given by a good writer: Catiline in Salluſt[f] makes juſt ſuch a figure as Porus by Le Brun. It is ſaid of him, *Catilina verò longè a ſuis inter hoſtium cadavera repertus eſt: paululum etiam ſpirans, ferocitatemque animi; quam vivus habuerat, in vultu retinens.* "Catiline was found killed, far from his own men, among the dead bodies of the enemy: he ſeemed ſtill to breathe, and ſtill retained in his face the ſame fierceneſs he had when he was living." You have in that one ſentence a lively impreſſion of his whole life and actions. What I would inſinuate from all this is, that if the painter and the hiſtorian can do thus much in colours and language, what may not be performed by an excellent poet, when the character he draws is preſented by the perſon, the manner, the look, and the motion, of an accompliſhed player? If a thing painted or related can irreſiſtibly enter our hearts, what may not be brought to paſs by ſeeing generous things performed before our eyes?' Eugenio ended his diſcourſe, by recommending the apt uſe of a theatre, as the moſt agreeable and eaſy method of making a polite and moral gentry; which would end in rendering the reſt of the people regular in their behaviour, and ambitious of laudable undertakings.

[f] Sall. Hiſt. Bell. Catilin. cap. 61.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 27.

LETTERS from Naples of the ninth inſtant, N. S. adviſe, that cardinal Grimani had ordered the regiment commanded by general Pate to march towards Final, in order to embark for Catalonia; whither alſo a thouſand horſe are to be tranſported from Sardinia, beſides the troops which come from the Milaneſe. An Engliſh man of war has taken two prizes, one a veſſel of Malta, the other of Genoa, both laden with goods of the enemy. They write from Florence of the thirteenth, that his majeſty of Denmark had received a courier from the Hague, with an account of ſome matters relating to the treaty of a peace; upon which he declared, that he thought it neceſſary to haſten to his own dominions.

Letters from Switzerland inform us, that the effects of the great ſcarcity of ſcorn in France were felt at Geneva; the magiſtrates of which city had appointed deputies to treat with the cantons of Bern and Zurich, for leave to buy up ſuch quantities of grain within their territories as ſhould be thought neceſſary. The proteſtants of Tockenburg are ſtill in arms about the convent of St. John, and have declared, that they will not lay them down, until they ſhall have ſufficient ſecurity, from the Roman catholics, of living unmoleſted in the exerciſe of their religion. In the mean time, the deputies of Bern and Tockenburg have frequent conferences at Zurich with the regency of that canton, to find out methods for quieting theſe diſorders.

Letters from the Hague, of the third of May, adviſe, that the preſident Rouille, after his laſt conference with the deputies of the ſtates, had retired to Bodegrave, five miles diſtant from Worden, and expected the return of a courier from France on the fourth, with new inſtructions. It is ſaid, if his anſwer from the French court ſhall not prove ſatisfactory, he will be deſired to withdraw out of theſe parts. In the mean time it is alſo reported, that his equipage, as an ambaſſador on this great occaſion, is actually on the march towards him. They write from Flanders, that the great convoy of proviſions, which ſet out from Ghent, is ſafely arrived at Liſle. Thoſe advices add, that the enemy had aſſembled near Tournay a conſiderable body of troops, drawn out of the neighbouring garriſons. Their high mightineſſes having ſent orders to their miniſters at Hamburgh and Dantzic, to engage the magiſtrates of thoſe cities to forbid the ſale of corn to the French, and to ſignify to them, that the Dutch merchants will buy up as much of that commodity as they can ſpare; the Hamburghers have accordingly contracted with the Dutch, and refuſed any commerce with the French on that occaſion.

From my own Apartment.

AFTER the laſſitude of a day, ſpent in the ſtrolling manner which is uſual with men of pleaſure in this town, and with a head full of a million of impertinencies, which had danced round it for ten hours together, I came to my

lodging, and haſtened to bed. My valet de chambre knows my univerſity trick of reading there; and he, being a good ſcholar for a gentleman, ran over the names of Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, and others, to know which I would have. 'Bring Virgil,' ſaid I; 'and if I fall aſleep, take care of the candle.' I read the ſixth book over with the moſt exquiſite delight, and had gone half through it a ſecond time, when the pleaſing ideas of Elyſian fields, deceaſed worthies walking in them, ſincere lovers enjoying their languiſhment without pain, compaſſion for the unhappy ſpirits who had miſpent their ſhort day-light, and were exiled from the ſeats of bliſs for ever; I ſay, I was deep again in my reading, when this mixture of images had taken place of all others in my imagination before, and lulled me into a dream, from which I am juſt awake, to my great diſadvantage. The happy manſions of Elyſium, by degrees, ſeemed to be wafted from me, and the very traces of my late waking thoughts began to fade away, when I was caſt by a ſudden whirlwind upon an iſland, encompaſſed with a roaring and troubled ſea, which ſhaked its very centre, and rocked its inhabitants as in a cradle. The iſlanders lay on their faces, without offering to look up, or hope for preſervation; all her harbours were crowded with mariners, and tall veſſels of war lay in danger of being driven to pieces on her ſhores. 'Bleſs me!' ſaid I, 'why have I lived in ſuch a manner, that the convulſion of nature ſhould be ſo terrible to me, when I feel in myſelf that the better part of me

is to ſurvive it? Oh! may that be in happineſs!' A ſudden ſhriek, in which the whole people on their faces joined, interrupted my ſoliloquy, and turned my eyes and attention to the object that had given us that ſudden ſtart, in the midſt of an inconſolable and ſpeechleſs affliction. Immediately the winds grew calm, the waves ſubſided, and the people ſtood up, turning their faces upon a magnificent pile in the midſt of the iſland. There we beheld an hero of a comely and erect aſpect, but pale and languid, ſitting under a canopy of ſtate. By the faces and dumb ſorrow of thoſe who attended, we thought him in the article of death. At a diſtance ſat a lady, whoſe life ſeemed to hang upon the ſame thread with his: ſhe kept her eyes fixed upon him, and ſeemed to ſmother ten thouſand thouſand nameleſs things, which urged her tenderneſs to claſp him in her arms: but her greatneſs of ſpirit overcame thoſe ſentiments, and gave her power to forbear diſturbing his laſt moment; which immediately approached [z]. The hero looked up with an air of negligence, and ſatiety of being, rather than of pain to leave it; and, leaning back his head, expired.

[z] George prince of Denmark, ſecond ſon of Frederic III. and brother of Chriſtian V. was married to the princeſs Anne, daughter of James duke of York, July 28, 1683, with whom he lived in exemplary harmony until Oct. 21, 1708, when he died at Kenſington, after an indiſpoſition of a few days. He was lord high admiral of England. This dream is a poetical deſcription of the ſtate of England from the death of prince George in 1708, to the concluſion of the negotiations at the Hague in 1709.

When the heroine, who ſat at a diſtance, ſaw his laſt inſtant come, ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and, kneeling, preſſed his hand to her lips, in which poſture ſhe continued under the agony of an unutterable ſorrow, until conducted from our ſight by her attendants. That commanding awe, which accompanies the grief of great minds, reſtrained the multitude while in her preſence; but as ſoon as ſhe retired, they gave way to their diſtraction, and all the iſlanders called upon their deceaſed hero. To him, methought, they cried out, as to a guardian being; and I gathered from their broken accents, that it was he who had the empire over the ocean and its powers, by which he had long protected the iſland from ſhipwreck and invaſion. They now give a looſe to their moan, and think themſelves expoſed without hopes of human or divine aſſiſtance. While the people ran wild, and expreſſed all the different forms of lamentation, methought a ſable cloud overſhadowed the whole land, and covered its inhabitants with darkneſs: no glimpſe of light appeared, except one ray from heaven upon the place in which the heroine now ſecluded herſelf from the world, with her eyes fixed on thoſe abodes to which her conſort was aſcended[h]. Methought a long period of time had paſſed away in mourning and in darkneſs, when a twilight began by degrees to en-

[h] Q. Anne mourned ſo long on this occaſion, that the manufacturers remonſtrated reſpectfully, and in the end obtained a law to prevent the ſerious inconveniencies they complained of, in future, by limiting the duration of public mournings.

lighten the hemiſphere; and, looking round me, I ſaw a boat rowed towards the ſhore, in which ſat a perſonage adorned with warlike trophies, bearing on his left arm a ſhield, on which was engraven the image of Victory, and in his right hand a branch of olive. His viſage was at once ſo winning and ſo awful, that the ſhield and the olive ſeemed equally ſuitable to his genius.

When this illuſtrious [i] perſon touched on the ſhore, he was received by the acclamations of the people, and followed to the palace of the heroine. No pleaſure in the glory of her arms, (or the acclamations of her applauding ſubjects,) were ever capable to ſuſpend her ſorrow for one moment, till ſhe ſaw the olive-branch in the hand of that auſpicious meſſenger. At that ſight, as heaven beſtows its bleſſings on the wants and importunities of mortals, out of its native bounty, and not to increaſe its own power or honour, in compaſſion to the world, the celeſtial mourner was then firſt ſeen to turn her regard to things below; and, taking the branch out of the warrior's hand, looked at it with much ſatisfaction, and ſpoke of the bleſſings of peace, with a voice and accent, ſuch as that in which guardian ſpirits whiſper to dying penitents aſſurances of happineſs. The air was huſhed, the multitude attentive, and all nature in a pauſe while ſhe was ſpeaking. But as ſoon as the meſſenger of peace had made ſome low reply,

[i] About this time the duke of Marlborough returned from Holland, with the preliminaries of a peace.

in which, methought, I heard the word Iberia, the heroine, aſſuming a more ſevere air, but ſuch as ſpoke reſolution without rage, returned him the olive, and again veiled her face. Loud cries and claſhing of arms immediately followed, which forced me from my charming viſion, and drove me back to theſe manſions of care and ſorrow.

*** Mr. Bickerſtaff thanks Mr. Quarterſtaff for his kind and inſtructive letter dated the 26th inſtant.

N° 9. Saturday, April 30, 1709.

STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 14.

This evening we were entertained with The Old Bachelor [k], a comedy of deſerved reputation. In the character which gives name to the

[k] By Congreve. His firſt play, and firſt acted in 1693. See Tatler, N° 193. Notwithſtanding all that is ſaid either here or in N° 193 in commendation of this play, the remarks of Collier upon ſome paſſages in it, in his Short View of the Profaneneſs and Immorality of the Engliſh Stage, are not void of truth, or of ſound criticiſm. They regard not the ſtructure of the play, but ſome libertiniſms in which the author has indulged himſelf.

play, there is excellently repreſented the reluctance of a battered debauchee to come into the trammels of order and decency: he neither languiſhes nor burns, but frets for love. The gentlemen of more regular behaviour are drawn with much ſpirit and wit, and the drama introduced by the dialogue of the firſt ſcene with uncommon, yet natural converſation. The part of Fondlewife is a lively image of the unſeaſonable fondneſs of age and impotence. But inſtead of ſuch agreeable works as theſe, the town has for half an age been tormented with inſects called 'Eaſy Writers,' whoſe abilities Mr. Wycherly one day deſcribed excellently well in one word: 'That,' ſays he, 'among theſe fellows is called eaſy writing, which any one may eaſily write.' Such janty ſcribblers are ſo juſtly laughed at for their ſonnets on Phillis and Chloris, and fantaſtical deſcriptions in them, that an ingenious kinſman of mine, of the family of the Staffs, Mr. Humphrey Wagſtaff by name, has, to avoid their ſtrain, run into a way perfectly new, and deſcribed things exactly as they happen: he never forms fields, or nymphs, or groves, where they are not; but makes the incidents juſt as they really appear. For an example of it; I ſtole out of his manuſcript the following lines: they are a deſcription of the morning, but of the morning in town; nay, of the morning at this end of the town, where my kinſman at preſent lodges.

'Now hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, ſhow'd the ruddy morn's approach.

Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own.
The ſlipſhod 'prentice, from his maſter's door,
Had par'd the ſtreet, and ſprinkled round the floor;
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.
The youth with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel-edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmall-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep.
Duns at his lordſhip's gates began to meet;
And brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd thro' half a ſtreet:
The turnkey now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a' nights to ſteal for fees.
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands;
And ſchool-boys lag with ſatchels in their hands.'

All that I apprehend is, that dear Numps[1] will be angry I have publiſhed theſe lines; not that he has any reaſon to be aſhamed of them, but for fear of thoſe rogues, the bane to all excellent performances, the imitators. Therefore, beforehand, I bar all deſcriptions of the evening; as, a medley of verſes ſignifying grey peas are now cried warm; that wenches now begin to amble round the paſſages of the play-houſes: or of noon; as, that fine ladies and great beaux are juſt yawning out of their beds and windows in Pall-mall, and ſo forth. I forewarn alſo all perſons from encouraging any draughts after my couſin; and foretell any man who ſhall go about to imitate him, that he will be very inſipid. The family-ſtock is embarked

[1] Dr. Swift. See Swift's Works, vol. vi. p. 39. P. and Tatler, N° 238.

in this deſign, and we will not admit of counterfeits: Dr. Anderſon [m] and his heirs enjoy his pills; ſir William Read [n] has the cure of eyes, and Monſieur Roſſelli [o] only can cure the gout. We pretend to none of theſe things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any miſtaken man he is not what he believes he is, to diſtinguiſh merit [p], and expoſe falſe pretences to it, is a liberty our family has by law in them, from an intermarriage with a daughter of Mr. Scoggin [q], the famous droll of the laſt century. This right I deſign to make uſe of; but will not encroach upon the above-mentioned adepts, or any other. At the ſame time, I ſhall take all the privileges I may, as an Engliſhman, and will lay hold of the late act of naturalization to introduce what I ſhall think fit from France. The uſe of that law may, I hope, be extended to people the polite world with new characters, as well as the kingdom itſelf with new ſubjects. Therefore an author of that na-

[m] Anderſon was a Scotch phyſician in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II.

[n] 'Henley would fain have me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c. to an invitation at ſir William Read's. Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the queen's oculiſt; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold veſſels. But I am engaged, and won't go; neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt.' April 11, 1711. Swift's Works, vol. xxii. p. 20. See Spec. N° 470.

[o] Roſſelli, ſufficiently known from the romance of his life, which was written by himſelf. His ſpecific for the gout was good for nothing. He died ſome years after this at the Hague.

[p] See Dedication, and Tat. N° 3, N° 51, N° 64, and N° 271.

[q] Scoggin was a buffoon in the reign of K. James I.

tion, called La Bruyere[r], I ſhall make bold with on ſuch occaſions. The laſt perſon I read of in that writer was lord Timon. 'Timon,' ſays my author, 'is the moſt generous of all men; but is ſo hurried away with that ſtrong impulſe of beſtowing, that he confers benefits without diſtinction, and is munificent without laying obligations. For all the unworthy, who receive from him, have ſo little ſenſe of this noble infirmity, that they look upon themſelves rather as partners in a ſpoil, than partakers of a bounty. The other day, coming into Paris, I met Timon going out on horſeback, attended only by one ſervant. It ſtruck me with a ſudden damp, to ſee a man of ſo excellent a diſpoſition, and who underſtood making a figure ſo well, ſo much ſhortened in his retinue. But, paſſing by his houſe, I ſaw his great coach break to pieces before his door, and by a ſtrange inchantment immediately turned into many different vehicles. The firſt was a very pretty chariot, into which ſtepped his lordſhip's ſecretary. The ſecond was hung a little heavier; into that ſtrutted the fat ſteward. In an inſtant followed a chaiſe, which was entered by the butler. The reſt of the body and wheels were forthwith changed into go-carts, and run away with by the nurſes and brats of the reſt of the family. What

[r] Steele, it has been ſaid, alluded to the duke of Ormond, whoſe domeſtics enriched themſelves at the expence of their maſter. This ſeems very probable from a paſſage in The Examiner, vol. iii. p. 48. La Bruyere's Timon is a miſanthrope.—The character of lord Timon was originally drawn by Steele, and had, as he thought, a ſtriking reſemblance to his own. See his apology for it, Guard. N° 53.

makes theſe misfortunes in the affairs of Timon the more aſtoniſhing is, that he has better underſtanding than thoſe who cheat him; ſo that a man knows not which more to wonder at, the indifference of the maſter, or the impudence of the ſervant.'

White's Chocolate-houſe, April 29.

It is a matter of much ſpeculation among the beaux [s] and oglers, what it is that can have made ſo ſudden a change, as has been of late obſerved, in the whole behaviour of Paſtorella, who never ſat ſtill a moment until ſhe was eighteen, which ſhe has now exceeded by two months. Her aunt, who has the care of her, has not been always ſo rigid as ſhe is at this preſent date; but has ſo good a ſenſe of the frailty of woman, and falſehood of man, that ſhe re-

[s] 'A beau, in the days of Q. Anne, was a peculiar character diſtinguiſhed by bold ſtrokes, as having horſes of a particular colour, or the like. In proceſs of time, this diſtinction was loſt, and the word was applied indiſcriminately to all fine men, as the lower female vulgar term them. As ſoon as beau became a *nomen multitudinis*, there was a neceſſity of ranging the fine men into different claſſes, and it is but juſtice to this age to ſay, that it has invented a name for almoſt every character that diſtinguiſhes itſelf by dreſs or behaviour, from the plain men who chuſe to paſs unobſerved in the crowd.'

According to the preceding account, beau Fielding is repreſented under the name of Orlando the Fair, as riding in a ſingular vehicle conſtructed on purpoſe for diſplaying his large ſize advantageouſly, &c. Tat. N° 50, and N° 51. Ben Jonſon's beau is in a different ſtyle, 'for he introduces a fellow ſmoaking, as a mark of foppery.' Tat. N° 42, and N° 26. Spec. N° 278, and N° 631. Guard. N° 10, and N° 62.

ſolved on all manner of methods to keep Paſtorella, if poſſible, in ſafety, againſt herſelf and all her admirers. At the ſame time the good lady knew, by long experience, that a gay inclination, curbed too raſhly, would but run to the greater exceſſes for that reſtraint; ſhe therefore intended to watch her, and take ſome opportunity of engaging her inſenſibly in her own intereſts, without the anguiſh of an admonition. You are to know then, that miſs, with all her flirting and ogling, had alſo naturally a ſtrong curioſity in her, and was the greateſt eavesdropper breathing. Pariſatis (for ſo her prudent aunt is called) obſerved this humour, and retires one day to her cloſet, into which ſhe knew Paſtorella would peep, and liſten to know how ſhe was employed. It happened accordingly; and the young lady ſaw her good governante on her knees, and, after a mental behaviour, break into theſe words, 'As for the dear child committed to my care, let her ſobriety of carriage, and ſeverity of behaviour, be ſuch as may make that noble lord who is taken with her beauty, turn his deſigns to ſuch as are honourable.' Here Pariſatis heard her niece neſtle cloſer to the keyhole: ſhe then goes on; 'Make her the joyful mother of a numerous and wealthy offſpring; and let her carriage be ſuch, as may make this noble youth expect the bleſſings of an happy marriage, from the ſingularity of her life, in this looſe and cenſorious age.' Miſs, having heard enough, ſneaks off for fear of diſcovery, and immediately at her glaſs alters the ſitting of her head; then pulls up her tucker, and forms her-

ſelf into the exact manner of Lindamira: in a word, becomes a ſincere convert to every thing that is commendable in a fine young lady; and two or three ſuch matches, as her aunt feigned in her devotions, are at this day in her choice. This is the hiſtory and original cauſe of Paſtorella's converſion from coquetry. The prudence in the management of this young lady's temper, and good judgment of it, is hardly to be exceeded. I ſcarce remember a greater inſtance of forbearance of the uſual peeviſh way with which the aged treat the young than this, except that of our famous Noy [1], whoſe good-nature went ſo far, as to make him put off his admonitions to his ſon, even until after his death; and did not give him his thoughts of him, until he came to read that memorable paſſage in his will: 'All the reſt of my eſtate,' ſays he, 'I leave to my ſon Edward (who is executor to this my will) to be ſquandered as he ſhall think fit: I leave it him for that purpoſe, and hope no better from him.' A generous diſdain, and reflection upon how little he deſerved from ſo excellent a father, reformed the young man, and made Edward from an arrant rake become a fine gentleman.

[1] 'William Noy, of St. Burian in Cornwall, gentleman, was made attorney general in 1631; his will is dated June 3, 1634, about a month or ſix weeks before his death. The expedient did not operate an alteration in his ſon, ſo altogether favourable; for within two years Edward was ſlain in a duel by one captain Byron, who was pardoned for it.' Wood's Athen. Oxon. edit. 1691, vol. i. 506.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 29.

LETTERS from Portugal of the eighteenth inſtant, dated from Eſtremos, ſay, that on the ſixth the earl of Galway arrived at that place, and had the ſatisfaction to ſee the quarters well furniſhed with all manner of proviſions, and a quantity of bread ſufficient for ſubſiſting the troops for ſixty days, beſides biſcuit for twenty-five days. The enemy give out, that they ſhall bring into the field fourteen regiments of horſe, and twenty-four battalions. The troops in the ſervice of Portugal will make up 14,000 foot, and 4000 horſe. On the day theſe letters were diſpatched, the earl of Galway received advice, that the maquis de Bay was preparing for ſome enterprize, by gathering his troops together on the frontiers. Whereupon his excellency reſolved to go that ſame night to Villa Vicioſa, to aſſemble the troops in that neighbourhood, in order to diſappoint his deſigns.

Yeſterday in the evening captain Foxton, aid-de-camp to major-general Cadogan, arrived here expreſs from the duke of Marlborough. And this day a mail is come in with letters from Bruſſels of the ſixth of May, N. S. which adviſe, that the enemy had drawn together a body, conſiſting of 20,000 men, with a deſign, as was ſuppoſed, to intercept the great convoy on the march towards Liſle, which was ſafely arrived at Menin and Courtray, in its way to that place, the French having retired without making any attempt.

We hear from the Hague, that a perſon of the firſt quality is arrived in the Low Countries from France, in order to be a plenipotentiary in an enſuing treaty of peace.

Letters from France acknowledge, that monſieur Bernard has made no higher offers of ſatiſfaction to his creditors than of 35 l. *per cent.*

Theſe advices add, that the marſhal Boufflers, monſieur Torcy (who diſtinguiſhed himſelf formerly, by adviſing the court of France to adhere to the treaty of partition) and monſieur d'Harcourt (who negociated with cardinal Portocarrero for the ſucceſſion of the crown of Spain in the houſe of Bourbon) are all three joined in a commiſſion for a treaty of peace. The marſhal is come to Ghent: the other two are arrived at the Hague.

It is confidently reported here, that the right honourable the lord Townſhend is to go with his grace the duke of Marlborough into Holland.

*** Mr. Bickerſtaff has received the epiſtles of Mrs. Rebecca Wagſtaff, Timothy Pikeſtaff and Wagſtaff, which he will acknowledge farther as occaſion ſhall ſerve.

N° 10. Tueſday, May 3, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley Paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF [u], HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

My brother Iſaac, having a ſudden occaſion to go out of town, ordered me to take upon me the diſpatch of the next advices from home, with liberty to ſpeak in my own way; not

[u] We find miſs, a contraction of miſtreſs, in Miege's French Dictionary, 1688; but in 1709 the appellation of miſs ſeems to have been given only to girls not yet in their teens, or to indiſcreet and inconſiderate young women. In N° 9, the giddy Paſtorella is ſtyled miſs, but here it is Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, and ſhe was only turned of twenty, N° 33. A young lady ridiculed for her unbecoming and injudicious head-dreſs is ſtyled miſs Gruel, N° 212; but in N° 139, it is miſtreſs and not miſs Alice, and the ſame obſervation occurs in N° 175, in N° 189, and in Spec. N° 496. Depingle is named madam in Tat. N° 7, and it is madam Diſtaff in N° 140. A young lady of nineteen is called miſtreſs in Spec. N° 534. We meet with a miſs Liddy in Spec. N° 306; and the title of honour given to her elder ſiſter is madam Martha, but her preciſe age is not mentioned. See alſo Spec. N°531, N° 538, and N° 579. In Congreve's Way of the World, *an.* 1700, act ii. ſc. 7, it is miſtreſs, and once madam Millamant, and miſtreſs Marwood. Shakſpeare diſtinguiſhes maidens from their mothers, by adding the chriſtian names; 'miſtreſs Ann Page,' *anno* 1601. See Tat. N° 13, note A

doubting the allowances which would be given to a writer of my ſex. You may be ſure I undertook it with much ſatisfaction: and I confeſs, I am not a little pleaſed with the opportunity of running over all the papers in his cloſet, which he has left open for my uſe on this occaſion. The firſt that I lay my hands on, is a treatiſe concerning 'the empire of beauty,' and the effects it has had in all nations of the world, upon the public and private actions of men; with an appendix, which he calls, 'The bachelor's ſcheme for governing his wife.' The firſt thing he makes this gentleman propoſe, is, that ſhe ſhall be no woman; for ſhe is to have an averſion to balls, to operas, to viſits: ſhe is to think his company ſufficient to fill up all the hours of life with great ſatisfaction: ſhe is never to believe any other man wiſe, learned, or valiant; or at leaſt, but in a ſecond degree. In the next place, he intends ſhe ſhall be a cuckold; but expects, that he himſelf muſt live in perfect ſecurity from that terror. He dwells a great while on inſtructions for her diſcreet behaviour, in caſe of his falſehood. I have not patience with theſe unreaſonable expectations, therefore turn back to the treatiſe itſelf. Here indeed my brother deduces all the revolutions among men from the paſſion of love; and in his preface anſwers that uſual obſervation againſt us, 'that there is no quarrel without a woman in it;' with a gallant aſſertion, that 'there is nothing elſe worth quarrelling for.' My brother is of a complexion truly amorous; all his thoughts and actions carry in them a tincture of that

obliging inclination; and this turn has opened his eyes to ſee, that we are not the inconſiderable creatures which unlucky pretenders to our favour would inſinuate. He obſerves, that no man begins to make any tolerable figure, until he ſets out with the hopes of pleaſing ſome one of us. No ſooner he takes that in hand, but he pleaſes every one elſe by the bye. It has an immediate effect upon his behaviour. There is col. Ranter [x], who never ſpoke without an oath, until he ſaw the lady Betty Modiſh; now, never gives his man an order, but it is, 'Pray, Tom, do it.' The drawers where he drinks live in perfect happineſs. He aſked Will at the George the other day, how he did? Where he uſed to ſay, 'Damn it, it is ſo;' he now 'believes there is ſome miſtake; he muſt confeſs, he is of another opinion; but however he will not inſiſt.'

Every temper, except downright inſipid, is to be animated and ſoftened by the influence of beauty: but of this untractable ſort is a lifeleſs handſome fellow that viſits us, whom I have dreſſed at this twelvemonth; but he is as inſenſible of all the arts I uſe, as if he converſed all that time with his nurſe. He outdoes our whole ſex in all the faults our enemies impute to us; he has brought lazineſs into an opinion,

[x] There is probably an alluſion here to the celebrated Mrs. Anne Oldfield and brigadier general Churchill. Mrs. O. played at this time inimitably well the character of Lady Betty Modiſh in the Careleſs Huſband, which the author, Cibber, acknowledges was not only written for her, but copied from her, ſo that ſhe was both the player, and the original of the character.

and makes his indolence his philoſophy: inſo-much that no longer ago than yeſterday in the evening he gave me this account of himſelf: 'I am, madam, perfectly unmoved at all that paſſes among men, and ſeldom give myſelf the fatigue of going among them; but when I do, I always appear the ſame thing to thoſe whom I converſe with. My hours of exiſtence, or being awake, are from eleven in the morning to eleven at night; half of which I live to myſelf, in picking my teeth, waſhing my hands, paring my nails, and looking in the glaſs. The inſignificancy of my manners to the reſt of the world, makes the laughers call me a quidnunc, a phraſe which I neither underſtand, nor ſhall ever enquire what they mean by it. The laſt of me each night is at St. James's coffee-houſe, where I converſe, yet never fall into a diſpute on any occaſion; but leave the underſtanding I have, paſſive of all that goes through it, without entering into the buſineſs of life. And thus, madam, have I arrived by lazineſs, to what others pretend to by philoſophy, a perfect neglect of the world.' Sure, if our ſex had the liberty of frequenting public houſes and converſations, we ſhould put theſe rivals of our faults and follies out of countenance. However, we ſhall ſoon have the pleaſure of being acquainted with them one way or other; for my brother Iſaac deſigns, for the uſe of our ſex, to give the exact characters of all the chief politicians, who frequent any of the coffee-houſes from St. James's to the Exchange; but deſigns to begin with that cluſter of wiſe-heads, as they are found ſitting

every evening from the left ſide of the fire at the Smyrna, to the door. This will be of great ſervice for us, and I have authority to promiſe an exact journal of their deliberations; the publication of which I am to be allowed for pin-money. In the mean time, I caſt my eye upon a new book, which gave me more pleaſing entertainment, being a ſixth part of Miſcellany Poems publiſhed by Jacob Tonſon [y], which, I find by my brother's notes upon it, no way inferior to the other volumes. There is, it ſeems, in this, a collection of the beſt paſtorals that have hitherto appeared in England; but among them none ſuperior to that dialogue between Sylvia and Dorinda, written by one of my own ſex [z]; where all our little weakneſſes are laid open in a manner more juſt, and with truer raillery, than ever man yet hit upon.

'Only this I now diſcern,
From the things thoud'ſt have me learn,
That womankind's peculiar joys
From paſt or preſent beauties riſe.'

But, to re-aſſume my firſt deſign, there cannot be a greater inſtance of the command of females, than in the prevailing charms of the heroine in the play, which was acted this night, called, All for Love; or, The World well loſt [a]. The enamoured Antony reſigns glory and power to the force of the attractive Cleopatra, whoſe charms were the defence of her diadem againſt

[y] Uſually called Dryden's Collection. See N° 12, note.

[z] By Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, celebrated by Prior in many parts of his poems, and afterwards Mrs. Rowe.

[a] By Dryden, firſt acted in the year 1678.

a people otherwiſe invincible. It is ſo natural for women to talk of themſelves, that it is to be hoped, all my own ſex at leaſt will pardon me, that I could fall into no other diſcourſe. If we have their favour, we give ourſelves very little anxiety for the reſt of our readers. I believe I ſee a ſentence of Latin in my brother's day-book of wit, which ſeems applicable on this occaſion, and in contempt of the critics,

'——*Triſtitiam & metus*
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.' HOR. 1 Od. xxvi. 2.

'No boding fears ſhall break my reſt,
Nor anxious cares invade my breaſt;
Puff them, ye wanton gales, away,
And plunge them in the Cretan ſea.'

R. WYNNE.

But I am interrupted by a packet from Mr. Kidney, from St. James's coffee-houſe, which I am obliged to inſert in the very ſtyle and words which Mr. Kidney uſes in his letter.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 2.

WE are adviſed by letters from Bern, dated the firſt inſtant, N. S. that the duke of Berwick arrived at Lyons the twenty-fifth of the laſt month, and continued his journey the next day to viſit the paſſes of the mountains, and other poſts in Dauphiné and Provence. Theſe letters alſo informed us, that the miſeries of the people in France are heightened to that degree, that unleſs a peace be ſpeedily concluded, half of that kingdom would periſh for want of bread.

On the twenty-fourth, the marſhal de Theſſe paſſed through Lyons, in his way to Verſailles; and two battalions, which were marching from Alſace to reinforce the army of the duke of Berwick, paſſed alſo through that place. Thoſe troops were to be followed by ſix battalions more.

Letters from Naples of the ſixteenth of April ſay, that the marquis de Prie's ſon was arrived there, with inſtructions from his father, to ſignify to the viceroy the neceſſity his imperial majeſty was under, of deſiring an aid from that kingdom, for carrying on the extraordinary expences of the war. On the fourteenth of the ſame month, they made a review of the Spaniſh troops in that garriſon, and afterwards of the marines; one part of whom will embark with thoſe deſigned for Barcelona, and the reſt are to be ſent on board the galleys appointed to convoy proviſions to that place.

We hear from Rome, by letters dated the twentieth of April, that the count de Mellos, envoy from the king of Portugal, had made his public entry into that city with much ſtate and magnificence. The pope has lately held two other conſiſtories, wherein he made a promotion of two cardinals; but the acknowledgement of king Charles is ſtill deferred.

Letters from other parts of Italy adviſe us, that the doge of Venice continues dangerouſly ill: that the prince de Carignan, having relapſed into a violent fever, died the twenty-third of April, in his eightieth year.

Advices from Vienna of the twenty-ſeventh of April import, that the archbiſhop of Saltz-

burg is dead, who is ſucceeded by count Harrach, formerly biſhop of Vienna, and for theſe laſt three years coadjutor to the ſaid archbiſhop; and that prince Maximilian of Litchtenſtein is likewiſe departed this life at his country ſeat called Cromaw in Moravia. Theſe advices add, that the emperor has named count Zinzendorf, count Goes, and monſieur Conſbruck, for his plenipotentiaries in an enſuing treaty of peace; and they hear from Hungary, that the imperialiſts have had ſeveral ſucceſsful ſkirmiſhes with the malcontents.

Letters from Paris, dated May the ſixth, ſay, that the marſhal de Theſſe arrived there on the twenty-ninth of the laſt month, and that the chevalier de Beuil was ſent thither by don Pedro Ronquillo with advice, that the confederate ſquadron appeared before Alicant on the ſeventeenth, and, having for ſome time cannonaded the city, endeavoured to land ſome troops for the relief of the caſtle; but general Stanhope, finding the paſſes well guarded, and the enterprize dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the caſtle; which being granted him, the garriſon, conſiſting of 600 regular troops, marched out with their arms and baggage the day following; and being received on board, they immediately ſet ſail for Barcelona. Theſe letters add, that the march of the French and Swiſs regiments is further deferred for a few days; and that the duke of Noailles was juſt ready to ſet out for Rouſſillon, as well as the count de Bezons for Catalonia.

The ſame advices ſay, bread was ſold at Paris for ſixpence a pound; and that there was not half enough, even at that rate, to ſupply the neceſſities of the people, which reduced them to the utmoſt deſpair; that 300 men had taken up arms, and, having plundered the market of the ſuburb of St. Germain, preſſed down by the multitude the king's guards who oppoſed them. Two of thoſe mutineers were afterwards ſeized and condemned to death; but four others went to the magiſtrate who pronounced that ſentence, and told him, he muſt expect to anſwer with his own life for thoſe of their comrades. All order and ſenſe of government being thus loſt among the enraged people; to keep up a ſhow of authority, the captain of the guards, who ſaw all their inſolence, pretended that he had repreſented to the king their deplorable condition, and had obtained their pardon. It is further reported, that the dauphin and ducheſs of Burgundy, as they went to the opera, were ſurrounded by crowds of people, who upbraided them with their neglect of the general calamity, in going to diverſions, when the whole people were ready to periſh for want of bread. Edicts are daily publiſhed to ſuppreſs theſe riots; and papers, with menaces againſt the government, as publicly thrown about. Among others, theſe words were dropped in a court of juſtice, 'France wants a Ravilliac or a Jeſuit to deliver her.'

We are adviſed by letters from the Hague, dated the tenth inſtant, N. S. that on the ſixth the marquis de Torcy arrived there from Paris;

and offered to communicate to monſieur Heinſius the propoſals which he had to make; but the penſionary refuſed to ſee them, and ſaid, he would ſignify it to the ſtates, who deputed ſome of their own body to acquaint him, that they would enter into no negociation until the arrival of his grace the duke of Marlborough, and the other miniſters of the alliance. Prince Eugene was expected there the twelfth inſtant from Bruſſels. It is ſaid, that beſides monſieur de Torcy, and monſieur Pajot, director-general of the poſts, there are two or three perſons at the Hague whoſe names are not known; but it is ſuppoſed, that the duke d'Alba, ambaſſador from the duke of Anjou, was one of them. The ſtates have ſent letters to all the cities of the provinces deſiring them to ſend their deputies to receive the propoſitions of peace made by the court of France.

*** In the abſence of Mr. Bickerſtaff, Mrs. Diſtaff has received Mr. Nathaniel Broomſtick's letter.

Under the ſignature of Nathaniel Broomſtick, the ſubſequent paper, or hints for it, might have been communicated to Steele by Swift, by Anthony Henley, eſq. or by Mr. Jabez Hughes. See Tat. N° 11, and notes.

N° 11. Thurſday, May 5, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 3.

A KINSMAN has ſent me a letter, wherein he informs me, he had lately reſolved to write an heroic poem, but by buſineſs has been interrupted, and has only made one ſimilitude, which he ſhould be afflicted to have wholly loſt; and begs of me to apply it to ſomething, being very deſirous to ſee it well placed in the world. I am ſo willing to help the diſtreſſed, that I have taken it in: but, though his greater genius might very well diſtinguiſh his verſes from mine, I have marked where his begin. His lines are a deſcription of the ſun in eclipſe, which I know nothing more like than a brave man in ſorrow, who bears it as he ſhould without imploring the pity of his friends, or being dejected with the contempt of his enemies: as in the caſe of Cato.

'When all the globe to Cæſar's fortune bow'd,
Cato alone his empire diſallow'd;
With inborn ſtrength alone oppos'd mankind,
With heav'n in view, to all below it blind:

Regardleſs of his friends applauſe, or moan,
Alone triumphant, ſince he falls alone[b].'

" Thus when the Ruler of the genial day
Behind ſome dark'ning planet forms his way,
Deſponding mortals, with officious care,
The concave drum and magic braſs prepare;
Implore him to ſuſtain th' important fight,
And ſave depending worlds from endleſs night:
Fondly they hope their labour may avail
To eaſe his conflict, and aſſiſt his toil,
Whilſt he, in beams of native ſplendor bright,
(Tho' dark his orb appear to human ſight)
Shines to the gods with more diffuſive light;
To diſtant ſtars with equal glory burns,
Inflames their lamps, and feeds their golden urns,
Sure to retain his known ſuperior tract,
And proves the more illuſtrious by defect."

This is a very lively image; but I muſt take the liberty to ſay, my kinſman drives the ſun a little like Phaëton[c]: he has all the warmth of Phœbus, but will not ſtay for his direction of it. 'Avail' and 'toil,' 'defect' and 'tract,' will never do for rhymes. But, however, he has the true ſpirit in him: for which reaſon I was willing to entertain any thing he pleaſed to ſend me. The ſubject which he writes upon naturally raiſes great reflections in the ſoul, and puts us in mind of the mixed condition which we mortals are to ſupport; which, as it varies to good or bad, adorns or defaces our actions to

[b] The verſes are by Mr. Jabez Hughes, who ſeems therefore to have ſome claim to be conſidered as the author of this number, or at leaſt of the firſt part of the paper.

[c] Ovid. Metam. ii. 1.

the beholders: all which glory and ſhame muſt end in, what we ſo much repine at, death. But doctrines on this occaſion, any other than that of living well, are the moſt inſignificant and moſt empty of all the labours of men. None but a tragedian can die by rule, and wait till he diſcovers a plot, or ſays a fine thing upon his exit. In real life, this is a chimæra; and by noble ſpirits it will be done decently, without the oſtentation of it. We ſee men of all conditions and characters go through it with equal reſolution: and if we conſider the ſpeeches of the mighty philoſophers, heroes, lawgivers, and great captains, they can produce no more in a diſcerning ſpirit, than rules to make a man a fop on his death-bed. Commend me to that natural greatneſs of ſoul, expreſſed by an innocent, and conſequently reſolute country-fellow, who ſaid in the pains of the cholic, 'If I once get this breath out of my body, you ſhall hang me before you put it in again.' Honeſt Ned! and ſo he died [d].

But it is to be ſuppoſed, that from this place you may expect an account of ſuch a thing as a new play is not to be omitted. That acted

[d] This Ned was a farmer of Anthony Henley, eſq. who mentions this ſaying of his in a letter to Swift. Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 15. As Swift was in London at this time, perhaps he might be the author of this paper, or at leaſt give hints for it. It is more probable that Anthony Henley, eſq. communicated to his friend Steele this anecdote of honeſt Ned, and the paper itſelf. This annotator was informed on good authority that Anthony Henley, eſq. was the author of ſome papers in theſe volumes, which the reſpectable perſon who gave him the intelligence could not particularly point out. See Tat. N° 25, *ad finem*.

this night is the neweſt that ever was writ. The author is my ingenious friend Mr. Thomas Durfey. This drama is called, The Modern Prophets [e], and is a moſt unanſwerable ſatire againſt the late ſpirit of enthuſiaſm. The writer had by long experience obſerved that, in company, very grave diſcourſes had been followed by bawdry; and therefore has turned the humour that way with great ſucceſs, and taken from his audience all manner of ſuperſtition, by the agitations of pretty Mrs. Bignell, whom he has, with great ſubtilty, made a lay-ſiſter, as well as a propheteſs; by which means ſhe carries on the affairs of both worlds with great ſucceſs. My friend deſigns to go on with another work againſt winter, which he intends to call, The Modern Poets, a people no leſs miſtaken in their opinions of being inſpired, than the other. In order to this, he has by him ſeven ſongs, beſides many ambiguities, which cannot be miſtaken for any thing but what he means them. Mr. Durfey generally writes ſtate-plays, and is wonderfully uſeful to the world in ſuch repreſentations. This method is the ſame that was uſed by the old Athenians, to laugh out of countenance, or promote, opinions among the people. My friend has therefore, againſt this play is acted for his own benefit, made two dances, which may be alſo of an univerſal benefit. In the firſt, he has repreſented abſolute power in the perſon of a tall man with a hat

[e] See Miſc. Works of lord Cheſterfield, by Dr. Maty, 4to. vol. ii. p. 523 and 555; Examiner, N° 48; Supplement to Swift, vol. ii. p. 329, and vol. iii. p. 9.

and feather, who gives his firſt miniſter, that ſtands juſt before him, an huge kick; the miniſter gives the kick to the next before; and ſo to the end of the ſtage. In this moral and practical jeſt, you are made to underſtand, that there is, in an abſolute government, no gratification, but giving the kick you receive from one above you, to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy air; but on a ſudden the tune moves quicker, and the whole company fall into a circle, and take hands; and then, at a certain ſharp note, they move round, and kick as kick can. This latter performance he makes to be the repreſentation of a free ſtate; where, if you all mind your ſteps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a motion pleaſant to yourſelves and thoſe you dance with: nay, if you put yourſelves out, at the worſt you only kick and are kicked, like friends and equals.

From my own Apartment, May 4.

Of all the vanities under the ſun, I confeſs that of being proud of one's birth is the greateſt. At the ſame time, ſince in this unreaſonable age, by the force of prevailing cuſtom, things in which men have no hand are imputed to them; and that I am uſed by ſome people, as if Iſaac Bickerſtaff, though I write myſelf eſquire, was nobody: to ſet the world right in that particular, I ſhall give you my genealogy, as a kinſman of ours has ſent it me from the herald's office. It is certain, and obſerved by the wiſeſt writers,

that there are women who are not nicely chaſte, and men not ſeverely honeſt, in all families; therefore let thoſe who may be apt to raiſe aſperſions upon ours, pleaſe to give us as impartial an account of their own, and we ſhall be ſatisfied. The buſineſs of heralds is a matter of ſo great nicety, that, to avoid miſtakes, I ſhall give you my couſin's letter verbatim, without altering a ſyllable [f].

'DEAR COUSIN,

'SINCE you have been pleaſed to make yourſelf ſo famous of late, by your ingenious writings, and ſome time ago by your learned predictions: ſince Partridge of immortal memory is dead and gone [g], who, poetical as he was, could not underſtand his own poetry; and philomatical as he was, could not read his own deſtiny: ſince the pope, the king of France, and great part of his court, are either literally or metaphorically defunct: ſince, I ſay, theſe things (not foretold by any one but yourſelf) have come to paſs after ſo ſurpriſing a manner; it is with no ſmall concern I ſee the original of the Staffian race ſo little known in the world as it is at this time; for which reaſon, as you have employed your

[f] Mr. Twiſden was the author of this letter, as appears from Steele's preface to Tatler, vol. iv. See Tat. N° 14, *ad finem.*

[g] Partridge was the riſe of the 'firſt Bickerſtaff.' Examiner, vol. v. N° 30. This is an ill-natured alluſion to a paſſage in Steele's dedication of Tatler, vol. i. and an unfair inference from it. See Swift's Works, vol. iii. p. 194, vol. vi. p. 83. cr. 8vo. 1766; and introd. note to the Tatler, N° I.

ſtudies in aſtronomy, and the occult ſciences, ſo I, my mother being a Welch woman, dedicated mine to genealogy, particularly that of our own family, which, for its antiquity and number, may challenge any in Great Britain. The Staffs are originally of Staffordſhire, which took its name from them: the firſt that I find of the Staffs was one Jacobſtaff, a famous and renowned aſtronomer, who by Dorothy his wife had iſſue ſeven ſons, viz. Bickerſtaff, Longſtaff, Wagſtaff, Quarterſtaff, Whiteſtaff, Falſtaff, and Tipſtaff. He alſo had a younger brother, who was twice married, and had five ſons, viz. Diſtaff, Pike-ſtaff, Mopſtaff, Broomſtaff, and Raggedſtaff. As for the branch from whence you ſpring, I ſhall ſay very little of it, only that it is the chief of the Staffs, and called Bickerſtaff, *quaſi* Biggerſtaff; as much as to ſay, the Great Staff, or Staff of Staffs; and that it has applied itſelf to aſtronomy with great ſucceſs, after the example of our aforeſaid forefather. The de-ſcendants from Longſtaff, the ſecond ſon, were a rakiſh diſorderly ſort of people, and rambled from one place to another, until, in the time of Harry the Second, they ſettled in Kent, and were called Long-tails, from the long tails which were ſent them as a puniſhment for the murder of Thomas-a-Becket, as the legends ſay. They have always been ſought after by the ladies; but whether it be to ſhew their averſion to popery, or their love to miracles, I cannot ſay. The Wagſtaffs are a merry thoughtleſs ſort of people, who have always been opiniated of their own wit; they have turned themſelves moſtly to

poetry. This is the moſt numerous branch of our family, and the pooreſt. The Quarterſtaffs are moſt of them prize-fighters or deer-ſtealers: there have been ſo many of them hanged lately, that there are very few of that branch of our family left. The Whiteſtaffs [h] are all courtiers, and have had very conſiderable places. There have been ſome of them of that ſtrength and dexterity, that five hundred [i] of the ableſt men in the kingdom have often tugged in vain to pull a ſtaff out of their hands. The Falſtaffs are ſtrangely given to whoring and drinking: there are abundance of them in and about London. One thing is very remarkable of this branch, and that is, there are juſt as many women as men in it. There was a wicked ſtick of wood of this name in Harry the fourth's time, one ſir John Falſtaff. As for Tipſtaff, the youngeſt ſon, he was an honeſt fellow; but his ſons, and his ſons' ſons, have all of them been the verieſt rogues living: it is this unlucky branch that has ſtocked the nation with that ſwarm of lawyers, attorneys, ſerjeants, and bailiffs, with which the nation is over-run. Tipſtaff, being a ſeventh ſon, uſed to cure the king's-evil; but his raſcally deſcendants are ſo far from having that healing quality, that, by a touch upon the ſhoulder, they give a man ſuch an ill habit of body, that he can never come

[h] An alluſion to the ſtaff that is carried, as an enſign of his office, by the firſt lord of the treaſury, who is afterwards humouroufly compared by Steele to 'an emmet diſtinguiſhed from his fellows by a white ſtraw.'

[i] The houſe of commons.

abroad afterwards. This is all I know of the line of Jacobſtaff: his younger brother Iſaac-ſtaff, as I told you before, had five ſons, and was married twice; his firſt wife was a Staff (for they did not ſtand upon falſe heraldry in thoſe days) by whom he had one ſon, who, in proceſs of time, being a ſchoolmaſter and well read in the Greek, called himſelf Diſtaff, or Twiceſtaff. He was not very rich, ſo he put his children out to trades; and the Diſtaffs have ever ſince been employed in the woollen and linen manufactures, except myſelf, who am a genealogiſt. Pikeſtaff, the eldeſt ſon by the ſecond *venter*, was a man of buſineſs, a down-right plodding fellow, and withal ſo plain, that he became a proverb. Moſt of this family are at preſent in the army. Raggedſtaff was an unlucky boy, and uſed to tear his clothes in getting birds neſts, and was always playing with a tame bear his father kept. Mopſtaff fell in love with one of his father's maids, and uſed to help her to clean the houſe. Broomſtaff was a chimney-ſweeper. The Mopſtaffs and Broom-ſtaffs are naturally as civil people as ever went out of doors; but alas! if they once get into ill hands, they knock down all before them. Pilgrimſtaff ran away from his friends, and went ſtrolling about the country: and Pipeſtaff was a wine-cooper. Theſe two were the unlawful iſſue of Longſtaff.

'N. B. The Canes, the Clubs, the Cudgels, the Wands, the Devil upon two Sticks [k], and

[k] An alluſion to the Diable Boiteux, or The Devil on Crutches, of Le Sage, a book of rapid ſale, and bought with

one Bread, that goes by the name of Staff of Life, are none of our relations. I am,

Dear Couſin,

Your humble ſervant,

From the Heralds-office, May 1, 1709.

D. DISTAFF.'

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 4.

As political news is not the principal ſubject on which we treat, we are ſo happy as to have no occaſion for that art of cookery which our brother newſmongers ſo much excel in; as appears by their excellent and inimitable manner of dreſſing up a ſecond time for your taſte the ſame diſh which they gave you the day before, in caſe there come over no new pickles from Holland. Therefore, when we have nothing to ſay to you from courts and camps, we hope ſtill to give you ſomewhat new and curious from ourſelves: the women of our houſe, upon occaſion, being capable of carrying on the buſineſs, according to the laudable cuſtom of the wives in Holland; but, without farther preface, take what we have not mentioned in our former relations.

Letters from Hanover of the thirtieth of the laſt month ſay, that the prince royal of Pruſſia arrived there on the 15th, and left that court

ſo much avidity, that it is ſaid two gentlemen contended, ſword in hand, for the laſt copy of the ſecond edition. It is a maſterly imitation, very ſuperior to the original, of a Spaniſh publication by L. Velez Gulvara, entitled, El Diablo cojuelo.

on the ſecond of this month, in purſuit of his journey to Flanders, where he makes the enſuing campaign. Thoſe advices add, that the young prince Naſſau, hereditary governour of Frieſland, celebrated on the twenty-ſixth of the laſt month his marriage with the beauteous princeſs of Heſſe-Caſſel, with a pomp and magnificence ſuitable to their age and quality.

Yeſterday, at four in the morning, his grace the duke of Marlborough ſet out for Margate, and embarked for Holland at eight this morning. Yeſterday alſo ſir George Thorold was declared alderman of Cordwainers Ward, in the room of his brother ſir Charles Thorold, deceaſed.

*** Any ladies who have any particular ſtories of their acquaintance, which they are willing privately to make public, may ſend them by the penny-poſt to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq. incloſed to Mr. John Morphew, near Stationers-hall.

N° 12. Saturday, May 7, 1709[1].
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

May 5.

When a man has engaged to keep a ſtage-coach, he is obliged, whether he has paſſengers or not, to ſet out: thus it fares with us weekly hiſtorians; but indeed, for my particular, I hope, I ſhall ſoon have little more to do in this work, than to publiſh what is ſent me from ſuch as have leiſure and capacity for giving delight, and being pleaſed in an elegant manner. The preſent grandeur of the Britiſh nation might make us expect, that we ſhould riſe in our public diverſions, and manner of enjoying life, in proportion to our advancement in glory and power. Inſtead of that, ſurvey this town, and you will find rakes and debauchees are your men of pleaſure; thoughtleſs atheiſts and illiterate drunkards call themſelves free-thinkers; and gameſters, banterers, 'biters[m],' ſwearers, and twenty new-

[1] Perhaps this paper was written by Swift, or at leaſt, it may be one of thoſe which he gave hints for. See Spectator, N° 47; and N° 504, Biters.

[m] The ſpecies of folly here treated of, which Rowe made the ſubject of a farce called The Biter, will receive ſome illuſtration from the following paſſage in Swift's Letters. 'I'll teach you a way to out-wit Mrs. Johnſon; it is a new-

born inſects more, are, in their ſeveral ſpecies, the modern men of wit. Hence it is, that a man, who has been out of town but one half year, has loſt the language, and muſt have ſome friend to ſtand by him, and keep him in countenance for talking common ſenſe. To-day I ſaw a ſhort interlude at White's of this nature, which I took notes of, and put together as well as I could in a public place. The perſons of the drama are Pip, the laſt gentleman that has been made ſo at cards; Trimmer, a perſon half undone at them, and who is now between a cheat and a gentleman; Acorn, an honeſt Engliſhman of good plain ſenſe and meaning; and Mr. Friendly, a reaſonable man of the town.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 5.

Enter PIP, TRIMMER, *and* ACORN.

Ac. What is the matter, gentlemen? what! take no notice of an old friend?

Pip. Pox on it! do not talk to me, I am 'voweled' by the count, and curſedly out of humour.

Ac. Voweled! pr'ythee, Trimmer, what does he mean by that?

faſhioned way of being witty, and they call it 'a bite.' You muſt aſk a bantering queſtion, or tell ſome damned lie in a ſerious manner, then ſhe will anſwer, or ſpeak as if you were in earneſt, and then cry you, 'Madam, there's a bite.' I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the conſtant amuſement in court, and every where elſe among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and to teach you a new refinement.' Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 4.

Trim. Have a care, Harry, ſpeak ſoftly; do not ſhow your ignorance:—if you do, they will 'bite' you where ever they meet you, they are ſuch curſed curs—the preſent wits.

Ac. Bite me! what do you mean?

Pip. Why! do not you know what biting is? nay, you are in the right on it. However, one would learn it only to defend one's ſelf againſt men of wit, as one would know the tricks of play, to be ſecure againſt the cheats. But do not you hear, Acorn, that report, that ſome potentates of the alliance have taken care of themſelves excluſively of us?

Ac. How! heaven forbid! after all our glorious victories; all the expence of blood and treaſure!

Pip. Bite!

Ac. Bite! how?

Trim. Nay, he has bit you fairly enough; that is certain.

Ac. Pox! I do not feel it——How? where?

[*Exeunt* Pip *and* Trimmer *laughing.*

Ac. Ho! Mr. Friendly, your moſt humble ſervant; you heard what paſſed between thoſe fine gentlemen and me. Pip complained to me, that he had been voweled; and they tell me I am bit.

Friend. You are to underſtand, ſir, that ſimplicity of behaviour, which is the perfection of good breeding and good ſenſe, is utterly loſt in the world; and in the room of it there are ſtarted a thouſand little inventions, which men, barren of better things, take up in the place of it. Thus for every character in converſation

that uſed to pleaſe, there is an impoſtor put upon you. Him whom we allowed, formerly, for a certain pleaſant ſubtilty, and natural way of giving you an unexpected hit, called 'a droll,' is now mimicked by 'a biter,' who is a dull fellow, that tells you a lie with a grave face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him. Inſtead of that ſort of companion who could rally you, and keep his countenance, until he made you fall into ſome little inconſiſtency of behaviour, at which you yourſelf could laugh with him, you have the ſneerer, who will keep you company from morning to night, to gather your follies of the day (which perhaps you commit out of confidence in him) and expoſe you in the evening to all the ſcorners in town. For your man of ſenſe and free ſpirit, whoſe ſet of thoughts were built upon learning, reaſon, and experience, you have now an impudent creature made up of vice only, who ſupports his ignorance by his courage, and want of learning by contempt of it.

Ac. Dear ſir, hold: what you have told me already of this change in converſation is too miſerable to be heard with any delight; but methinks, as theſe new creatures appear in the world, it might give an excellent field to writers for the ſtage, to divert us with the repreſentation of them there.

Friend. No, no; as you ſay, there might be ſome hopes of redreſs of theſe grievances, if there were proper care taken of the theatre; but the hiſtory of that is yet more lamentable, than that of the decay of converſation I gave you.

Ac. Pray, ſir, a little: I have not been in town theſe ſix years, until within this fortnight.

Friend. It is now ſome time ſince ſeveral revolutions in the gay world had made the empire of the ſtage ſubject to very fatal convulſions, which were too dangerous to be cured by the ſkill of little king Oberon [n], who then ſat in the throne of it. The lazineſs of this prince threw him upon the choice of a perſon who was fit to ſpend his life in contentions, an able and profound attorney, to whom he mortgaged his whole empire. This Divito [o] is the moſt ſkilful of all politicians: he has a perfect art in being unintelligible in diſcourſe, and uncomeatable in buſineſs. But he, having no underſtanding in this polite way, brought in upon us, to get in his money, ladder dancers, jugglers, and mountebanks, to ſtrut in the place of Shakſpeare's heroes, and Jonſon's humoriſts. When the ſeat of wit was thus mortgaged without equity of redemption, an architect [p] aroſe, who has built the muſe a new palace, but ſecured her no re-

[n] 'Mr. Owen, or Mac Owen Swiney, an Iriſhman, was firſt a manager of Drury-lane theatre, and afterwards of the Queen's theatre in the Haymarket. He reſided in Italy ſeveral years, and, at his return, procured a place in the cuſtom-houſe, and was made keeper of the king's Mews. He died Oct. 2, 1754, and left his fortune to Mrs. Woffington. He was the author of ſeveral dramatic pieces.' See Tat. N° 4, note, and Cibber's Memoirs, *paſſim.*

[o] Chriſtopher Rich, mentioned afterwards, Tat. N° 42, N° 44, and N° 69. See Cibber's Memoirs, *paſſim.*

[p] Sir John Vanbrugh, an excellent dramatic writer, and the builder of Blenheim-houſe. See Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iii. p. 286. & *ſeqq.* and Nichols's Select Collection of Miſc. Poems, vol. iv. p. 340. N.

tinue; ſo that, inſtead of action there, we have been put off by ſong and dance. This latter help of ſound has alſo begun to fail for want of voices; therefore the palace has ſince been put into the hands of a ſurgeon, who cuts any foreign fellow into an eunuch [q], and paſſes him upon us for a ſinger of Italy.

Ac. I will go out of town to-morrow.

Friend. Things are come to this paſs; and yet the world will not underſtand, that the theatre has much the ſame effect on the manners of the age, as the bank on the credit of the nation. Wit and ſpirit, humour and good ſenſe, can never be revived, but under the government of thoſe who are judges of ſuch talents; who know, that whatever is put up in their ſtead, is but a ſhort and trifling expedient, to ſupport the appearance of them for a ſeaſon. It is poſſible, a peace will give leiſure to put theſe matters under new regulations, but, at preſent, all the aſſiſtance we can ſee towards our recovery is as far from giving us help, as a poultice is from performing what can be done only by the grand elixir.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 6.

ACCORDING to our late deſign in the applauded verſes on the morning [r], which you lately had from hence, we proceed to improve that juſt

[q] John-James Hegdegger, eſq. ſtyled here a ſurgeon, in alluſion to the employment aſſigned to him; had at that time the direction of the operas, and afterwards of the maſquerades. See Tat. N° 18, and note.

[r] By Swift. See Tat. N° 9.

intention, and preſent you with other labours, made proper to the place in which they were written [s]. The following poem comes from Copenhagen, and is as fine a winter-piece as we have ever had from any of the ſchools of the moſt learned painters. Such images as theſe give us a new pleaſure in our ſight, and fix upon our minds traces of reflection, which accompany us whenever the like objects occur. In ſhort, excellent poetry and deſcription dwell upon us ſo agreeably, that all the readers of them are made to think, if not write, like men of wit. But it would be injury to detain you longer from this excellent performance [t], which is addreſſed to the earl of Dorſet by Mr. Phillips, the author of ſeveral choice poems in Mr. Tonſon's new Miſcellany [u].

'Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

'From frozen climes, and endleſs tracts of ſnow,
From ſtreams that northern winds forbid to flow,
What preſent ſhall the muſe to Dorſet bring,
Or how, ſo near the pole, attempt to ſing?

[s] 'Phillips writeth verſes in a ſledge upon the frozen ſea, and tranſmits them hither to thrive in our warm climate under the ſhelter of my lord Dorſet.' Swift's Works, vol. xii. p. 108.

[t] Pope always excepted this poem from the general cenſure he paſſed upon the author's writings. See Pope's Works, vol. vii. p. 2. Warb. ed. ſmall 8vo. 1751.

[u] The ſixth and laſt volume of Dryden's Miſcellanies, mentioned before, Tat. N° 10. A principal part of that collection has ſince been interwoven among the productions of the reſpective authors in Dr. Johnſon's collection of the Works of Engliſh Poets. Whatever elſe in Dryden's Miſcellany was worth preſerving, has been tranſplanted by Mr. Nichols into his Select Collection of Miſcellany Poems, in eight vols. 12mo. 1780.

The hoary winter here conceals from ſight
All pleaſing objects that to verſe invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and ſilver-ſtreaming floods,
By ſnow diſguis'd, in bright confuſion lie,
And with one dazzling waſte fatigue the eye.
'No gentle breathing breeze prepares the ſpring,
No birds within the deſart region ſing.
The ſhips unmov'd the boiſterous winds defy,
With rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vaſt leviathan wants room to play,
And ſpout his waters in the face of day,
The ſtarving wolves along the main ſea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a ſhining league the level main
Here ſpreads itſelf into a glaſſy plain:
There ſolid billows of enormous ſize,
Alps of green ice, in wild diſorder riſe.
'And yet but lately have I ſeen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dreſs appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treaſur'd ſnow,
Or winds began thro' hazy ſkies to blow,
At evening a keen eaſtern breeze aroſe;
And the deſcending rain unſully'd froze.
Soon as the ſilent ſhades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn diſclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich diſguiſe,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
For every ſhrub, and every blade of graſs,
And every pointed thorn, ſeem'd wrought in glaſs,
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns ſhow,
While thro' the ice the crimſon berries glow.
The thick-ſprung reeds the watery marſhes yield
Seem poliſh'd lances in a hoſtile field.
The ſtag in limpid currents, with ſurpriſe,
Sees cryſtal branches on his forehead riſe.
The ſpreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther ſhine.

The frighted birds the rattling branches ſhun,
That wave and glitter in the diſtant ſun.
' When, if a ſudden guſt of wind ariſe,
The brittle foreſt into atoms flies:
The crackling wood beneath the tempeſt bends,
And in a ſpangled ſhower the proſpect ends;
Or, if a ſouthern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country ſees,
And journeys ſad, beneath the dropping trees.
' Like ſome deluded peaſant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bowers, and thro' delicious meads;
While here enchanted gardens to him riſe,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths purſue;
And while he thinks the fair illuſion true,
The trackleſs ſcenes diſperſe in fluid air,
And, woods and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And as he goes the tranſient viſion mourns.'

From my own Apartment, May 6.

THERE has a mail this day arrived from Holland; but the matter of the advices importing rather what gives us great expectations, than any poſitive aſſurances, I ſhall, for this time, decline giving you what I know; and apply the following verſes of Mr. Dryden, in the ſecond part of Almanzor, to the preſent circumſtances of things, without diſcovering what my knowledge in aſtronomy ſuggeſts to me:

' When empire in its childhood firſt appears,
A watchful fate o'erſees its tender years:
Till, grown more ſtrong, it thruſts and ſtretches out,
And elbows all the kingdoms round about.

The place thus made for its firſt breathing free,
It moves again for eaſe and luxury:
Till ſwelling by degrees it has poſſeſt
The greater ſpace, and now crouds up the reſt.
When from behind there ſtarts ſome petty ſtate,
And puſhes on its now unwieldy fate:
Then down the precipice of time it goes,
And ſinks in minutes, which in ages roſe.'

N° 13. Tueſday, May 10, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley Paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

From my own Apartment, May 8.

Much hurry and buſineſs has to-day perplexed me into a mood too thoughtful for going into company; for which reaſon, inſtead of the tavern, I went into Lincoln's inn walks; and, having taken a round or two, I ſat down, according to the allowed familiarity of theſe places, on a bench; at the other end of which ſat a venerable gentleman, who ſpeaking with a very affable air, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſaid he, 'I take it for a very great piece of good fortune that you have found me out.' 'Sir,' ſaid I, 'I had never, that I know of, the honour of ſeeing you before.' 'That,' replied he, 'is what I have often lamented; but, I aſſure you, I have for many years done you good offices, without being

obſerved by you; or elſe, when you had any little glimpſe of my being concerned in an affair, you have fled from me, and ſhunned me like an enemy; but however, the part I am to act in the world is ſuch, that I am to go on in doing good, though I meet with never ſo many repulſes, even from thoſe I oblige.' This, thought I, ſhews a great good-nature, but little judgment in the perſons upon whom he confers his favours. He immediately took notice to me, that he obſerved by my countenance I thought him indiſcreet in his beneficence, and proceeded to tell me his quality in the following manner: 'I know thee, Iſaac [x], to be ſo well verſed in the occult ſciences, that I need not much preface, or make long preparations to gain your faith that there are airy beings, who are employed in the care and attendance of men, as nurſes are to infants, until they come to an age in which they can act of themſelves. Theſe beings are uſually called amongſt men, guardian angels; and, Mr. Bickerſtaff, I am to acquaint you, that I am to be yours for ſome time to come; it being our orders to vary our ſtations, and ſometimes to have one patient under our protection, and ſometimes another, with a power of aſſuming what ſhape we pleaſe, to enſnare our wards into their own good. I have of late been upon ſuch hard duty, and know you have ſo much work for me, that I think fit to appear to you face to face, to deſire you will give me as little occaſion for vigilance as you can.' 'Sir,'

[x] See Tat. N° 7, note; and N° 14.

ſaid I, ‘ it will be a great inſtruction to me in my behaviour, if you pleaſe to give me ſome account of your late employments, and what hardſhips or ſatisfactions you have had in them, that I may govern myſelf accordingly.’ He anſwered, ‘ To give you an example of the drudgery we go through, I will entertain you only with my three laſt ſtations: I was on the firſt of April laſt put to mortify a great beauty, with whom I was a week; from her I went to a common ſwearer, and have been laſt with a gameſter. When I firſt came to my lady, I found my great work was to guard well her eyes and ears; but her flatterers were ſo numerous, and the houſe, after the modern way, ſo full of looking-glaſſes, that I ſeldom had her ſafe but in her ſleep. Whenever we went abroad, we were ſurrounded by an army of enemies: when a well-made man appeared, he was ſure to have a ſide-glance of obſervation: if a diſagreeable fellow, he had a full face, out of mere inclination to conqueſts. But at the cloſe of the evening, on the ſixth of the laſt month, my ward was ſitting on a couch, reading Ovid's Epiſtles; and as ſhe came to this line of Helen to Paris,

‘ She half conſents who ſilently denies [y],

entered Philander, who is the moſt ſkilful of all men in an addreſs to women. He is arrived at the perfection of that art which gains them,

[y] This line occurs in a joint tranſlation of Helen's Epiſtle to Paris, by the earl of Mulgrave and Dryden, in the edition of Ovid's Epiſtles, 1709.

which is, "to talk like a very miſerable man, but look like a very happy one." I ſaw Dictinna bluſh at his entrance, which gave me the alarm; but he immediately ſaid ſomething ſo agreeably on her being at ſtudy, and the novelty of finding a lady employed in ſo grave a manner, that he on a ſudden became very familiarly a man of no conſequence; and in an inſtant laid all her ſuſpicions of his ſkill aſleep, as he had almoſt done mine, until I obſerved him very dangerouſly turn his diſcourſe upon the elegance of her dreſs, and her judgment in the choice of that very pretty mourning. Having had women before under my care, I trembled at the apprehenſion of a man of ſenſe who could talk upon trifles, and reſolved to ſtick to my poſt with all the circumſpection imaginable. In ſhort, I prepoſſeſſed her againſt all he could ſay to the advantage of her dreſs and perſon; but he turned again the diſcourſe, where I found I had no power over her, on the abuſing her friends and acquaintance. He allowed indeed that Flora had a little beauty, and a great deal of wit; but then ſhe was ſo ungainly in her behaviour, and ſuch a laughing hoyden!—Paſtorella [z] had with him the allowance of being blameleſs: but what was that towards being praiſe-worthy? To be only innocent, is not to be virtuous [a]! He afterwards ſpoke ſo much againſt Mrs. Dipple's forehead, Mrs. Prim's mouth, Mrs. Dentifrice's teeth, and Mrs. Fidget's [b] cheeks, that ſhe grew

[z] Tat. N° 9. [a] See Tat. N° 10. note.

[b] In the original Letters to the Tat. and Spec. printed by Charles Lilly, there is a Table of the titles and diſtinctions of women, from which what follows is extracted.

downright in love with him: for it is always to be underſtood, that a lady takes all you detract from the reſt of her ſex to be a gift to her. In a word, things went ſo far, that I was diſmiſſed, and ſhe will remember that evening nine months, from the ſixth of April, by a very remarkable token. The next, as I ſaid, I went to, was a common ſwearer: never was a creature ſo puzzled as myſelf, when I came firſt to view his brain: half of it was worn out, and filled up with mere expletives, that had nothing to do with any other parts of the texture; therefore, when he called for his clothes in a morning, he would cry, "John!"—John does not anſwer. "What a plague! nobody there? What the devil, and rot me, John, for a lazy dog as you are!" I knew no way to cure him, but by writing down all he ſaid one morning as he was dreſſing, and laying it before him on the toilet when he came to pick his teeth. The laſt recital I gave him of what he ſaid for half an hour before was, "What, a pox rot me! where is

'Let all country-gentlewomen, without regard to more or leſs fortune, content themſelves with being addreſſed by the ſtyle of Mrs.

'Let Madam govern independently in the city, &c.

'Let no woman aſſume the title of Lady, without adding her name, to prove her right to it. Titles flowing from real honour ſupport themſelves. Let no woman after the known age of 21, preſume to admit of her being called Miſs, unleſs ſhe can fairly prove ſhe is not out of her ſampler. Let every common maid-ſervant be plain Jane, Doll or Sue, and let the better-born and higher-placed be diſtinguiſhed by Mrs. Patience, Mrs. Prue, or Mrs. Abigal.' Original Lett. to Tat. and Spec. vol. i. N° 86, p. 223, 8vo. 1725. *Ibidem*, vol. ii. N° 62, p. 156.

the waſh-ball? call the chairmen: damn them, I warrant they are at the ale-houſe already! zounds, and confound them!" When he came to the glaſs, he takes up my note—"Ha! this fellow is worſe than I: what, does he ſwear with pen and ink!" But reading on, he found them to be his own words. The ſtratagem had ſo good an effect upon him, that he grew immediately a new man, and is learning to ſpeak without an oath, which makes him extremely ſhort in his phraſes: for, as I obſerved before, a common ſwearer has a brain without any idea on the ſwearing ſide; therefore my ward has yet mighty little to ſay, and is forced to ſubſtitute ſome other vehicle of nonſenſe, to ſupply the defect of his uſual expletives. When I left him, he made uſe of "Odſbodikins! Oh me! and Never ſtir alive!" and ſo forth; which gave me hopes of his recovery. So I went to the next I told you of, the gameſter. When we firſt take our place about a man, the receptacles of the pericranium are immediately ſearched. In his, I found no one ordinary trace of thinking; but ſtrong paſſion, violent deſires, and a continued ſeries of different changes, had torn it to pieces. There appeared no middle condition; the triumph of a prince, or the miſery of a beggar, were his alternate ſtates. I was with him no longer than one day, which was yeſterday. In the morning at twelve we were worth four thouſand pounds; at three, we were arrived at ſix thouſand; half an hour after, we were reduced to one thouſand; at four of the clock, we were down to two hundred; at five, to fifty;

at ſix, to five; at ſeven, to one guinea; the next bet, to nothing. This morning he borrowed half a crown of the maid who cleans his ſhoes; and is now gaming in Lincoln's-inn fields among the boys for farthings and oranges, until he has made up three pieces, and then he returns to White's into the beſt company in town.'

Thus ended our firſt diſcourſe; and, it is hoped, you will forgive me that I have picked ſo little out of my companion at our firſt interview. In the next, it is poſſible, he may tell me more pleaſing incidents; for though he is a familiar, he is not an evil ſpirit [c].

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 9.

We hear from the Hague of the fourteenth inſtant, N. S. that monſieur de Torcy hath had frequent conferences with the grand penſioner, and the other miniſters who were heretofore commiſſioned to treat with monſieur Rouille. The preliminaries of a peace are almoſt ſettled, and the proceedings wait only for the arrival of the duke of Marlborough; after whoſe approbation of the articles propoſed, it is not doubted but the methods of the treaty will be publicly known. In the mean time the ſtates have declared an abhorrence of taking any ſtep in this great affair, but in concert with the court of Great Britain, and other princes of the alliance. The poſture of affairs in France does neceſſarily oblige that nation to be very much in earneſt in their offers; and monſieur de Torcy hath profeſſed to the

[c] See Tat. N° 15.

grand penſioner, that he will avoid all occaſions of giving him the leaſt jealouſy, of his uſing any addreſs in private converſation for accompliſhing the ends of his embaſſy. It is ſaid, that as ſoon as the preliminaries are adjuſted, that miniſter is to return to the French court. The ſtates of Holland have reſolved to make it an inſtruction to all their men of war and privateers, to bring into their ports whatever neutral ſhips they ſhall meet with, laden with corn, and bound for France; and, to avoid all cauſe of complaint from the potentates to whom theſe ſhips ſhall belong, their full demand for their freight ſhall be paid them there. The French proteſtants reſiding in that country have applied themſelves to their reſpective magiſtrates, deſiring that there may be an article in the treaty of peace, which may give liberty of conſcience to the proteſtants in France. Monſieur Boſnage, miniſter of the Walloon church at Rotterdam, has been at the Hague, and hath had ſome conferences with the deputies of the ſtates on that ſubject. It is reported there, that all the French refugees in thoſe dominions are to be naturalized, that they may enjoy the ſame good effects of the treaty with the Hollanders themſelves, in reſpect of France.

N° 14. Thurſday, May 12, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

From my own Apartment, May 10.

Had it not been that my familiar had appeared to me, as I told you in my laſt, in perſon, I had certainly been unable to have found even words without meaning, to keep up my intelligence with the town; but he has checked me ſeverely for my deſpondence, and ordered me to go on in my deſign of obſerving upon things, and forbearing perſons; for, ſaid he, the age you live in is ſuch, that a good picture of any vice or virtue will infallibly be miſrepreſented; and though none will take the kind deſcriptions you make ſo much to themſelves, as to wiſh well to the author, yet all will reſent the ill characters you produce, out of fear of their own turn in the licence you muſt be obliged to take, if you point at particular perſons. I took his admonition kindly, and immediately promiſed him to beg pardon of the author of the Advice to the Poets, for my raillery upon his work; though I aimed at no more in that examination, but to convince him, and all men of genius, of the folly of laying themſelves out on ſuch plans as

are below their characters. I hope too it was done without ill breeding, and nothing ſpoken below what a civilian (as it is allowed I am) may utter to a phyſician [d]. After this preface, all the world may be ſafe from my writings; for, if I can find nothing to commend, I am ſilent, and will forbear the ſubject; for, though I am a reformer, I ſcorn to be an inquiſitor [e].

It would become all men, as well as me, to lay before them the noble character of Verus the magiſtrate [f], who always ſat in triumph over, and contempt of, vice: he never ſearched after it, or ſpared it when it came before him: at the ſame time he could ſee through the hypocriſy and diſguiſe of thoſe, who have no pretence to virtue themſelves, but by their ſeverity to the vicious. This ſame Verus was, in times paſt, chief juſtice (as we call it amongſt us) in Felicia. He was a man of profound knowledge of the laws of his country, and as juſt an obſerver of them in his own perſon. He conſidered juſtice as a cardinal virtue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge, he never forgot that he was alſo counſel. The criminal before him was always ſure he ſtood before his country, and, in a ſort, a parent of it. The priſoner knew, that though his ſpirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend itſelf, all would be gathered from him

[d] Sir R. Blackmore. Tat. N° 3. See alſo Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 17.

[e] See Tat. N° 42. Polugloſſa.

[f] Sir John Holt, lord chief juſtice in the reign of king William III. and for ſome years after that king's death.

which could conduce to his ſafety; and that his judge would wreſt no law to deſtroy him, nor conceal any that could ſave him. In his time there was a neſt of pretenders to juſtice, who happened to be employed to put things in a method for being examined before him at his uſual ſeſſions: theſe animals were to Verus, as monkeys are to men, ſo like, that you can hardly diſown them; but ſo baſe, that you are aſhamed of their fraternity. It grew a phraſe, 'Who would do juſtice on the juſtices?' That certainly would Verus. I have ſeen an old trial where he ſat judge on two of them; one was called Trick-track, the other Tear-ſhift: one was a learned judge of ſharpers; the other the quickeſt of all men at finding out a wench. Trick-track never ſpared a pick-pocket, but was a companion to cheats: Tear-ſhift would make compliments to wenches of quality, but certainly commit poor ones. If a poor rogue wanted a lodging, Trick-track ſent him to gaol for a thief: if a poor whore went only with one thin petticoat, Tear-ſhift would impriſon her for being looſe in her dreſs. Theſe patriots infeſted the days of Verus, while they alternately committed and releaſed each other's priſoners. But Verus regarded them as criminals, and always looked upon men as they ſtood in the eye of juſtice, without reſpecting whether they ſat on the bench, or ſtood at the bar.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 11.

YESTERDAY we were entertained with the Tragedy of The Earl of Eſſex [g]; in which there is not one good line, and yet a play which was never ſeen without drawing tears from ſome part of the audience: a remarkable inſtance that the ſoul is not to be moved by words, but things; for the incidents in this drama are laid together ſo happily, that the ſpectator makes the play for himſelf, by the force which the circumſtance has upon his imagination. Thus, in ſpite of the moſt dry diſcourſes, and expreſſions almoſt ridiculous with reſpect to propriety, it is impoſſible for one unprejudiced to ſee it, untouched with pity. I muſt confeſs, this effect is not wrought on ſuch as examine why they are pleaſed; but it never fails to appear on thoſe who are not too learned in nature, to be moved by her firſt ſuggeſtions. It is certain, the perſon and behaviour of Mr. Wilks has no ſmall ſhare in conducing to the popularity of the play; and when a handſome fellow is going to a more coarſe exit than beheading, his ſhape and countenance make every tender one reprieve him with all her

[g] By John Banks, 4to. 1685; the prologue and epilogue by Dryden. With all its faults, it is affecting; and Jones, Brooke, and Ralph, who have ſince written on the ſame ſtory, have been very greatly obliged to it. They have followed not only Banks, very nearly, in his plot and conduct, but adopted his very thoughts, and in many places copied whole periods from him. There are three French plays formed on this ſtory. The younger Corneille in his, omits the incident of the ring, recorded by F. Oſborne, eſq. and not ill authenticated. See Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, &c.

heart, without waiting until ſhe hears his dying words.

This evening, The Alchymiſt was played [h]. This comedy is an example of Ben Jonſon's extenſive genius, and penetration into the paſſions and follies of mankind. The ſcene in the fourth act, where all the cheated people oppoſe the man that would open their eyes, has ſomething in it ſo inimitably excellent, that it is certainly as great a maſterpiece as has ever appeared by any hand. The author's great addreſs in ſhewing covetouſneſs, the motive of the actions of the puritan, the epicure, the gameſter, and the trader; and that all their endeavours, how differently ſoever they ſeem to tend, centre only in that one point of gain, ſhews he had, to a great perfection, that diſcernment of ſpirit which conſtitutes a genius for comedy.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 11.

It is not to be imagined, how far the violence of our deſires will carry us towards our own deceit in the purſuit of what we wiſh for. A gentleman here this evening was giving me an account of a dumb fortune-teller [i], who outdoes

[h] The Alchymiſt was firſt acted in 1610, and publiſhed in 4to. the ſame year. A ſtatute for reſtraining the folly of Alchemiſts, 5 Hen. IV, was repealed a few years before this by the intereſt of Mr. Boyle.

[i] Duncan Campbell, ſaid to be deaf and dumb, who practiſed at this time on the credulity of the vulgar, and pretended to predict fortunes by the ſecond ſight, &c. Spect. N° 474; and N° 560. The name of the quack-doctor who affected to be diſtinguiſhed as 'unborn,' was Kirleus. See Tat. N° 41, and note.

Mr. Partridge, myſelf, or the 'unborn doctor,' for predictions; all his viſitants come to him full of expectations, and pay his own rate for the interpretations they put upon his ſhrugs and nods. There is a fine rich city-widow ſtole thither the other day (though it is not ſix weeks ſince her huſband's departure from her company to reſt), and with her truſty maid demanded of him, whether ſhe ſhould marry again, by holding up two fingers, like horns on her forehead. The wizard held up both his hands forked. The relic deſired to know, whether he meant, by his holding up both hands, to repreſent that ſhe had one huſband before, and that ſhe ſhould have another? or that he intimated, ſhe ſhould have two more? The cunning man looked a little ſour, upon which Betty jogged her miſtreſs, who gave the other guinea; and he made her underſtand, ſhe ſhould poſitively have two more; but ſhaked his head, and hinted that they ſhould not live long with her. The widow ſighed, and gave him the other half-guinea. After this prepoſſeſſion, all that ſhe had next to do was to make ſallies to our end of the town, and find out who it is her fate to have. There are two who frequent this place, whom ſhe takes to be men of vogue, and of whom her imagination has given her the choice. They are both the appearances of fine gentlemen, to ſuch as do not know when they ſee perſons of that turn; and, indeed, they are induſtrious enough to come at that character, to deſerve the reputation of being ſuch. But this town will not allow us to be the things we ſeem to aim at, and is too

diſcerning to be fobbed off with pretences. One of theſe pretty fellows fails by his laborious exactneſs; the other, by his as much ſtudied negligence. Frank Careleſs, as ſoon as his valet has helped on and adjuſted his clothes, goes to his glaſs, ſets his wig awry, tumbles his cravat; and, in ſhort, undreſſes himſelf to go into company. Will Nice is ſo little ſatisfied with his dreſs, that all the time he is at a viſit, he is ſtill mending it, and is for that reaſon the more inſufferable; for he who ſtudies careleſſneſs has, at leaſt, his work the ſooner done of the two. The widow is diſtracted whom to take for her firſt man; for Nice is every way ſo careful, that ſhe fears his length of days; and Frank is ſo looſe, that ſhe has apprehenſions for her own health with him. I am puzzled how to give a juſt idea of them; but, in a word, Careleſs is a coxcomb, and Nice a fop: both, you will ſay, very hopeful candidates for a gay young woman juſt ſet at liberty. But there is a whiſper, her maid will give her to Tom Terror the gameſter. This fellow has undone ſo many women, that he will certainly ſucceed if he is introduced; for nothing ſo much prevails with the vain part of that ſex, as the glory of deceiving them who have deceived others.

Deſunt multa.

'Mr. Bickerſtaff has received letters from Mr. Coltſtaff, Mr. Whipſtaff, and Mrs. Rebecca Wagſtaff[k]; all which relate chiefly to their

[k] Tat. N° 11.

being left out in the genealogy of the family lately publiſhed; but my couſin who writ that draught, being a clerk in the herald's office, and being at preſent under the diſpleaſure of the chapter; it is feared, if that matter ſhould be touched upon at this time, the young gentleman would loſe his place for treaſon againſt the king of arms.

'Caſtabella's [l] complaint is come to hand.'

N° 15. Saturday, May 14, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley Paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

From my own Apartment, May 12.

I HAVE taken a reſolution hereafter, on any want of intelligence, to carry my familiar abroad with me [m], who has promiſed to give me very proper and juſt notices of perſons and things, to make up the hiſtory of the paſſing day. He is wonderfully ſkilful in the knowledge of men and manners, which has made me more than ordinary curious to know how he came to that perfection, and I communicated to him that doubt. 'Mr. Pacolet,' ſaid I, 'I am mightily ſurpriſed to ſee you ſo good a judge of our nature and circumſtances, ſince you are a mere

[l] Tat. N° 16. [m] Tat. N° 13.

ſpirit, and have no knowledge of the bodily part of us.' He anſwered, ſmiling, 'You are miſtaken; I have been one of you, and lived a month amongſt you, which gives me an exact ſenſe of your condition. You are to know, that all, who enter into human life, have a certain date or ſtamen given to their being, which they only who die of age may be ſaid to have arrived at; but it is ordered ſometimes by fate, that ſuch as die infants are, after death, to attend mankind to the end of that ſtamen of being in themſelves, which was broke off by ſickneſs or any other diſaſter. Theſe are proper guardians to men, as being ſenſible of the infirmity of their ſtate. You are philoſopher enough to know, that the difference of men's underſtandings proceeds only from the various diſpoſitions of their organs; ſo that he, who dies at a month old, is in the next life as knowing, though more innocent, as they who live to fifty; and after death, they have as perfect a memory and judgment of all that paſſed in their lifetime, as I have of all the revolutions in that uneaſy, turbulent condition of yours; and you would ſay I had enough of it in a month, were I to tell you all my misfortunes.' 'A life of a month cannot have, one would think, much variety. But pray,' ſaid I, 'let us have your ſtory.'

Then he proceeds in the following manner:

'It was one of the moſt wealthy families in Great Britain into which I was born, and it was a very great happineſs to me that it ſo happened, otherwiſe I had ſtill, in all probability, been

living: but I ſhall recount to you all the occurrences of my ſhort and miſerable exiſtence, juſt as, by examining into the traces made in my brain, they appeared to me at that time. The firſt thing that ever ſtruck my ſenſes was a noiſe over my head of one ſhrieking; after which, methought, I took a full jump, and found myſelf in the hands of a ſorcereſs, who ſeemed as if ſhe had been long waking, and employed in ſome incantation: I was thoroughly frightened, and cried out; but ſhe immediately ſeemed to go on in ſome magical operation, and anointed me from head to foot. What they meant, I could not imagine: for there gathered a great croud about me, crying, "An Heir! an Heir! upon which I grew a little ſtill, and believed this was a ceremony to be uſed only to great perſons, and ſuch as made them, what they called "heirs." I lay very quiet; but the witch, for no manner of reaſon or provocation in the world, takes me, and binds my head as hard as poſſibly ſhe could; then ties up both my legs, and makes me ſwallow down an horrid mixture. I thought it an harſh entrance into life, to begin with taking phyſic; but I was forced to it, or elſe muſt have taken down a great inſtrument in which ſhe gave it me. When I was thus dreſſed, I was carried to a bedſide, where a fine young lady (my mother I wot) had like to have hugged me to death. From her, they faced me about, and there was a thing with quite another look from the reſt of the company, to whom they talked about my noſe. He ſeemed wonderfully pleaſed to ſee me; but I knew ſince,

my noſe belonged to another family. That into which I was born is one of the moſt numerous amongſt you; therefore crowds of relations came every day to congratulate my arrival; amongſt others, my couſin Betty, the greateſt romp in nature: ſhe whiſks me ſuch a height over her head, that I cried out for fear of falling. She pinched me, and called me "ſquealing chit," and threw me into a girl's arms that was taken in to tend me. The girl was very proud of the womanly employment of a nurſe, and took upon her to ſtrip and dreſs me a-new, becauſe I made a noiſe, to ſee what ailed me: ſhe did ſo, and ſtuck a pin in every joint about me. I ſtill cried: upon which, ſhe lays me on my face in her lap; and, to quiet me, fell a-nailing in all the pins, by clapping me on the back, and ſcreaming a lullaby. But my pain made me exalt my voice above hers, which brought up the nurſe, the witch I firſt ſaw, and my grandmother. The girl is turned down ſtairs, and I ſtripped again, as well to find what ailed me, as to ſatisfy my granam's farther curioſity. This good old woman's viſit was the cauſe of all my troubles. You are to underſtand, that I was hitherto bred by hand, and any body that ſtood next me gave me pap, if I did but open my lips; inſomuch, that I was grown ſo cunning, as to pretend myſelf aſleep when I was not, to prevent my being crammed. But my grandmother began a loud lecture upon the idleneſs of the wives of this age, who, for fear of their ſhapes, forbear ſuckling their own offſpring: and ten nurſes were immediately ſent for; one

was whiſpered to have a wanton eye, and would ſoon ſpoil her milk; another was in a conſumption; the third had an ill voice, and would frighten me inſtead of lulling me to ſleep. Such exceptions were made againſt all but one country milch-wench, to whom I was committed, and put to the breaſt. This careleſs jade was eternally romping with the footman, and downright ſtarved me; inſomuch that I daily pined away, and ſhould never have been relieved had it not been that, on the thirtieth day of my life, a fellow of the royal ſociety, who had writ upon cold baths, came to viſit me, and ſolemnly proteſted, I was utterly loſt for want of that method[n]: upon which he ſouſed me head and ears into a pail of water, where I had the good fortune to be drowned; and ſo eſcaped being laſhed into a linguiſt until ſixteen, running after wenches until twenty-five, and being married to an ill-natured wife until ſixty: which had certainly been my fate, had not the enchantment between body and ſoul been broke by this philoſopher. Thus, until the age I ſhould have otherwiſe lived, I am obliged to watch the ſteps of men; and, if you pleaſe, ſhall accompany you in your preſent walk, and get you intelligence from the aërial lacquey, who is in waiting, what are the thoughts and purpoſes of any whom you enquire for.'

[n] The fellow of the royal ſociety here alluded to, was probably a phyſician at Litchfield, ſir John Floyer, knt. M. D. who publiſhed An Enquiry into the right uſe and abuſes of the hot, cold and temperate baths in England, &c. in the year 1697, which might probably be about the time when Pacolet was happily diſmiſſed from this troubleſome world.

I accepted his kind offer, and immediately took him with me in a hack to White's.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 13.

We got in hither, and my companion threw a powder round us, that made me as inviſible as himſelf; ſo that we could ſee and hear all others, ourſelves unſeen and unheard.

The firſt thing we took notice of was a nobleman of a goodly and frank aſpect, with his generous birth and temper viſible in it, playing at cards with a creature of a black and horrid countenance, wherein were plainly delineated the arts of his mind, cozenage and falſhood. They were marking their game with counters, on which we could ſee inſcriptions, imperceptible to any but us. My lord had ſcored with pieces of ivory, on which were writ 'Good Fame, Glory, Riches, Honour, and Poſterity.' The ſpectre over againſt him had on his counters the inſcriptions of 'Diſhonour, Impudence, Poverty, Ignorance, and Want of Shame.' 'Bleſs me!' ſaid I; 'ſure, my lord does not ſee what he plays for?' 'As well as I do,' ſays Pacolet. 'He deſpiſes that fellow he plays with, and ſcorns himſelf for making him his companion.' At the very inſtant he was ſpeaking, I ſaw the fellow, who played with my lord, hide two cards in the roll of his ſtocking: Pacolet immediately ſtole them from thence; upon which the nobleman ſoon after won the game. The little triumph he appeared in, when he got ſuch a trifling ſtock of ready money,

though he had ventured ſo great ſums with indifference, increaſed my admiration. But Pacolet began to talk to me. 'Mr. Iſaac, this to you looks wonderful, but not at all to us higher beings: that nobleman has as many good qualities as any man of his order, and ſeems to have no faults but what, as I may ſay, are excreſcences from virtues. He is generous to a prodigality, more affable than is conſiſtent with his quality, and courageous to a raſhneſs. Yet, after all this, the ſource of his whole conduct is (though he would hate himſelf if he knew it) mere avarice. The ready caſh laid before the gameſter's counters makes him venture, as you ſee, and lay diſtinction againſt infamy, abundance againſt want; in a word, all that is deſirable againſt 'all that is to be avoided.' 'However,' ſaid I, 'be ſure you diſappoint the ſharpers to-night, and ſteal from them all the cards they hide.' Pacolet obeyed me, and my lord went home with their whole bank in his pocket.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 13.

TO-NIGHT was acted a ſecond time a comedy, called The Buſy Body: this play is written by a lady °. In old times, we uſed to ſit upon a

° By Mrs. Suſannah Centlivre, 1709, 4to. See Tat. N° 19.

Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq. had promiſed a prologue to The Buſy Body before it was to be firſt played, as appears by a rhyming epiſtle of Mrs. Centlivre to Steele, claiming the performance of ſuch a promiſe, printed by Charles Lilly. Orig. Letter to Tat. and Spec. vol. ii. N° 13, p. 34, ed. 8vo. 1725.

play here after it was acted; but now the entertainment is turned another way; not but there are conſiderable men in all ages, who, for ſome eminent quality or invention, deſerve the eſteem and thanks of the public. Such a benefactor is a gentleman of this houſe; who is obſerved by the ſurgeons with much envy; and is ranked among, and received by the modern wits, as a great promoter of gallantry and pleaſure. But, I fear, pleaſure is leſs underſtood in this age, which ſo much pretends to it, than in any ſince the creation. It was admirably ſaid of him, who firſt took notice, that (*res eſt ſevera voluptas*) 'there is a certain ſeverity in pleaſure.' Without that, all decency is baniſhed; and if reaſon is not to be preſent at our greateſt ſatisfactions, of all the race of creatures, the human is the moſt miſerable. It was not ſo of old; when Virgil deſcribes a wit, he always means a virtuous man; and all his ſentiments of men of genius, are ſuch as ſhew perſons diſtinguiſhed from the common level of mankind; ſuch as placed happineſs in the contempt of low fears, and mean gratifications: fears which we are ſubject to with the vulgar; and pleaſures which we have in common with beaſts. With theſe illuſtrious perſonages, the wiſeſt man was the greateſt wit; and none was thought worthy of that character, unleſs he anſwered this excellent deſcription of the poet:

'*Qui——metus omnes & inexorabile fatum*
Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumque Acherontis avari.'

VIRG. [p] Georg. II. 492.

'Happy the man,——
His mind poſſeſſing in a quiet ſtate,
Fearleſs of fortune, and reſign'd to fate.'

DRYDEN.

N° 16. Tueſday, May 17, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 15.

SIR THOMAS [q], of this houſe, has ſhewed me ſome letters from the Bath, which give accounts of what paſſes among the good company of that place; and allowed me to tranſcribe one of them, that ſeems to be writ by ſome of ſir Thomas's particular acquaintance, and is as follows:

[p] Virgil ſeems to ſpeak here as an epicurean, and might probably allude to ſome lines in Lucretius, lib. iii. 37—995. It is only by chriſtianity that men can be trained to that elevation of ſoul, which the doctrine of Epicurus, &c. aimed at in vain.

[q] The nick-name of the waiter. See Tat. N° 26, N° 36; and Spect. N° 49.

May 9, 1709.

'DEAR KNIGHT,

'I desire you would give my humble service to all our friends, which I speak of to you (out of method) in the very beginning of my epistle, lest the present disorders, by which this seat of gallantry and pleasure is torn to pieces, should make me forget it. You keep so good company, that you know Bath is stocked with such as come hither to be relieved from luxuriant health, or imaginary sickness; and consequently is always as well stowed with gallants, as invalids, who live together in a very good understanding. But the season is so early, that our fine company is not yet arrived; and the warm bath, which in heathen times was dedicated to Venus, is now used only by such as really want it for health's sake. There are, however, a good many strangers, among whom are two ambitious ladies, who, being both in the autumn of their life, take the opportunity of placing themselves at the head of such as we are, before the Chloes, Clarissas, and Pastorellas come down. One of these two is excessively in pain, that the ugly being, called Time, will make wrinkles in spite of the lead forehead cloth; and therefore hides, with the gaiety of her air, the volubility of her tongue, and quickness of her motion, the injuries which it has done her. The other lady is but two years behind her in life, and dreads as much being laid aside as the former; and consequently has taken the necessary precautions to prevent her reign over us. But she is very discreet, and wonderfully turned

for ambition, being never apparently tranſported either with affection, or malice. Thus, while Florimel is talking in public, and ſpreading her graces in aſſemblies, to gain a popular dominion over our diverſions, Prudentia viſits very cunningly all the lame, the ſplenetic, and the ſuperannuated, who have their diſtinct claſſes of followers and friends. Among theſe ſhe has found, that ſomebody has ſent down printed certificates of Florimel's age, which ſhe has read and diſtributed to this unjoyful ſet of people, who are always enemies to thoſe in poſſeſſion of the good opinion of the company. This unprovoked injury done by Prudentia was the firſt occaſion of our fatal diviſions here, and a declaration of war between theſe rivals. Florimel has abundance of wit, which ſhe has laviſhed in decrying Prudentia, and giving defiance to her little arts. For an inſtance of her ſuperior power, ſhe beſpoke the play of Alexander the Great [r], to be acted by the company of ſtrollers, and deſired us all to be there on Thurſday laſt. When ſhe ſpoke to me to come, "As you are," ſaid ſhe, "a lover, you will not fail the death of Alexander: the paſſion of love is wonderfully hit—Statira! O that happy woman———to have a conqueror at her feet!—But you will be ſure to be there." I, and ſeveral others, reſolved to be of her party. But ſee the irreſiſtible ſtrength of that unſuſpected creature, a "Silent Woman." Prudentia had counterplotted us, and had beſpoke on the ſame evening the puppet-ſhow of

[r] A burleſque on Lee's Rival Queens. See N° 191, and note.

"The Creation of the World[9]." She had engaged every body to be there; and, to turn our leader into ridicule, had ſecretly let them know, that the puppet Eve was made the moſt like Florimel that ever was ſeen. On Thurſday morning the puppet-drummer, Adam and Eve, and ſeveral others who lived before the flood, paſſed through the ſtreets on horſe-back, to invite us all to the paſtime, and the repreſentation of ſuch things as we all knew to be true: and Mr. Mayor was ſo wiſe, as to prefer theſe innocent people the puppets, who, he ſaid, were to repreſent Chriſtians, before the wicked players, who were to ſhew Alexander, an heathen philoſopher. To be ſhort, this Prudentia had ſo laid it, that at ten of the clock footmen were ſent to take places at the puppet-ſhow, and all we of Florimel's party were to be out of faſhion, or deſert her. We choſe the latter. All the world crowded to Prudentia's houſe, becauſe it was given out nobody could get in. When we came to Noah's flood in the ſhow, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark. An honeſt plain friend of Florimel's, but a critic withal, roſe up in the midſt of the repreſentation, and made many very good exceptions to the drama itſelf, and told us, that it was againſt all morality, as well as rules of the ſtage, that Punch ſhould be in jeſt in the deluge, or indeed

[9] A deformed cripple of the name of Powel was the maſter of a popular puppet-ſhow at this time, and made Punch utter many things, that would not have been endured in any other way of communication. See N° 11, note; Guard. N° 53; and Tat. Vol. VI. N° 270. Adv. p. 444.

that he ſhould appear at all. This was certainly a juſt remark, and I thought to ſecond him; but he was hiſſed by Prudentia's party: upon which, really, ſir Thomas, we, who were his friends, hiſſed him too. Old Mrs. Petulant deſired both her daughters to mind the moral; then whiſpered Mrs. Mayoreſs, "This is very proper for young people to ſee!" Punch, at the end of the play, made Prudentia a compliment, and was very civil to the whole company, making bows until his buttons touched the ground. All was carried triumphantly againſt our party. In the mean time Florimel went to the tragedy, dreſſed as fine as hands could make her, in hopes to ſee Prudentia pine away with envy. Inſtead of that, ſhe ſat a full hour alone, and at laſt was entertained with this whole relation from Statira, who wiped her eyes with her tragical cut handkerchief, and lamented the ignorance of the quality. Florimel was ſtung with this affront, and the next day beſpoke the puppet-ſhow. Prudentia, inſolent with power, beſpoke Alexander. The whole company came then to Alexander. Madam Petulant deſired her daughters to mind the moral, and believe no man's fair words: "For you will ſee, children," ſaid ſhe, "theſe ſoldiers are never to be depended upon; they are ſometimes here, ſometimes there.——Do not you ſee, daughter Betty, colonel Clod, our next neighbour in the country, pull off his hat to you? court'ſy, good child, his eſtate is juſt by us." Florimel was now mortified down to Prudentia's humour; and Prudentia exalted into hers. This was obſerved:

Florimel invites us to the play a ſecond time, Prudentia to the ſhow. See the uncertainty of human affairs! the beaux, the wits, the gameſters, the prudes, the coquettes, the valetudinarians and gallants, all now wait upon Florimel. Such is the ſtate of things at this preſent date; and if there happens any new commotions, you ſhall have immediate advice from,

SIR,

Your affectionate friend, and ſervant.'

TO CASTABELLA[1].

May 16, 1709.

MADAM,

I HAVE the honour of a letter from a friend of yours, relating to an incivility done to you at the opera, by one of your own ſex; but I, who was an eye-witneſs of the accident, can teſtify to you, that though ſhe preſſed before you, ſhe loſt her ends in that deſign; for ſhe was taken notice of for no other reaſon, but her endeavours to hide a finer woman than herſelf. But, indeed, I dare not go farther in this matter, than juſt this bare mention; for though it was taking your place of right, rather than place of precedence, yet it is ſo tender a point, and on which the very life of female ambition depends, that it is of the laſt conſequence to meddle in it: all my hopes are from your beautiful ſex; and thoſe bright eyes, which are the bane of others, are my only ſun-ſhine. My writings are ſacred to

[1] See Tat. N° 14, *ad finem.*

you; and I hope, I ſhall always have the good fortune to live under your protection; therefore take this public opportunity to ſignify to all the world, that I deſign to forbear any thing that may in the leaſt tend to the diminution of your intereſt, reputation, or power. You will therefore forgive me, that I ſtrive to conceal every wrong ſtep made by any who have the honour to wear petticoats, and ſhall at all times do what is in my power to make all mankind as much their ſlaves as myſelf. If they would conſider things as they ought, there needs not much argument to convince them, that it is their fate to be obedient to you, and that your greateſt rebels do only ſerve with a worſe grace.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

N. B. William Oliver, M. D. and F. R. S. wrote a Diſſertation on Bath Waters, and Cold Baths, in 1709, to which he added the relation of a very extraordinary ſleeper near Bath. See Tat. N° 15, note on ſir J. Floyer, M. D. and F. R. S.

N° 17. Thurſday, May 19, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 18.

The diſcourſe has happened to turn this evening upon the true panegyric, the perfection of which was aſſerted to conſiſt in a certain artful way of conveying the applauſe in an indirect manner. There was a gentleman gave us ſeveral inſtances of it. Among others, he quoted (from ſir Francis Bacon, in his Advancement of Learning,) a very great compliment made to Tiberius [u], as follows. In a full debate upon public affairs in the ſenate, one of the aſſembly roſe up, and with a very grave air ſaid, he thought it for the honour and dignity of the commonwealth, that Tiberius ſhould be declared a god, and have divine worſhip paid him. The emperor was ſurpriſed at the propoſal, and demanded of him to declare, whether he had made any application to incline him to that overture? The ſenator anſwered, with a bold and haughty tone, 'Sir, in matters that concern the commonwealth, I will be governed by no man.'

[u] An illuſion to an inſtance of artful flattery practiſed by Meſſala Valerius, and recorded, but ſomewhat differently, by Tacitus. Ann. lib. i. cap. 8.

Another gentleman mentioned ſomething of the ſame kind, ſpoken by the late duke of Buckingham to the late earl of Orrery; 'My lord,' ſays the duke, after his libertine way, 'you will certainly be damned.' 'How, my lord!' ſays the earl, with ſome warmth. 'Nay,' ſaid the duke, 'there is no help for it, for it is poſitively ſaid, Curſed is he of whom all men ſpeak well[x].' This is taking a man by ſurpriſe, and being welcome when you have ſo ſurpriſed him. The perſon flattered receives you into his cloſet at once; and the ſudden change of his heart, from the expectation of an ill-wiſher, to find you his friend, makes you in his full favour in a moment. The ſpirits that were raiſed ſo ſuddenly againſt you, are as ſuddenly for you. There was another inſtance given of this kind at the table: a gentleman, who had a very great favour done him, and an employment beſtowed upon him, without ſo much as being perſonally known to his benefactor, waited upon the great man who was ſo generous, and was beginning to ſay, he was infinitely obliged.—'Not at all,' ſays the patron, turning from him to another, 'had I known a more deſerving man in England, he ſhould not have had it.'

We ſhould certainly have had more examples had not a gentleman produced a book which he thought an inſtance of this kind: it was a pamphlet, called The Naked Truth. The idea any one would have of that work from the title

[x] His grace miſquotes, and perverts the obvious meaning of the paſſage of ſacred ſcripture, which he thought it witty thus impiouſly to apply. See Luke vi. 26.

was, that there would be much plain dealing with people in power, and that we ſhould ſee things in their proper light, ſtripped of the ornaments which are uſually given to the actions of the great: but the ſkill of this author is ſuch, that he has, under that rugged appearance, approved himſelf the fineſt gentleman and courtier that ever writ. The language is extremely ſublime, and not at all to be underſtood by the vulgar: the ſentiments are ſuch as would make no figure in ordinary words; but ſuch is the art of the expreſſion, and the thoughts are elevated to ſo high a degree, that I queſtion whether the diſcourſe will ſell much. There was an ill-natured fellow preſent [y], who hates all panegyric mortally; 'P—— take him,' ſaid he, 'what the devil means his Naked Truth, in ſpeaking nothing but to the advantage of all whom he mentions? This is juſt ſuch a great action as that of the champion's on a coronation-day, who challenges all mankind to diſpute with him the right of the ſovereign, ſurrounded with his guards.' The gentleman who produced the treatiſe deſired him to be cautious, and ſaid, it was writ by an excellent ſoldier, which made the company obſerve it more narrowly; and (as critics are the greateſt conjurers at finding out a known truth) one ſaid, he was ſure it was writ by the hand of his ſword-arm. I could not perceive much wit in that expreſſion; but it raiſed a laugh, and, I ſuppoſe, was meant as a ſneer upon valiant men. The ſame

[y] An oblique ſtroke at Mr. John Dennis.

man pretended to ſee in the ſtyle, that it was an horſe-officer; but ſure that is being too nice; for though you may know officers of the cavalry by the turn of their feet, I cannot imagine how you ſhould diſcern their hands from thoſe of other men. But it is always thus with pedants; they will ever be carping; if a gentleman, or a man of honour, puts pen to paper. I do not doubt but this author will find this aſſertion too true, and that obloquy is not repulſed by the force of arms. I will therefore ſet this excellent piece in a light too glaring for weak eyes, and, in imitation of the critic Longinus, ſhall, as well as I can, make my obſervations in a ſtyle like the authors of whom I treat, which perhaps I am as capable of as another, having 'an unbounded force of thinking, as well as a moſt exquiſite addreſs, extenſively and wiſely indulged to me by the ſupreme powers.' My author, I will dare to aſſert, ſhews the moſt univerſal knowledge of any writer who has appeared this century: he is a poet and merchant, which is ſeen in two maſter-words, 'Credit bloſſoms:' he is a grammarian and a politician; for he ſays, 'The uniting of the two kingdoms is the emphaſis of the ſecurity of the proteſtant ſucceſſion.' Some would be apt to ſay, he is a conjurer; for he has found, that a republic is not made up of every body of animals, but is compoſed of men only, and not of horſes. 'Liberty and property have choſen their retreat within the emulating circle of an human commonwealth.' He is a phyſician; for he ſays, 'I obſerve a conſtant equality in its pulſe, and a

juſt quickneſs of its vigorous circulation.' And again, 'I view the ſtrength of our conſtitution plainly appear in the ſanguine and ruddy complexion of a well-contented city.' He is a divine: for he ſays, 'I cannot but bleſs myſelf.' And indeed this excellent treatiſe has had that good effect upon me, who am far from being ſuperſtitious, that I alſo 'cannot but bleſs myſelf [2].'

N° 18. Saturday, May 21, 1709.
STEELE AND ADDISON [3].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

From my own Apartment, May 20.

It is obſerved too often that men of wit do ſo much employ their thoughts upon fine ſpeculations, that things uſeful to mankind are wholly

[2] There are two or three publications under the title of Naked Truth; the pamphlet alluded to here, is ſaid to have been written by a lawyer of the name of Nelmy; but if William viſcount Grimſton was not the author, he was the defender of it, againſt the writer of this paper. See Tat. N° 21, and note.

[3] That the Diſtreſs of the News-writers was written by Addiſon, we are aſſured by Steele, in his preface to Tat. vol. iv. See alſo his dedication of Addiſon's Drummer to Mr. Congreve. The firſt part of the paper on ſign-poſts is likewiſe very much in Addiſon's manner.

neglected; and they are buſy in making emendations upon ſome enclitics [b] in a Greek author, while obvious things, that every man may have uſe for, are wholly overlooked. It would be an happy thing, if ſuch as have real capacities for public ſervice were employed in works of general uſe; but becauſe a thing is every body's buſineſs, it is nobody's buſineſs; this is for want of public ſpirit. As for my part, who am only a ſtudent, and a man of no great intereſt, I can only remark things, and recommend the correction of them to higher powers. There is an offence I have a thouſand times lamented, but fear I ſhall never ſee remedied; which is, that in a nation where learning is ſo frequent as in Great-Britain, there ſhould be ſo many groſs errors as there are in the very directions of things, wherein accuracy is neceſſary for the conduct of life. This is notoriouſly obſerved by all men of letters when they firſt come to town (at which time they are uſually curious that way) in the inſcriptions on ſign poſts. I have cauſe to know this matter as well as any body; for I have, when I went to merchant-taylors ſchool [c], ſuffered ſtripes for ſpelling after the ſigns I obſerved in my way; though at the ſame time I muſt confeſs ſtaring at thoſe in-

[b] Enclitics are particles of ſpeech in the Greek language, which throw back the accent on the preceding ſyllable, and coaleſce with other words, ſo as to form only one word

Γλαυκονίε Μεδονίαδε Θερσιλοχονίι: T.

[c] Merchant-taylors ſchool was founded by the worſhipful company, whoſe name it bears, 3 Eliz. an. 1561. See Stow's Survey, &c. vol. i. p. 189.

ſcriptions firſt gave me an idea and curioſity for medals: in which I have ſince arrived at ſome knowledge [d]. Many a man has loſt his way and his dinner by this general want of ſkill in orthography [e]: for, conſidering that the painters are uſually ſo very bad, that you cannot know the animal under whoſe ſign you are to live that day, how muſt the ſtranger be miſled, if it be

[d] The paſſage in which the writer claims 'ſome knowledge in medals,' may lead the reader into an opinion that Addiſon was the author of this part of the paper, as well as of the Diſtreſs of News-writers; and ſo he might really be, for any thing that appears to the contrary. It ought, however, to be obſerved, that his Dialogues on the Uſefulneſs of ancient Medals was a poſthumous publication; for though they are ſaid to have been written while he was travelling in 1702, they were not publiſhed till after his death, which happened in 1719.

[e] The orthography here humorouſly ridiculed might nevertheleſs be agreeable to the modes of ſpelling at the times when the ſigns to which they refer were firſt adopted. As to the ſigns themſelves, the ſubjects of merriment in this and following papers, whimſical and inexplicable as they may ſeem, it furniſhes much entertainment, and ſome inſtruction, to trace them to their originals, which generally may be done with great probability, and often with certainty, on the following principle. Perſons who had been wards, pages, or ſervants to kings, queens, noblemen, cardinals, biſhops, gentlemen, &c. on quitting the houſes or vicinities of their patrons, maſters, &c. to ſettle in buſineſs for themſelves, might probably, for a variety of reaſons, place over the doors of their houſes, offices, ſhops, inns, taverns, &c. the creſt, badge, or ſome part of the arms of the families in which they had lived, or with which they were, or choſe to be connected. They probably wore likewiſe badges, or liveries, in the manner they are ſtill worn by watermen. Of the truth or plauſibility of this principle, the inquiſitive, even at this day, may eaſily find, in every ſtreet, ſignal and amuſing inſtances. See Tat. N° 87; Spect. N° 28, and N° 66.

wrong ſpelled, as well as ill painted? I have a couſin now in town, who has anſwered under batchelor at Queen's college, whoſe name is Humphrey Mopſtaff (he is a-kin to us by his mother): this young man, going to ſee a relation in Barbican, wandered a whole day by the miſtake of one letter, for it was written, 'this is the Beer,' inſtead of 'this is the Bear.' He was ſet right at laſt, by inquiring for the houſe, of a fellow who could not read, and knew the place mechanically, only by having been often drunk there. But, in the name of goodneſs, let us make our learning of uſe to us, or not. Was not this a ſhame, that a philoſopher ſhould be thus directed by a cobbler? I will be ſworn, if it were known how many have ſuffered in this kind by falſe ſpelling ſince the Union, this matter would not long lie thus. What makes theſe evils the more inſupportable is, that they are ſo eaſily amended, and nothing done in it. But it is ſo far from that, that the evil goes on in other arts as well as orthography; places are confounded, as well for want of proper diſtinctions, as things for want of true characters. Had I not come by the other day very early in the morning, there might have been miſchief done: for a worthy North Briton was ſwearing at Stocks-market, that they would not let him in at his lodgings; but I, knowing the gentleman, and obſerving him look often at the king on horſeback, and then double his oaths, that he was ſure he was right, found he miſtook that for Charing-croſs, by the erection of the

like ſtatue in each place [f]. I grant, private men may diſtinguiſh their abodes as they pleaſe: as one of my acquaintance who lives at Marybone [g], has put a good ſentence of his own invention upon his dwelling-place [h], to find out where he lives; he is ſo near London, that his conceit is this, 'the country in town;' or, 'the town in the country;' for you know, if they are both in one, they are all one. Beſides that the ambiguity is not of great conſequence; if you are ſafe at the place, it is no matter if you do not diſtinctly know where the place is. But to return to the orthography of public places; I propoſe, that every tradeſman in the cities of London and Weſtminſter ſhall give me ſix pence a quarter for keeping their ſigns in repair, as to the grammatical part; and I will take into my

[f] Theſe two equeſtrian ſtatues were very unlike. The one was made by the famous La Seur, for king Charles I. the other was originally intended for John Sobieſki, king of Poland, and, *mutatis mutandis*, erected in honour of king Charles II. The Turk underneath the horſe was cleverly metamorphoſed into Oliver Cromwell; but his turban eſcaped unnoticed, or unaltered, to teſtify the truth. The one is of braſs blackened, the other was of white marble, &c. The ſtatue in Stocks-market, with the conduit and all its ornaments, were removed to make way for the Manſion-houſe, the firſt ſtone of which was laid by Micajah Perry, eſq. then lord mayor, Oct. 25, 1739. See Spec. N° 462. and note.

[g] The duke of Buckingham is humorouſly ſaid to have lived at Marybone, as he was almoſt every day on the bowling-green there, and ſeldom left it until he could ſee no longer.

[h] On Buckingham-houſe, now the Queen's palace, were originally theſe inſcriptions. On the front, *Sic ſiti lætantur Lares.* On the back front, *Rus in urbe.* On the ſide next the road, *Spectator faſtidioſus ſibi moleſtus.* On the north ſide, *Lentè incæpit, citò perfecit.*

houſe a Swiſs count [i] of my acquaintance, who can remember all their names without book, for diſpatch ſake, ſetting up the head of the ſaid foreigner for my ſign; the features being ſtrong, and fit for hanging high.

[k] The approach of the peace ſtrikes a panic through our armies, though that of a battle could never do it, and they almoſt repent of their bravery, that made ſuch haſte to humble themſelves and the French king. The duke of Marlborough, though otherwiſe the greateſt general of the age, has plainly ſhewn himſelf unacquainted with the arts of huſbanding a war. He might have grown as old as the duke of Alva, or prince Waldeck in the Low Countries, and yet have got reputation enough every year for any reaſonable man: for the command of general in Flanders hath been ever looked upon as a proviſion for life. For my part, I cannot ſee how his grace can anſwer it to the world, for the great eagerneſs he hath ſhewn to ſend an hundred thouſand of the braveſt fellows in Eu-

[i] Probably John James Heidegger, eſq. a writer of operas, and an *arbiter elegantiarum*, remarkable for his vaſt memory and coarſe features. See Tat. N° 12, and note, where he is ſtyled a ſurgeon, in alluſion to an employment aſſigned to him in that paper. The title of count was given to him in deriſion. N.

[k] Addiſon was the writer of that part of this paper which deſcribes the diſtreſs of the news-writers. See pref. to Tat. vol. iv. and ded. of The Drummer to Mr. Congreve. On the undeniable teſtimony of Steele himſelf, it is therefore evident, that the liſt of Addiſon's papers, delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, is defective, and likewiſe that Addiſon contributed to the Tatler before the 26th of May, for this paper N° 18, is dated May 20, 1709.

rope a-begging. But the private gentlemen of the infantry will be able to ſhift for themſelves; a brave man can never ſtarve in a country ſtocked with hen-rooſts. 'There is not a yard of linen,' ſays my honoured progenitor ſir John Falſtaff [l], 'in my whole company; but as for that,' ſays this worthy knight, 'I am in no great pain; we ſhall find ſhirts on every hedge.' There is another ſort of gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for, and that is the ingenious [m] fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member; I mean the news-writers of Great Britain, whether Poſt-men or Poſt-boys [n], or by what other name or title ſoever dignified, or diſtinguiſhed. The caſe of theſe gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the ſoldiers, conſidering that they have taken more towns, and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and ſkirmiſhes, when our armies have lain ſtill; and given the general aſſault to many a place, when the beſiegers were quiet in their

[l] See Shakeſpeare, Hen. iv. act iii. ſcene 2, edit. Johnſon and Steevens.

[m] In the year 1709 it appears, that there were fifty-five regular papers publiſhed every week, beſides a vaſt number of poſtſcripts, &c. that were hourly hawked about the ſtreets. See Anecdotes of Bowyer, p. 493. At this preſent date, in November 1783, there are publiſhed in London nine daily-papers, and nine which appear three evenings in the week; beſides the Gazette, three Sunday Monitors, and a variety of Weekly Miſcellanies. Provincial news-papers alſo, almoſt unknown in the days of Bickerſtaff, are very numerous. N.

[n] The Poſt-boy was a ſcandalous weekly paper, by Abel Roper; and The Flying Poſt was conducted by George Ridpath. It is remarkable, that both Roper and Ridpath died on the ſame day. N.

trenches. They have made us maſters of ſeveral ſtrong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and completed victories, when our greateſt captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle. Where prince Eugene has ſlain his thouſands, Boyer [o] has ſlain his ten thouſands. This gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his courage and intrepidity during this whole war: he has laid about him with an inexpreſſible fury; and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, made ſuch havoc among his countrymen, as muſt be the work of two or three ages to repair. It muſt be confeſſed, the redoubted Mr. Buckley [p] has ſhed as much blood as the former; but I cannot forbear ſaying (and I hope it will not look like envy) that we regard our brother Buckley as a kind of Drawcanſir [q], who ſpares neither friend nor foe; but generally kills as many of his own ſide as the enemies. It is impoſſible for this ingenious ſort of men to ſubſiſt after a peace: every one remembers the ſhifts they were driven to in the reign of king Charles the Second, when they could not furniſh out a ſingle paper of news, without lighting up a comet in Germany, or a

[o] Abel Boyer, author of The Political State, embraced every opportunity of animadverting on Swift, who, in return, treated him with affected contempt, and real cruelty. 'One Boyer, a French dog, has abuſed me in a pamphlet; and I have got him in a meſſenger's hands; the ſecretary promiſes me to ſwinge him.—I muſt make that rogue an example for a warning to others.' Swift's Works, vol. xxiii. p. 64. N.

[p] Samuel Buckley, printer of The Gazette, and alſo of The Daily Courant. He died Sept. 8, 1741. N.

[q] The name of a principal character in the Rehearſal.

fire in Moſcow. There ſcarce appeared a letter without a paragraph on an earthquake. Prodigies were grown ſo familiar, that they had loſt their name, as a great poet of that age has it. I remember Mr. Dyer [r], who is juſtly looked upon by all the fox-hunters in the nation as the greateſt ſtateſman our country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in whales; inſomuch, that in five months time (for I had the curioſity to examine his letters on that occaſion) he brought three into the mouth of the river Thames, beſides two porpuſſes, and a ſturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr. Ichabod Dawks [s] hath all along been the rival of this great writer, and got himſelf a reputation from plagues and famines; by which, in thoſe days, he deſtroyed as great multitudes, as he has lately done by the ſword. In every dearth of news, Grand Cairo was ſure to be unpeopled.

It being therefore viſible, that our ſociety will be greater ſufferers by the peace than the ſoldiery itſelf, inſomuch that the Daily Courant is in danger of being broken, my friend Dyer of being reformed, and the very beſt of the whole band of being reduced to half-pay; might I

[r] Dyer's Letter; a news-paper of that time, printed in Italian characters in imitation of writing, which, according to Mr. Addiſon, was entitled to little credit. Honeſt Vellum, in the Drummer, act ii. ſcene 1, cannot but believe his maſter is living (amongſt other reaſons) 'becauſe the news of his death was firſt publiſhed in Dyer's Letter.' See Spect. N° 43, and N° 457.

[s] Ichabod Dawks, 'another poor, epiſtolary hiſtorian,' as he is called, Spect. N° 457. See Tatler, N° 178; and Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer, p. 493. N.

preſume to offer any thing in the behalf of my diſtreſſed brethren, I would humbly move, that an appendix of proper apartments, furniſhed with pen, ink, and paper, and other neceſſaries of life, ſhould be added to the hoſpital of Chelſea, for the relief of ſuch decayed news-writers as have ſerved their country in the war; and that for their exerciſe they ſhould compile the annals of their brother veterans, who have been engaged in the ſame ſervice, and are ſtill obliged to do duty after the ſame manner.

I cannot be thought to ſpeak this out of an eye to any private intereſt; for as my chief ſcenes of action are coffee-houſes, play-houſes, and my own apartment, I am in no need of camps, fortifications, and fields of battle, to ſupport me; I do not call for heroes and generals to my aſſiſtance. Though the officers are broken, and the armies diſbanded, I ſhall ſtill be ſafe, as long as there are men, or women, or politicians, or lovers, or poets, or nymphs, or ſwains, or cits, or courtiers, in being.

*** This day is publiſhed, a treatiſe called, The Difference between Scandal and Admonition, by Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq. And on the 1ſt of July next, you may expect A Propheſy of Things paſt; wherein the art of fortune-telling is laid open to the meaneſt capacity. And the Monday following Choice Sentences for the company of maſons, and bricklayers, to be put upon new houſes, with a tranſlation of all the Latin ſentences that have been built of late years; together with a comment upon ſtone-walls. By the ſame hand. Tatler in folio, N° 17.

N° 19. Tueſday, May 24, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

From my own Apartment, May 23.

There is nothing can give a man of any conſideration greater pain, than to ſee order and diſtinction laid aſide amongſt men, eſpecially when the rank (of which he himſelf is member) is intruded upon, by ſuch as have no pretence to that honour. The appellation of 'eſquire' is the moſt notoriouſly abuſed in this kind, of any claſs amongſt men; inſomuch, that it is become almoſt the ſubject of deriſion: but I will be bold to ſay, this behaviour towards it proceeds from the ignorance of the people in its true origin. I ſhall therefore, as briefly as poſſible, do myſelf and all true eſquires the juſtice to look into antiquity upon this ſubject [t].

In the firſt ages of the world, before the invention of jointures and ſettlements, when the noble paſſion of love had poſſeſſion of the hearts of men, and the fair ſex were not yet cultivated into the merciful diſpoſition which they have ſhewed in latter centuries, it was natural for

[t] See Selden's Titles of Honour, part ii. chap. v. p. 830.

great and heroic ſpirits to retire to rivulets, woods, and caves, to lament their deſtiny, and the cruelty of the fair perſons who were deaf to their lamentations. The hero in this diſtreſs was generally in armour, and in a readineſs to fight any man he met with, eſpecially if diſtinguiſhed by any extraordinary qualifications: it being the nature of heroic love to hate all merit, leſt it ſhould come within the obſervation of the cruel one by whom its own perfections are neglected. A lover of this kind had always about him a perſon of a ſecond value, and ſubordinate to him, who could hear his afflictions, carry an inchantment for his wounds, hold his helmet when he was eating (if ever he did eat), or in his abſence, when he was retired to his apartment in any king's palace, tell the prince himſelf, or perhaps his daughter, the birth, parentage, and adventures of his valiant maſter. This truſty companion was ſtyled his eſquire, and was always fit for any offices about him; was as gentle and chaſte as a gentleman-uſher, quick and active as an equerry, ſmooth and eloquent as the maſter of the ceremonies. A man thus qualified was the firſt, as the antients affirm, who was called an eſquire; and none without theſe accompliſhments ought to aſſume our order: but, to the utter diſgrace and confuſion of the heralds, every pretender is admitted into this fraternity, even perſons the moſt foreign to this courteous inſtitution. I have taken an inventory of all within this city, and looked over every letter in the Poſt-office, for my better information. There are of the Middle Temple, including all in the

buttery-books, and in the liſts of the houſe, five thouſand [u]. In the Inner, four thouſand [x]. In the King's-bench Walks, the whole buildings are inhabited by eſquires only. The adjacent ſtreet of Eſſex, from Morris's coffee-houſe [y], and the turning towards the Grecian, you cannot meet one who is not an eſquire, until you take water. Every houſe in Norfolk and Arundel-ſtreets is alſo governed by an eſquire, or his lady: Soho-ſquare, Bloomſbury-ſquare, and all other places where the floors riſe above nine feet, are ſo many univerſities, where you enter yourſelves, and become of our order. However, if this were the worſt of the evil, it were to be ſupported, becauſe they are generally men of ſome figure, and uſe; though I know no pretence they have to an honour which had its riſe from chivalry. But if you travel into the counties of Great Britain, we are ſtill more impoſed upon by innovation. We are indeed derived from the field: but ſhall that give title to all that ride mad after foxes, that halloo when they ſee a hare, or venture their necks full ſpeed after an hawk, immediately to commence eſquires? No; our order is temperate, cleanly, ſober, and chaſte; but theſe rural eſquires commit immodeſties upon hay-cocks, wear ſhirts half a week, and are drunk twice a day. Theſe men are alſo, to the laſt degree, exceſſive in their food: an eſquire of Norfolk eats two pounds of dumplin every meal, as if obliged to it by our order: an eſquire of Hampſhire is as ravenous in devouring

[u] In Tat. in folio, 4000. [x] In Tat. in f. 5000.
[y] Morris's coffee-houſe was in the Strand. P.

hogs fleſh: one of Eſſex has as little mercy on calves. But I muſt take the liberty to proteſt againſt them, and acquaint thoſe perſons, that it is not the quantity they eat, but the manner of eating, that ſhews an eſquire. But, above all, I am moſt offended at ſmall quillmen, and tranſcribing clerks, who are all come into our order, for no reaſon that I know of, but that they can eaſily flouriſh at the end of their name. I will undertake that, if you read the ſuperſcriptions to all the offices in the kingdom, you will not find three letters directed to any but eſquires. I have myſelf a couple of clerks, and the rogues make nothing of leaving meſſages upon each other's deſk: one directs, 'To Gregory Gooſequill, eſquire;' to which the other replies by a note, 'To Nehemiah Daſhwell, eſquire, with reſpect;' in a word, it is now *populus armigerorum*, a people of eſquires. And I do not know but, by the late act of naturalization [z], foreigners will aſſume that title, as part of the immunity of being Engliſhmen. All theſe improprieties flow from the negligence of the Herald's-office. Thoſe gentlemen in party-coloured habits do not ſo rightly, as they ought,

[z] 'Il faut un acte exprés de parlement pour obtenir le droit naturel en Angleterre. On avoit fait alors une loi genérale, par laquelle on pouvoit aquerir ce droit dans toutes les cours de juſtice. Cette faveur etoit l'ouvrage des Whigs pour les François Refugiez, dont la plûpart profiterent. Le parlement Tory de 1711 revoqua cette loi.' Babillard.

'If the Whigs were now reſtored to power,—the bill (for a general naturalization) now to be repealed, would then be re-enacted, and the birth-right of an Engliſhman reduced again to the value of twelve pence.' Examiner, Vol. I. N° 26.

underſtand themſelves; though they are dreſſed *cap-a-pee* in hieroglyphics, they are inwardly but ignorant men. I aſked an acquaintance of mine, who is a man of wit, but of no fortune, and is forced to appear as a jack-pudding on the ſtage to a mountebank: 'Pr'ythee, Jack, why is your coat of ſo many colours?' He replied, 'I act a fool; and this ſpotted dreſs is to ſignify, that every man living has a weak place about him; for I am knight of the ſhire, and repreſent you all.' I wiſh the heralds would know as well as this man does, in his way, that they are to act for us in the caſe of our arms and appellations: we ſhould not then be jumbled together in ſo promiſcuous and abſurd a manner. I deſign to take this matter into further conſideration; and no man ſhall be received as an eſquire, who cannot bring a certificate that he has conquered ſome lady's obdurate heart; that he can lead up a country-dance; or carry a meſſage between her and her lover, with addreſs, ſecrecy, and diligence. A ſquire is properly born for the ſervice of the ſex, and his credentials ſhall be ſigned by three toaſts and one prude, before his title ſhall be received in my office.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 23.

On Saturday laſt was preſented The Buſy Body, a comedy, written (as I have heretofore remarked) by a woman [a]. The plot and inci-

[a] By Mrs. Centlivre. See N° 15. and note. The part of the Buſy Body, by Mr. Dogget; Sir G. Airy, by Mr. Wilks; Charles, by Mr. Mills; Gripe, by Mr. Eſtcourt; Traffic, by Mr. Bullock; Miranda, by Mrs. Croſs; and Iſabinda, by Mrs. Porter.

dents of the play are laid with that ſubtilty of ſpirit which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very ſeldom well performed by thoſe of the other ſex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and inſtinct.

To-morrow will be acted a play, called, The Trip to the Jubilee [b]. This performance is the greateſt inſtance that we can have of the irreſiſtible force of proper action. The dialogue in itſelf has ſomething too low to bear a criticiſm upon it: but Mr. Wilks enters into the part with ſo much ſkill, that the gallantry, the youth, and gaity of a young man of a plentiful fortune, are looked upon with as much indulgence on the ſtage, as in real life, without any of thoſe intermixtures of wit and humour, which uſually prepoſſeſs us in favour of ſuch characters in other plays.

An authentic letter from madam Maintenon to monſieur Torcy has been ſtolen by a perſon about him, who has communicated a copy of it to ſome of the dependants of a miniſter of the allies. That epiſtle is writ in the moſt pathetic manner imaginable, and in a ſtyle which ſhews her genius, that has ſo long engroſſed the heart of this great monarch [c].

[b] The author of The Trip to the Jubilee, Mr. George Farquhar, makes a modeſt pun upon himſelf, and confeſſes, that there are a great many 'trips' in the play. See Tat. N° 3, and note.

[c] 'Cette lettre eſt purement d'invention. Je n'ai d'autre vue en la traduiſant que de faire voir de quelle maniere on parloit alors en Angleterre de l'etat de la France, et de quelle

' SIR,

' I RECEIVED yours, and am ſenſible of the addreſs and capacity with which you have hitherto tranſacted the great affair under your management. You well obſerve, that our wants here are not to be concealed: and that it is vanity to uſe artifices with the knowing men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you, therefore, in this repreſentation of our circumſtances, to lay aſide art, which ceaſes to be ſuch when it is ſeen, and make uſe of all your ſkill to gain us what advantages you can from the enemy's jealouſy of each other's greatneſs; which is the place where only you have room for any dexterity. If you have any paſſion for your unhappy country, or any affection for your diſtreſſed maſter, come home with peace. Oh heaven! do I live to talk of Lewis the Great, as the object of pity? The king ſhews a great uneaſineſs to be informed of all that paſſes: but at the ſame time, is fearful of every one who appears in his preſence, leſt he ſhould bring an account of ſome new calamity. I know not in what terms to repreſent my thoughts to you, when I ſpeak of the king, with relation to his bodily health. Figure to yourſelf that immortal man, who ſtood in our public places repreſented with trophies, armour, and terrors, on his pe-

maniere parlent toutes les peuples dans la proſperité.' Babillard.

It ſeems then, that this letter of M. Maintenon was originally written in Engliſh, and probably Steele was both the editor, and the author of it.

deſtal: conſider, the invincible, the great, the good, the pious, the mighty, which were the uſual epithets we gave him, both in our language and thoughts. I ſay, conſider him whom you knew the greateſt and moſt glorious of monarchs, and now think you ſee the ſame man an unhappy lazar, in the loweſt circumſtances of human nature itſelf, without regard to the ſtate from whence he is fallen. I write from his bed-ſide: he is at preſent in a ſlumber. I have many, many things to add; but my tears flow too faſt, and my ſorrow is too big for utterance [d].

I am, &c.'

N° 20. Thurſday, May 26, 1709.
ADDISON AND STEELE [e].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley Paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 24.

It is not to be imagined how far prepoſſeſſion will run away with people's underſtandings, in caſes wherein they are under preſent uneaſineſs. The following narration is a ſufficient teſtimony of the truth of this obſervation.

[d] See Tat. N° 23, N° 24, and N° 26.

[e] The aſſignment of this paper N° 20, reſts on the authority of the liſt of Addiſon's papers delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell. See Tickell's ed. of Addiſon's Works, 4to.

I had the honour the other day of a viſit from a gentlewoman (a ſtranger to me) who ſeemed to be about thirty. Her complexion is brown; but the air of her face has an agreeableneſs which ſurpaſſes the beauties of the faireſt women. There appeared in her look and mien a ſprightly health; and her eyes had too much vivacity to become the language of complaint, which ſhe began to enter into. She ſeemed ſenſible of it; and therefore, with downcaſt looks, ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, you ſee before you the unhappieſt of women; and therefore, as you are eſteemed by all the world both a great civilian, as well as an aſtrologer, I muſt deſire your advice and aſſiſtance, in putting me in a method of obtaining a divorce from a marriage, which I know the law will pronounce void.' 'Madam,' ſaid I, 'your grievance is of ſuch a nature, that you muſt be very ingenuous in repreſenting the cauſes of your complaint, or I cannot give you the ſatisfaction you deſire.' 'Sir,' ſhe anſwers, 'I believe there would be no need of half your ſkill in the art of divination, to gueſs why a woman would part from her huſband.' 'It is true,' ſaid I; 'but ſuſpicions, or gueſſes at what you mean, nay certainty of it, except you plainly ſpeak it, are no foundation for a formal ſuit.' She clapped her fan before her face; 'My huſband,' ſaid ſhe, 'is no more an huſband' (here ſhe burſt into tears) 'than one of the Italian ſingers.'

'Madam,' ſaid I, 'the affliction you complain of is to be redreſſed by law; but, at the ſame time, conſider what mortifications you are

to go through, in bringing it into open court: how will you be able to bear the impertinent whiſpers of the people preſent at the trial, the licentious reflections of the pleaders, and the interpretations that will in general be put upon your conduct by all the world? How little (will they ſay) could that lady command her paſſions! Beſides, conſider, that curbing our deſires is the greateſt glory we can arrive at in this world, and will be moſt rewarded in the next.' She anſwered, like a prudent matron: 'Sir, if you pleaſe to remember the office of matrimony, the firſt cauſe of its inſtitution is that of having poſterity. Therefore, as to the curbing deſires, I am willing to undergo any abſtinence from food as you pleaſe to enjoin me; but I cannot, with any quiet of mind, live in the neglect of a neceſſary duty, and an expreſs commandment, "Increaſe and multiply." Obſerving ſhe was learned, and knew ſo well the duties of life, I turned my arguments rather to dehort her from this public procedure by examples than precepts. 'Do but conſider, madam, what crowds of beauteous women live in nunneries, ſecluded for ever from the ſight and converſation of men, with all the alacrity of ſpirit imaginable; they ſpend their time in heavenly raptures, in conſtant and frequent devotions, and at proper hours in agreeable converſations.' 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe haſtily, 'tell not me of papiſts, or any of their idolatries.' 'Well then, madam, conſider how many fine ladies live innocently in the eye of the world, and this gay town, in the midſt of temp-

tation: there is the witty [f] Mrs. W—— is a virgin of forty-four, Mrs. T——s is thirty-nine, Mrs. L——ce thirty-three; yet you ſee they laugh, and are gay, at the park, at the play-houſe, at balls, and at viſits; and ſo much at eaſe, that all this ſeems hardly a ſelf-denial.' 'Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſaid ſhe, with ſome emotion, 'you are an excellent caſuiſt; but the laſt word deſtroyed your whole argument; if it is not ſelf-denial, it is no virtue. I preſented you with an half-guinea, in hopes not only to have my conſcience eaſed, but my fortune told. Yet'—'Well Madam,' ſaid I, 'pray of what age is your huſband?' 'He is,' replied my injured client, 'fifty; and I have been his wife fifteen years.' 'How happened it you never communicated your diſtreſs, in all this time, to your friends and relations?' She anſwered, 'He has been thus but a fortnight.' I am the moſt ſerious man in the world to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out. 'Why, madam, in caſe of infirmity which proceeds only from age, the law gives no remedy.' 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I find you have no more learning than Dr. Caſe [g]: and I am told of a young man, not five and twenty, juſt come from Oxford, to whom I will communicate this whole matter, and doubt not but he will appear to have ſeven times more uſeful and ſatisfactory knowledge than you and all your boaſted family.' Thus I have entirely loſt my client: but if this tedious

[f] See notes on N° 10, and N° 13, on Miſs and Mrs.

[g] See Tat. N° 240. note on Dr. Caſe; and ſupplement to Swift's Works, vol. ii. p. 329, edit. crown 8vo. 1779.

narrative preſerves Paſtorella [h] from the intended marriage with one twenty years her ſenior—to ſave a fine lady, I am contented to have my learning decried, and my predictions bound up with Poor Robin's Almanacs [i].

*** The article of this paper dated from Will's was written by Addiſon, and the concluding advertiſement in favour of Underhill, by Steele.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 25.

THIS evening was acted The Recruiting Officer [k], in which Mr. Eſtcourt's proper ſenſe and obſervation is what ſupports the play. There is not, in my humble opinion, the humour hit in Serjeant Kite; but it is admirably ſupplied by his action. If I have ſkill to judge, that man is an excellent actor; but the crowd of the

[h] Paſtorella, it ſeems, from what is ſaid of her here, and in N° 13, was not much bettered by her converſion from coquetry, related in N° 9. Fine young ladies are called Paſtorella's in N° 16.

[i] Poor Robin began to publiſh his almanac early in the reign of Charles II. and ſtill continues *delectare et prodeſſe*. In this particular he takes precedence of his fellow-labourer Francis Moore, who was Partridge's man-ſetter, and has been a writer only eighty-five years. Honeſt Partridge, Moore's maſter, whoſe natural life was of ſhorter duration, continues annually to inſtruct us from the ſhades, to this day.

[k] A comedy by Mr. Farquhar, and who, in the delineation of the characters in it, had living originals in his eye. Juſtice Ballance was a Mr. Berkley, then recorder of Shrewſbury, Mr. Hill, an inhabitant of the ſame town, was one of the other juſtices. Mr. Worthy was a Mr. Owen of Ruſaſon, on the borders of Shropſhire; capt. Plume was Farquhar himſelf; Melinda was a miſs Harnage of Belſadine, near the Wreken; Sylvia a miſs Berkley, daughter of the recorder of Shrewſbury; and the ſtory, the author's invention.

audience are fitter for repreſentations at May-fair, than a theatre-royal. Yet that fair is now broke, as well as the theatre is breaking: but it is allowed ſtill to ſell animals there. Therefore, if any lady or gentleman have occaſion for a tame elephant, let them inquire of Mr. Pinkethman[1], who has one to diſpoſe of at a reaſonable rate. The downfal of May-fair[m] has quite ſunk the price of this noble creature, as well as of many other curioſities of nature. A tiger will ſell almoſt as cheap as an ox; and I am credibly informed, a man may purchaſe a cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewiſe that there is a great deſolation among the gentlemen and ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and uſed to ſhine in plumes and diadems; the heroes being moſt of them preſſed, and the queens beating hemp. Mrs. Sarabrand, ſo famous for her ingenious puppet-ſhow, has ſet up a ſhop in the Exchange, where ſhe ſells her little troop under

[1] See Tat. N° 4, N° 188; Spec. N° 31, N° 455, N° 370, and note on Mr. Pinkethman.

[m] The aboliſhment of May-fair has been mentioned in Tat. N° 4, and note. In 1708, a pamphlet was publiſhed entitled Reaſons for ſuppreſſing the yearly Fair in Brookfield, Weſtminſter, commonly called May-fair. It had long been the reſort of the idle and profligate; the peace-officers were frequently oppoſed in the performance of their duty; and in 1702, John Cooper, a conſtable, was killed, for which murder a fencing-maſter, named Cook, was afterwards executed. It was granted, 4 James I. to ſir John Coel, in truſt for Henry lord Dover and their heirs for ever; to commence the firſt day of May, and to continue for fifteen days yearly; but, being found ſo deſtructive to virtue and morals, it was repeatedly preſented as a nuiſance by the grand jury of Weſtminſter, and entirely aboliſhed in 1709.

the term of ' jointed babies.' I could not but be ſolicitous to know of her, how ſhe had diſpoſed of that rake-hell Punch, whoſe lewd life and converſation had given ſo much ſcandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the fair. She told me, with a ſigh, that, deſpairing of ever reclaiming him, ſhe would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a poſt upon a ſtall in Wapping, where he may be ſeen from ſun-riſing to ſun-ſetting, with a glaſs in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as centry to a brandy-ſhop. The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the diſtreſſes of the unfortunate Camilla [n], who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to diſappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of its bloom. This lady entered ſo thoroughly into the great characters ſhe acted, that when ſhe had finiſhed her part, ſhe could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the ſame magnificence that ſhe did upon the ſtage. This greatneſs of ſoul had reduced that unhappy princeſs [o] to an invo-

[n] ' Italian operas, ſo faſhionable at this time, were too much ſupported by the excellent voice and judgment of Mrs. Tofts, a mere Engliſhwoman, who in the part of Camilla, was courted by Nicolini in Italian, without underſtanding one ſyllable each other ſaid, or ſung; and, on the other hand, Valentini courting amorouſly, in the ſame language, a Dutchwoman that could neither ſpeak Engliſh nor Italian, committed murder on our good old Engliſh with as little underſtanding as a parrot.' Chetwood's General Hiſt. of the Stage. See Tat. N° 1, N° 4, and N° 115.

[o] Mrs. Tofts, who played the part of princeſs Camilla, in the meridian of her beauty with a large ſum of money which ſhe had acquired by ſinging, quitted the ſtage, and married

luntary retirement, where ſhe now paſſes her time among the woods and foreſts, thinking on the crowns and ſceptres ſhe has loſt, and often humming over in her ſolitude,

> 'I was born of royal race,
> Yet muſt wander in diſgrace,' &c.

But, for fear of being over-heard, and her quality known, ſhe uſually ſings it in Italian,

> '*Nacqui al regno, nacqui al trono.*
> *E per ſono*
> *I venturata paſtorella*[p].'

Since I have touched upon this ſubject, I ſhall communicate to my reader part of a letter I have received from an ingenious friend at Amſterdam, where there is a very noble theatre; though the manner of furniſhing it with actors is ſomething peculiar to that place, and gives us occaſion to admire both the politeneſs and frugality of the people.

Mr. Joſeph Smith, conſul for the Engliſh nation at Venice, to which place ſhe went with him. Mr. Smith was a great collector of books, and a patron of the arts; he procured engravings to be made from pictures and deſigns of Amiconi, Marco, Ricci, Piazetta, and other maſters, and lived in great ſtate and magnificence; but the diſorder of his wife returning, ſhe dwelt ſequeſtered from the world in a remote part of the houſe, and had a large garden to range in, in which ſhe frequently walked, ſinging, and indulging that innocent frenzy which had ſeized her in the earlier part of her life. She died about the year 1760. See her letter from Venice, Spec. N° 443.

[p] Camilla, an opera, 4to. 1706. Anonymous; but aſcribed to Owen Mac Swiney, whoſe name is ſubſcribed to the dedication.

'My friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary, to ſee one of their plays, which was performed laſt night with great applauſe. The actors are all of them tradeſmen; who, after their day's work is over, earn about a guilder a-night by perſonating kings and generals. The hero of the tragedy I ſaw was a journeyman taylor, and his firſt miniſter of ſtate a coffee-man. The empreſs made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearſal; for her mother keeps an alehouſe in the ſuburbs of Amſterdam. When the tragedy was over, they entertained us with a ſhort farce, in which the cobler did his part to a miracle; but, upon inquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and repreſenting on the ſtage what he acted every day in his ſhop. The profits of the theatre maintain an hoſpital; for as here they do not think the profeſſion of an actor the only trade that a man ought to exerciſe; ſo they will not allow any body to grow rich in a profeſſion that, in their opinion, ſo little conduces to the good of the commonwealth. If I am not miſtaken, your playhouſes in England have done the ſame thing; for, unleſs I am miſinformed, the hoſpital at Dulwich was erected and endowed by Mr. Alleyn [q], a player: and it is alſo ſaid, a [r] famous

[q] Edward Alleyn, eſq. in 1614, founded an hoſpital at Dulwich in Surrey, called The College of God's Gift, with a revenue which is reckoned at 700l. *per annum*..

[r] Mrs. Anne Bracegirdle, is ſaid by the French tranſlator of the Tatler to have been the famous ſhe-tragedian here alluded to; nevertheleſs it is thought more probable that Mrs. Barry was the real perſon here meant. The manner in which ſhe ultimately diſpoſed of her property is unknown,

ſhe-tragedian has ſettled her eſtate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed wits, who are to be taken in as ſoon as they grow dull, at whatever time of their life that ſhall happen.'

*** Mr. Cave Underhill, the famous comedian in the reigns of king Charles II. king James II. king William and queen Mary, and her preſent majeſty queen Anne; but now not able to perform ſo often as heretofore in the playhouſe, and having had loſſes to the value of near 2500l. is to have the tragedy of Hamlet acted for his benefit, on Friday the 3d of June next, at the Theatre-royal in Drury-lane, in which he is to perform his original part, the Grave-digger [s].

there being now no will of this lady to be found in Doctors Commons.

[s] This advertiſement is repeated, N° 22. Steele befriended this player, in a manner that did equal honour to his genius, and his heart. Some years before, old age had obliged Underhill to quit the ſtage. On the ſtrength of Steele's kind recommendation to the favour of the town, in N° 22, he appeared once more, but ſo diſabled and worn out, as if he had been to be buried in the grave he dug. When he could no more excite laughter, his infirmities were diſmiſſed with pity; and he died ſoon after, a ſuperannuated penſioner, on the liſt ſupported by joint ſhares, under the patent granted to ſir R. Steele.

N° 21. Saturday, May 28, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 26.

A GENTLEMAN has writ to me out of the country a very civil letter, and ſaid things which I ſuppreſs with great violence to my vanity. There are many terms in my narratives which he complains want explaining; and has therefore deſired that, for the benefit of my country readers, I would let him know what I mean by 'a gentleman, a pretty fellow, a toaſt, a coquet, a critic, a wit,' and all other appellations of thoſe now in the gayer world, who are in poſſeſſion of theſe ſeveral characters; together with an account of thoſe who unfortunately pretend to them. I ſhall begin with him we uſually call a gentleman, or man of converſation.

It is generally thought, that warmth of imagination, quick reliſh of pleaſure, and a manner of becoming it, are the moſt eſſential qualities for forming this ſort of man. But any one that is much in company will obſerve, that the height of good breeding is ſhewn rather in never giving offence, than in doing obliging things. Thus he that never ſhocks you, though he is ſeldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your favour,

than he who often entertains, and ſometimes diſpleaſes you. The moſt neceſſary talent therefore in a man of converſation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection, is maſter of his companion, without letting him ſee it; and has the ſame advantage over men of any other qualifications whatſoever, as one that can ſee would have over a blind man of ten times his ſtrength.

This is what makes Sophronius the darling of all who converſe with him, and the moſt powerful with his acquaintance of any man in town. By the light of this faculty he acts with great eaſe and freedom among the men of pleaſure, and acquits himſelf with ſkill and diſpatch among the men of buſineſs. All which he performs with ſuch ſucceſs, that, with as much diſcretion in life as any man ever had, he neither is, nor appears, cunning. But as he does a good office, if ever he does it, with readineſs and alacrity; ſo he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a manner that convinces you that you ought not to have aſked it. His judgment is ſo good and unerring, and accompanied with ſo cheerful a ſpirit, that his converſation is a continual feaſt, at which he helps ſome, and is helped by others, in ſuch a manner, that the equality of ſociety is perfectly kept up, and every man obliges as much as he is obliged: for it is the greateſt and juſteſt ſkill in a man of ſuperior underſtanding, to know how to be on a level with his companions. This ſweet diſpoſition runs through all the actions of Sophro-

nius, and makes his company desired by women, without being envied by men. Sophronius would be as just as he is, if there were no law; and would be as discreet as he is, if there were no such things as calumny.

In imitation of this agreeable being, is made that animal we call a pretty fellow; who, being just able to find out, that what makes Sophronius [t] acceptable is a natural behaviour, in order to the same reputation, makes his own an artificial one. Jack Dimple is his perfect mimic, whereby he is, of course, the most unlike him of all men living. Sophronius just now passed into the inner room directly forward: Jack comes as fast after as he can for the right and left looking-glass, in which he had but just approved himself by a nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within for half an hour until he thinks he is not careless enough in his air, and come back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness.

Will's Coffee-house, May 27.

This night was acted the comedy called The Fox [u]; but I wonder the modern writers do not

[t] One, and by much the ablest of the many continuators of The Tatler, speaking of this fine character of Sophronius says, 'One would think that Steele sat here to his own picture, or at least that he complimented another with his own features.'

[u] By B. Jonson, who succeeded to the laurel at the death of S. Daniel, in 1619, when the laureat's salary was raised from 100 marks, to 100*l.* and a tierce of Spanish wine, *per annum*. The Fox was first acted in 1605, and printed in 4to. the same year, with the allowance of the master of the revells.

uſe their intereſt in the houſe to ſuppreſs ſuch repreſentations. A man that has been at this, will hardly like any other play during the ſeaſon: therefore I humbly move, that the writings, as well as dreſſes, of the laſt age ſhould give way to the preſent faſhion. We are come into a good method enough (if we were not interrupted in our mirth by ſuch an apparition as a play of Jonſon's) to be entertained at more eaſe, both to the ſpectator and the writer, than in the days of old. It is no difficulty to get hats and ſwords, and wigs and ſhoes, and every thing elſe, from the ſhops in town; and make a man ſhew himſelf by his habit, without more ado, to be a counſellor, a fop, a courtier, or a citizen, and not be obliged to make thoſe characters talk in different dialects to be diſtinguiſhed from each other. This is certainly the ſureſt and beſt way of writing: but ſuch a play as this makes a man for a month after over-run with criticiſm, and inquire, what every man on the ſtage ſaid? what had ſuch a one to do to meddle with ſuch a thing? how came the other, who was bred after this or that manner, to ſpeak ſo like a man converſant among a different people? Theſe queſtions rob us of all our pleaſure; for, at this rate, no ſentence in a play ſhould be ſpoken by any one character which could poſſibly enter into the head of any other man repreſented in it; but every ſentiment ſhould be peculiar to him only who utters it. Laborious Ben's works will bear this ſort of inquiſition; but if the preſent writers were thus examined, and the offences againſt this rule cut out, few plays

would be long enough for the whole evening's entertainment.

But I do not know how they did in thoſe old times: this ſame Ben Jonſon has made every one's paſſion in this play be towards money; and yet not one of them expreſſes that deſire, or endeavours to obtain it, any way but what is peculiar to him only: one ſacrifices his wife, another his profeſſion, another his poſterity, from the ſame motive: but their characters are kept ſo ſkilfully apart, that it ſeems prodigious their diſcourſes ſhould riſe from the invention of the ſame author.

But the poets are a neſt of hornets, and I will drive theſe thoughts no farther; but muſt mention ſome hard treatment I am like to meet with from my brother-writers. I am credibly informed, that the author of a play, called Love in a Hollow Tree[x], has made ſome remarks

[x] The comedy, called Love in a Hollow Tree, or, The Lawyer's Fortune, (ſee Tatler, N° 17, and note) was publiſhed by William lord viſcount Grimſton, when he was only thirteen years of age, which is ſome apology for the many abſurdities in it. It was printed in 4to. in 1705, and was never acted, unleſs at ſchool, but by a company of ſtrollers at Windſor. On the occaſion of a conteſted election for the borough of St. Alban's it was invidiouſly re-printed by the ducheſs of Marlborough, with notes, in which his lordſhip was treated with the utmoſt indecency and ill-manners. It was adorned with the frontiſpiece of an elephant dancing on a rope. The viſcount bought up as nearly as he could the whole edition. The ducheſs made his lordſhip ample reparation, by printing her own Memoirs, not written in her childhood. See Walpole, Catal. vol. ii. p. 250. 'This worthy nobleman was a good huſband to one of the beſt of wives, an indulgent father of a numerous offspring, a kind maſter to his ſervants, a generous friend, and an affable,

upon my late diſcourſe on The Naked Truth. I cannot blame a gentleman for writing againſt any error; it is for the good of the learned world. But I would have the thing fairly left between us two, and not under the protection of patrons. But my intelligence is, that he hath dedicated his treatiſe to the honourable Mr. Ed——d H——y.

From my own Apartment, May 27.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

York, May 16, 1709.

' SIR,

' Being convinced, as the whole world is, how infallible your predictions are, and having the honour to be your near relation of the Staffian family, I was under great concern at one of your predictions relating to yourſelf, wherein you foretold your own death would happen on the ſeventeenth inſtant [z], unleſs it were prevented by the aſſiſtance of well diſpoſed people: I have therefore prevailed on my own modeſty to ſend you a piece of news, which may ſerve inſtead of Goddard's [a] drops, to keep you alive for two

hoſpitable neighbour. He died in 1756.' See Tat. N° 17, and note.

[y] Hon. Edward Howard, author of ſeven plays, and of an epic poem, called The Britiſh Princes. He gained, however, no reputation as a writer, but furniſhed food to the contemporary wits, who treated him with great ſeverity. N.

[z] See this conditional prediction, Tat. N° 7.

[a] Dr. Jonathan Goddard was the phyſician and confidant of Cromwell, a member of the royal ſociety, and medical profeſſor of Greſham college. He was the firſt Engliſhman

days, until nature be able to recover itſelf, or until you meet with ſome better help from other hands. Therefore, without further ceremony, I will relate a ſingular adventure juſt happened in the place where I am writing, wherewith it may be highly uſeful for the public to be informed.

'Three young ladies of our town were on Saturday laſt indicted for witchcraft. The witneſſes againſt the firſt depoſed upon oath before Juſtice Bindover, that ſhe kept ſpirits locked up in veſſels, which ſometimes appeared in flames of blue fire; that ſhe uſed magical herbs, with ſome of which ſhe drew in hundreds of men daily to her, who went out from her preſence all inflamed, their mouths parched, and a hot ſteam iſſuing from them, attended with a grievous ſtench: that many of the ſaid men were by the force of that herb metamorphoſed into ſwine, and lay wallowing in the kennels for twenty-four hours, before they could re-aſſume their ſhapes, or their ſenſes.

'It was proved againſt the ſecond, that ſhe cut off by night the limbs from dead bodies that were hanged, and was ſeen to dig holes in the ground, to mutter ſome conjuring words, and bury pieces of the fleſh after the uſual manner of witches.

'The third was accuſed for a notorious piece of ſorcery, long practiſed by hags, of mould-

who made teleſcopes; and, in the courſe of his accurate chemical experiments, diſcovered the famous elixir, called here his drops, the baſis of which was the volatile ſpirit of raw ſilk, rarefied with oil of cinnamon or ſome other eſſential oil. See Biogr. Brit. 1ſt ed. art. Liſter, note E. p. 2975.

ing up pieces of dough into the ſhapes of men, women, and children; then heating them at a gentle fire, which had a ſympathetic power to torment the bowels of thoſe in the neighbourhood.

'This was the ſum of what was objected againſt the three ladies, who indeed had nothing to ſay in their own defence, but downright deny the facts, which is like to avail very little when they come upon their trials.

'But the parſon of our pariſh, a ſtrange refractory man, will believe nothing of all this: ſo that the whole town cries out ſhame! that one of his coat ſhould be ſuch an athieſt; and deſign to complain of him to the biſhop. He goes about very odly to ſolve the matter. He ſuppoſes, that the firſt of theſe ladies keeping a brandy and tobacco ſhop, the fellows went out ſmoking; and got drunk towards evening, and made themſelves beaſts. He ſays the ſecond is a butcher's daughter, and ſometimes brings a quarter of mutton from the ſlaughter-houſe overnight againſt a market-day, and once buried a bit of beef in the ground, as a known receipt to cure warts on her hands. The parſon affirms, that the third ſells gingerbread, which, to pleaſe the children, ſhe is forced to ſtamp with images before it is baked; and if it burns their guts, it is becauſe they eat too much, or do not drink after it.

'Theſe are the anſwers he gives to ſolve thoſe wonderful phenomena; upon which I ſhall not animadvert, but leave it among philoſophers; and ſo, wiſhing you all ſucceſs in your under-

takings for the amendment of the world, I remain, dear couſin,

Your moſt affectionate kinſman,
and humble ſervant,

EPHRAIM BEDSTAFF.

'P. S. Thoſe who were condemned to death among the Athenians were obliged to take a doſe of poiſon, which made them die upwards; ſeizing firſt upon their feet, making them cold and inſenſible, and ſo aſcending gradually, until it reached the vital parts. I believe your death, which you foretold would happen on the ſeventeenth inſtant, will fall out the ſame way, and that your diſtemper hath already ſeized on you, and makes progreſs daily. The lower part of you, that is, the advertiſements, is dead [b]; and theſe have riſen for theſe ten days laſt paſt, ſo that they now take up almoſt a whole column. Pray, ſir, do you endeavour to drive this diſtemper as much as poſſible to the extreme parts, and keep it there, as wiſe folks do the gout: for if it once gets into your ſtomach, it will ſoon fly up into your head, and you are a dead man.'

'Any perſon that ſhall come publicly abroad in a fantaſtical habit, contrary to the preſent mode and faſhion, except Don Diego Diſmallo [c],

[b] Bickerſtaff was far from mending in this particular. The number of advertiſements increaſed ſurpriſingly in the courſe of the work; and juſtled out the articles of news, being probably more lucrative.

[c] A nick-name given, in the rage of party, to a very reſpectable nobleman, the earl of Nottingham. Steele objects to this application of the character. See Guard. N° 53.

or any other out of poverty, ſhall have his name and dreſs inſerted in our next.'

'N. B. Mr. Howd'yecall is deſired to leave off thoſe buttons.'

N° 22. Tueſday, May 31, 1709.

STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 28.

I CAME hither this evening to ſee faſhions; and who ſhould I firſt encounter but my old friend Cynthio [d] (encompaſſed by a crowd of young fellows) dictating on the paſſion of love with the gayeſt air imaginable! 'Well,' ſays he, 'as to what I know of the matter, there is nothing but ogling with ſkill carries a woman; but indeed it is not every fool that is capable of this art; you will find twenty can ſpeak eloquently, fifty that can fight manfully, and a thouſand that can dreſs genteelly at a miſtreſs, where there is one that can gaze ſkilfully. This requires an exquiſite judgment, to take the language of her eyes to yours exactly, and not let yours talk too faſt for hers; as at a play between the acts, when beau Friſk ſtands upon a bench full in Lindamira's face, and her dear

[d] See Tat. N° 15, N° 35, N° 85; and Lover, N° 38.

eyes are ſearching round to avoid that flaring open fool; ſhe meets the watchful glance of her true lover, and ſees his heart attentive on her charms, and waiting for a ſecond twinkle of her eye for its next motion.' Here the good company ſneered; but he goes on. 'Nor is this attendance a ſlavery, when a man meets with encouragement, and her eye comes often in his way: for, after an evening ſo ſpent, and the repetition of four or five ſignificant looks at him, the happy man goes home to his lodging full of ten thouſand pleaſing images: his brain is dilated, and gives him all the ideas and proſpects which it ever lets into its ſeat of pleaſure. Thus a kind look from Lindamira revives in his imagination all the beauteous lawns, green fields, woods, foreſts, rivers, and ſolitudes, which he had ever before ſeen in picture, deſcription, or real life: and all with this addition, that he now ſees them with the eyes of a happy lover, as before only with thoſe of a common man. You laugh, gentlemen, but conſider yourſelves (ye common people that were never in love) and compare yourſelves in good humour with yourſelves out of humour, and ye will then acknowledge, that all external objects affect you according to the diſpoſitions ye are in to receive their impreſſions, and not as thoſe objects are in their own nature. How much more ſhall all that paſſes within his view and obſervation touch with delight a man who is prepoſſeſſed with ſucceſsful love, which is an aſſemblage of ſoft affection, gay deſires, and hopeful reſolutions?'

Poor Cynthio went on at this rate to the croud about him, without any purpoſe in his talk, but to vent an heart overflowing with ſenſe of ſucceſs. I wondered what could exalt him from the diſtreſs, in which he had long appeared, to ſo much alacrity: but my familiar has given me the ſtate of his affairs. It ſeems, then, that lately coming out of the playhouſe, his miſtreſs, who knows he is in her livery, as the manner of inſolent beauties is, reſolved to keep him ſtill ſo, and gave him ſo much wages as to complain to him of the crowd ſhe was to paſs through. He had his wits and reſolution enough about him to take her hand, and ſay, he would attend her to the coach. All the way thither my good young man ſtammered at every word, and ſtumbled at every ſtep. His miſtreſs, wonderfully pleaſed with her triumph, put to him a thouſand queſtions, to make a man of his natural wit ſpeak with heſitation; and let drop her fan, to ſee him recover it awkwardly. This is the whole foundation of Cynthio's recovery to the ſprightly air he appears with at preſent.

I grew mighty curious to know ſomething more of that lady's affairs, as being amazed how ſhe could dally with an offer of one of his merit and fortune. I ſent Pacolet to her lodgings, who immediately brought me back the following letter to her friend and confidant Amanda in the country, wherein ſhe has opened her heart and all its folds.

'DEAR AMANDA,

'THE town grows ſo empty, that you muſt expect my letter ſo too, except you will allow me to talk of myſelf inſtead of others: you cannot imagine what pain it is, after a whole day ſpent in public, to want your company, and the eaſe which friendſhip allows in being vain to each other, and ſpeaking all our minds. An account of the ſlaughter which theſe unhappy eyes have made within ten days laſt paſt, would make me appear too great a tyrant to be allowed in a Chriſtian country. I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to my principal conqueſts, which are the hearts of beau Friſk and Jack Freeland, beſides Cynthio, who, you know, wore my fetters before you went out of town. Shall I tell you my weakneſs? I begin to love Friſk: it is the beſt-humoured impertinent thing in the world: he is always too in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one time or other. Freeland's father and mine have been upon treaty without conſulting me; and Cynthio has been eternally watching my eyes, without approaching me, my friends, my maid, or any one about me: he hopes to get me, I believe, as they ſay the rattle-ſnake does the ſquirrel, by ſtaring at me until I drop into his mouth. Freeland demands me for a jointure, which he thinks deſerves me; Cynthio thinks nothing high enough to be my value: Freeland therefore will take it for no obligation to have me; and Cynthio's idea of me is what will vaniſh by knowing me better. Familiarity will

equally turn the veneration of the one, and the indifference of the other, into contempt. I will ſtick therefore to my old maxim, to have that ſort of man, who can have no greater views than what are in my power to give him poſſeſſion of. The utmoſt of my dear Friſk's ambition is, to be thought a man of faſhion; and therefore has been ſo much in mode, as to reſolve upon me, becauſe the whole town likes me. Thus I chooſe rather a man who loves me becauſe others do, than one who approves me on his own judgment. He that judges for himſelf in love will often change his opinion; but he that follows the ſenſe of others muſt be conſtant, as long as a woman can make advances. The viſits I make, the entertainments I give, and the addreſſes I receive, will be all arguments for me with a man of Friſk's ſecond-hand genius; but would be ſo many bars to my happineſs with any other man. However, ſince Friſk can wait, I ſhall enjoy a ſummer or two longer, and remain a ſingle woman, in the ſublime pleaſure of being followed and admired; which nothing can equal, except that of being beloved by you.

'I am, &c.'

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 30.

My chief buſineſs here this evening was to ſpeak to my friends in behalf of honeſt Cave Underhill [c], who has been a comic for three

[c] See Tat. N° 20. and notes.
Colley Cibber ſays, 'Underhill was a correct and natural comedian; his particular excellence was in characters that

generations: my father admired him extremely when he was a boy. There is certainly nature excellently repreſented in his manner of action; in which he ever avoided that general fault in players, of doing too much. It muſt be confeſſed, he has not the merit of ſome ingenious perſons now on the ſtage, of adding to his authors; for the actors were ſo dull in the laſt age, that many of them have gone out of the world, without having ever ſpoke one word of their own in the theatre. Poor Cave is ſo mortified, that he quibbles, and tells you he pretends only to act a part fit for a man who has one foot in the grave, viz. a grave-digger [f]. All admirers of true comedy, it is hoped, will have the gratitude to be preſent on the laſt day of his acting, who, if he does not happen to pleaſe them, will have it even then to ſay, that it is his firſt offence.

But there is a gentleman here, who ſays he has it from good hands, that there is actually a ſubſcription made by many perſons of wit and quality, for the encouragement of new comedies. This deſign will very much contribute to the

may be called ſtill-life, I mean the ſtiff, the heavy, and the ſtupid; to theſe he gave the exacteſt and moſt expreſſive colours, and in ſome of them looked as if it were not in the power of human paſſions to alter a feature of him. A countenance of wood could not be more fixed than his, when the blockhead of a character required it: his face was full and long; from his crown to the end of his noſe, was the ſhorter half of it, ſo that the diſproportion of his lower features, when ſoberly compoſed, threw him into the moſt lumpiſh, moping mortal, that ever made beholders merry! not but at other times he could be wakened into ſpirit equally ridiculous.'

[f] In this character he was particularly admired. Cibber.

improvement and diverſion of the town: but as every man is moſt concerned for himſelf, I, who am of a ſaturnine and melancholy complexion, cannot but murmur, that there is not an equal invitation to write tragedies; having by me, in my book of common places, enough to enable me to finiſh a very ſad one by the fifth of the next month. I have the farewell of a general, with a truncheon in his hand, dying for love, in ſix lines. I have the principles of a politician (who does all the miſchief in the play) together with his declaration on the vanity of ambition in his laſt moments, expreſſed in a page and an half. I have all my oaths ready, and my ſimilies want nothing but application. I will not pretend to give you an account of the plot, it being the ſame deſign upon which all tragedies have been writ for ſeveral years laſt paſt; and from the beginning of the firſt ſcene, the frequenters of the houſe may know as well as the author, when the battle is to be fought, the lady to yield, and the hero proceed to his wedding and coronation. Beſides theſe advantages which I have in readineſs, I have an eminent tragedian very much my friend, who ſhall come in and go through the whole five acts, without troubling me for one ſentence, whether he is to kill or be killed, love or be loved, win battles or loſe them, or whatever other tragical performance I ſhall pleaſe to aſſign him.

From my own Apartment, May 30.

I HAVE this day received a letter, ſubſcribed Fidelia, that gives me an account of an inchant-

ment under which a young lady ſuffers, and deſires my help to exorciſe her from the power of the ſorcerer. Her lover is a rake of ſixty; the lady a virtuous woman of twenty-five: her relations are to the laſt degree afflicted, and amazed at this irregular paſſion: their ſorrow I know not how to remove, but can their aſtoniſhment; for there is no ſpirit in woman half ſo prevalent as that of contradiction, which is the ſole cauſe of her perſeverance. Let the whole family go dreſſed in a body, and call the bride to-morrow morning to her nuptials, and I will undertake the inconſtant will forget her lover in the midſt of all his aches. But if this expedient does not ſucceed, I muſt be ſo juſt to the young lady's diſtinguiſhing ſenſe, as to applaud her choice. A fine young woman, at laſt, is but what is due from fate to an honeſt fellow, who has ſuffered ſo unmercifully by the ſex; and I think we cannot celebrate her heroic virtue, who (like the patriot that ended a peſtilence by plunging himſelf into a gulph) gives herſelf up to gorge that dragon which has devoured ſo many virgins before her.

A letter directed 'To Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſquire, aſtrologer and phyſician in ordinary to her majeſty's ſubjects of Great Britain, with reſpect,' is come to hand.

N° 23. Thurſday, June 2, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 31.

THE generality of mankind are ſo very fond of this world, and of ſtaying in it, that a man cannot have eminent ſkill in any one art, but they will, in ſpite of his teeth, make him a phyſician alſo, that being the ſcience the worldlings have moſt need of. I pretended, when I firſt ſet up, to aſtronomy only; but, I am told, I have deep ſkill in medicine. I am applied to now by a gentleman for my advice in behalf of his wife, who, upon the leaſt matrimonial difficulty, is exceſſively troubled with fits, and can bear no manner of paſſion without falling into immediate convulſions. I muſt confeſs it is a caſe I have known before, and remember the party was recovered by certain words pronounced in the midſt of the fit, by the learned doctor who performed the cure. Theſe ails have uſually their beginning from the affections of the mind: therefore you muſt have patience to let me give you an inſtance, whereby you may diſcern the cauſe of the diſtemper, and then proceed in cure as follows:

A fine town lady was married to a gentleman of ancient deſcent in one of the counties of Great Britain, who had good-humour to a weakneſs, and was that ſort of perſon, of whom it is uſually ſaid, he is no man's enemy but his own: one who had too much tenderneſs of ſoul to have any authority with his wife; and ſhe too little ſenſe to give him any authority, for that reaſon. His kind wife obſerved this temper in him, and made proper uſe of it. But, knowing it was below a gentlewoman to wrangle, ſhe reſolved upon an expedient to ſave decorum, and wear her dear to her point at the ſame time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into fits whenever ſhe was repulſed in a requeſt, or contradicted in a diſcourſe. It was a fiſh-day, when, in the midſt of her huſband's good humour at table, ſhe bethought herſelf to try her project. She made ſigns that ſhe had ſwallowed a bone. The man grew pale as aſhes, and ran to her aſſiſtance, calling for drink. 'No, my dear,' ſaid ſhe, recovering, 'it is down; do not be frightened.' This accident betrayed his ſoftneſs enough. The next day ſhe complained, a lady's chariot, whoſe huſband had not half his eſtate, had a crane-neck, and hung with twice the air that hers did. He anſwered, 'Madam, you know my income; you know I have loſt two coach-horſes this ſpring.'—— Down ſhe fell.——'Hartſhorn! Betty, Suſan, Alice, throw water in her face.' With much care and pains, ſhe was at laſt brought to herſelf, and the vehicle in which ſhe viſited was amended in the niceſt manner, to prevent re-

lapſes; but they frequently happened during that huſband's whole life, which he had the good fortune to end in a few years after. The diſconſolate ſoon pitched upon a very agreeable ſucceſſor, whom ſhe very prudently deſigned to govern by the ſame method. This man knew her little arts, and reſolved to break through all tenderneſs, and be abſolute maſter as ſoon as occaſion offered. One day it happened, that a diſcourſe aroſe about furniture: he was very glad of the occaſion, and fell into an invective againſt china, proteſting, he would never let five pounds more of his money be laid out that way as long as he breathed [g]. She immediately fainted.—He ſtarts up as amazed, and calls for help.—The maids run to the cloſet.—He chafes her face, bends her forward, and beats the palms of her hands: her convulſions increaſe, and down ſhe tumbles on the floor, where ſhe lies quite dead, in ſpite of what the whole family, from the nurſery to the kitchen, could do for her relief.

While every ſervant was thus helping or lamenting their miſtreſs, he, fixing his cheek to

[g] About this time a faſhion of collecting uſeleſs pieces of china began to be very prevalent. It was indulged for ſome years at great expence, and to aſtoniſhing degrees. Nothing was to be ſeen but vaſt pyramids of this ware in beaufets, on chimney-pieces, and wherever they could be placed; inſomuch that houſes in thoſe days looked more like ſhops full of this merchandize for ſale, than habitations furniſhed with ſuch things for uſe, or convenience. Addiſon ridicules this abſurdity in a paper finiſhed after his beſt manner. Lover, N° 10. 'What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy to go mad for it, but now it is off.' Swift's Works, vol. xxii. p. 55, cr. 8vo.

hers, ſeemed to be following in a trance of ſorrow; but ſecretly whiſpers her, 'My dear, this will never do: what is within my power and fortune, you may always command; but none of your artifices: you are quite in other hands than thoſe you paſſed theſe pretty paſſions upon.' This made her almoſt in the condition ſhe pretended; her convulſions now came thicker, nor was ſhe to be held down. The kind man doubles his care, helps the ſervants to throw water in her face by full quarts; and when the ſinking part of the fit came again, 'Well, my dear,' ſaid he, 'I applaud your action; but I muſt take my leave of you until you are more ſincere with me; farewell for ever: you ſhall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing.' With that he ordered the maids to keep plying her with hartſhorn, while he went for a phyſician; he was ſcarce at the ſtair-head when ſhe followed, and, pulling him into a cloſet, thanked him for her cure; which was ſo abſolute, that ſhe gave me this relation herſelf, to be communicated for the benefit of all the voluntary invalids of her ſex.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

THE public is not ſo little my concern, though I am but a ſtudent, as that I ſhould not intereſt myſelf in the preſent great things in agitation. I am ſtill of opinion the French king will ſign the preliminaries. With that view, I have ſent him, by my familiar, the following epiſtle, and admoniſhed him, on pain of what I ſhall ſay of him to future generations, to act with ſincerity on this occaſion.

London, May 31, 1709.

' *Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſquire, of Great Britain, to Lewis XIV. of France.*

' THE ſurpriſing news which arrived this day, of your majeſty's having refuſed to ſign the treaty your miniſters have in a manner ſued for, is what gives ground to this application to your majeſty, from one, whoſe name, perhaps, is too obſcure, to have ever reached your territories; but one, who, with all the European world, is affected with your determinations. Therefore, as it is mine and the common cauſe of mankind, I preſume to expoſtulate with you on this occaſion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the vulgar extravagant, that the actions of a mighty prince ſhould be balanced by the cenſure of a private man, whoſe approbation or diſlike are equally contemptible in their eyes, when they regard the thrones of ſovereigns. But your majeſty has ſhewn, through the whole courſe of your reign, too great a value for liberal arts to be inſenſible that true fame lies only in the hands of learned men, by whom it is to be tranſmitted to futurity, with marks of honour or reproach, to the end of time. The date of human life is too ſhort to recompence the cares which attend the moſt private condition. Therefore it is, that our ſouls are made as it were too big for it; and extend themſelves in the proſpect of a longer exiſtence, in a good fame, and memory of worthy actions, after our deceaſe. The whole race of men have this paſſion in ſome

degree implanted in their boſoms, which is the ſtrongeſt and nobleſt incitation to honeſt attempts: but the baſe uſe of the arts of peace, eloquence, poetry, and all the parts of learning, have been poſſeſſed by ſouls ſo unworthy of thoſe faculties, that the names and appellations of things have been confounded by the labours and writings of proſtituted men, who have ſtamped a reputation upon ſuch actions as are in themſelves the objects of contempt and diſgrace. This is that which has miſled your majeſty in the conduct of your reign, and made that life, which might have been the moſt imitable, the moſt to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and excellent qualities, of which your majeſty is maſter, are loſt in their application: and your majeſty has been carrying on for many years the moſt cruel tyranny, with all the noble methods which are uſed to ſupport a juſt reign. Thus it is, that it avails nothing that you are a bountiful maſter; that you are ſo generous as to reward even the unſucceſsful with honour and riches [h]; that no laudable action paſſes unrewarded in your kingdom [i]; that you have ſearched all nations for

[h] One of his miniſters, in excuſe for his ill-ſucceſs in a buſineſs committed to his care, ſaying, that he had rather been unfortunate than culpable; it was anſwered, that the king had no farther occaſion for his ſervice, for though he gave penſions, he did not give employments to the unfortunate.

[i] This paſſage receives ſome illuſtration from the following extract of a letter of M. Colbert to Iſaac Voſſius, in June, 1662:

'Sir, Though the king is not your ſovereign, he wiſhes nevertheleſs to be your benefactor, and commanded me to ſend you the encloſed letter of exchange, as a mark of his eſteem, and a pledge of his protection. It is noted by

obſcure merit: in a word, that you are in your private character endowed with every princely quality; when all that is ſubjected to unjuſt and ill-taught ambition, which, to the injury of the world, is gilded by thoſe endowments. However, if your majeſty will condeſcend to look into your own ſoul, and conſider all its faculties and weakneſſes with impartiality; if you will but be convinced, that life is ſupported in you by the ordinary methods of food, reſt, and ſleep; you will think it impoſſible that you could ever be ſo much impoſed on, as to have been wrought into a belief, that ſo many thouſands of the ſame make with yourſelf, were formed by Providence for no other end, but by the hazard of their very being to extend the conqueſts and glory of an individual of their own ſpecies. A very little reflection will convince your majeſty, that ſuch cannot be the intent of the Creator; and, if not, what horror muſt it give your majeſty to think of the vaſt devaſtations your ambition has made among your fellow-creatures! While the warmth of youth, the flattery of crowds, and a continual ſeries of ſucceſs and triumph, indulged your majeſty in this illuſion of mind, it was leſs to be wondered at, that you proceeded in this miſtaken purſuit of grandeur; but when age, diſappointments [k], public calamities, perſonal diſ-

every body how worthily you tread in the ſteps of the celebrated Voſſius your father.—Theſe things being known to his majeſty, he takes a pleaſure in rewarding your merit, &c.' Colomiez, Bibl. Choiſ. p. 182, edit. 1700.

[k] An alluſion to M. Maintenon's letter in N° 19. See alſo N° 24, and N° 26.

tempers, and the reverſe of all that makes men forget their true being, are fallen upon you. Heavens! Is it poſſible you can live without remorſe? Can the wretched man be a tyrant? Can grief ſtudy torments? Can ſorrow be cruel?

'Your majeſty will obſerve, I do not bring againſt you a railing accuſation; but, as you are a ſtrict profeſſor of religion, I beſeech your majeſty to ſtop the effuſion of blood, by receiving the opportunity which preſents itſelf for the preſervation of your diſtreſſed people. Be no longer ſo infatuated, as to hope for renown from murder, and violence: but conſider that the great day will come, in which this world and all its glory ſhall change in a moment; when nature ſhall ſicken, and the earth and ſea give up the bodies committed to them, to appear before the laſt tribunal. Will it then, O king! be an anſwer for the lives of millions, who have fallen by the ſword, "They periſhed for my glory?" That day will come on, and one like it is immediately approaching: injured nations advance towards thy habitation: vengeance has begun its march, which is to be diverted only by the penitence of the oppreſſor. Awake, O monarch, from thy lethargy! Diſdain the abuſes thou haſt received: pull down the ſtatue which calls thee immortal: be truly great: tear thy purple, and put on ſackcloth.

I am,

Thy generous enemy,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'

N° 24. Saturday, June 4, 1709.
ADDISON [1].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 2.

In my paper of the twenty-eighth of the laſt month, I mentioned ſeveral characters which want explanation to the generality of readers: among others, I ſpoke of a pretty fellow. I have received a kind admonition in a letter, to take care that I do not omit to ſhew alſo what is meant by a very pretty fellow, which is to be allowed as a character by itſelf, and a perſon exalted above the other by a peculiar ſprightlineſs; as one who, by a diſtinguiſhing vigour, outſtrips his companions, and has thereby deſerved and obtained a particular appellation or nick-name of familiarity. Some have this diſtinction from the fair-ſex, who are ſo generous as to take into their protection ſuch as are laughed at by the men, and place them for that reaſon in degrees of favour [m].

The chief of this ſort is colonel Brunett, who is a man of faſhion, becauſe he will be ſo; and

[1] This paper N° 24, is aſſigned to Addiſon, on the authority of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. T. Tickell. See his edition of Addiſon's Works in 4to.

[m] See N° 9, N° 26, and notes.

practiſes a very janty way of behaviour, becauſe he is too careleſs to know when he offends, and too ſanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the colonel has met with a town ready to receive him, and cannot poſſibly ſee why he ſhould not make uſe of their favour, and ſet himſelf in the firſt degree of converſation. Therefore he is very ſucceſsfully loud among the wits, and familiar among the ladies, and diſſolute among the rakes. Thus he is admitted in one place, becauſe he is ſo in another; and every man treats Brunett well, not out of his particular eſteem for him, but in reſpect to the opinion of others. It is to me a ſolid pleaſure to ſee the world thus miſtaken on the good-natured ſide; for it is ten to one but the colonel mounts into a general officer, marries a fine lady, and is maſter of a good eſtate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives moſt delight to me in this obſervation is, that all this ariſes from pure nature, and the colonel can account for his ſucceſs no more than thoſe by whom he ſucceeds. For theſe cauſes and conſiderations, I pronounce him a true woman's man, and in the firſt degree 'a very pretty fellow.'

The next to a man of this univerſal genius is one who is peculiarly formed for the ſervice of the ladies, and his merit chiefly is to be of no conſequence. I am indeed a little in doubt, whether he ought not rather to be called a very happy, than a very pretty fellow; for he is admitted at all hours: all he ſays or does, which would offend in another, are paſſed over in him; and all actions and ſpeeches which pleaſe, doubly

pleaſe if they come from him: no one wonders or takes notice when he is wrong; but all admire him when he is in the right.—By the way, it is fit to remark, that there are people of better ſenſe than theſe, who endeavour at this character; but they are out of nature; and though, with ſome induſtry, they get the characters of fools, they cannot arrive to be 'very,' ſeldom to be merely 'pretty fellows.' But, where nature has formed a perſon for this ſtation amongſt men, he is gifted with a peculiar genius for ſucceſs, and his very errors and abſurdities contribute to it; this felicity attending him to his life's end: for it being in a manner neceſſary that he ſhould be of no conſequence, he is as well in old age as youth; and I know a man, whoſe ſon has been ſome years a 'pretty fellow,' who is himſelf at this hour a 'very pretty fellow.'

One muſt move tenderly in this place, for we are now in the ladies lodgings, and ſpeaking of ſuch as are ſupported by their influence and favour; againſt which there is not, neither ought there to be, any diſpute, or obſervation. But when we come into more free air, one may talk a little more at large.

Give me leave then to mention three, whom I do not doubt but we ſhall ſee make conſiderable figures; and theſe are ſuch as for their Bacchanalian performances muſt be admitted into this order. They are three brothers lately landed from Holland: as yet, indeed, they have not made their public entry, but lodge and converſe at Wapping. They have merited already

on the water-ſide particular titles: the firſt is called Hogſhead; the ſecond, Culverin; and the third, Muſquet. This fraternity is preparing for our end of the town by their ability in the exerciſes of Bacchus, and meaſure their time and merit by liquid weight, and power of drinking. Hogſhead is a prettier fellow than Culverin, by two quarts; and Culverin than Muſquet, by a full pint. It is to be feared Hogſhead is ſo often too full, and Culverin [n] over-loaded, that Muſquet will be the only laſting 'very pretty fellow' of the three.

A third ſort of this denomination is ſuch as, by very daring adventures in love, have purchaſed to themſelves renown and new names; as Jo Carry, for his exceſſive ſtrength and vigour; Tom Drybones, for his generous loſs of youth and health; and Cancrum, for his meritorious rottenneſs.

Theſe great and leading ſpirits, are propoſed to all ſuch of our Britiſh youth as would arrive at perfection in theſe different kinds; and if their parts and accompliſhments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our nation would ſoon excel all others in wit and arts, as they already do in arms.

[n] Examiner, Vol. III. N° 48. It would ſeem from the paſſage in the Examiner here referred to, that three men of diſtinction at that time, probably noblemen, were ſuppoſed to be denoted under the names of Hogſhead, Culverin, and Muſquet, from Wapping; or, as they are named by the Examiner, 'Tun, Gun, and Piſtol, from Wapping.' They are there mentioned among others, ſaid to have been, 'with at leaſt fifty more, ſufferers of figure, under this author's ſatire, in the days of his mirth, &c.' See alſo Guardian, N° 53.

N. B. The gentleman who ſtole Betty Pepin [o] may own it, for he is allowed to be ‘ a very pretty fellow.’

But we muſt proceed to the explanation of other terms in our writings.

To know what a ‘ toaſt’ [p] is in the country, gives as much perplexity as ſhe herſelf does in town: and indeed the learned differ very much upon the original of this word, and the acceptation of it among the moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and cheerful import. A toaſt in a cold morning, heightened by nutmeg, and ſweetened with ſugar, has for many ages been given to our rural diſpenſers of juſtice, before they entered upon cauſes, and has been of great and politic uſe to take off the ſeverity of their ſentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill effect, that it inclines thoſe who uſe it immoderately to ſpeak Latin, to the admiration rather than information of an audience. This application of a toaſt makes it very obvious, that the word may, without a metaphor, be underſtood as an apt name for a thing which raiſes us in the moſt ſovereign degree. But many of the wits of the laſt age will aſſert that the word, in its preſent ſenſe, was known among them in their youth, and had its riſe from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of king Charles the Second.

[o] A kept miſtreſs of a baronet at that time in the vicinity of London and Brentford, who diſſipated his fortune in conteſting elections, &c. See N° 31; and N° 129.

[p] See Tatler, N° 31 and N° 129.

It happened that, on a public day, a celebrated beauty of thoſe times was in the croſs bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glaſs of the water in which the fair one ſtood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and ſwore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toaſt. He was oppoſed in his reſolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the preſent honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever ſince been called a toaſt.

Though this inſtitution had ſo trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order; and that happy virgin, who is received and drunk to at their meetings, has no more to do in this life but to judge and accept of the firſt good offer. The manner of her inauguration is much like that of the choice of a doge in Venice: it is performed by balloting; and when ſhe is ſo choſen, ſhe reigns indiſputably for that enſuing year; but muſt be elected a-new to prolong her empire a moment beyond it. When ſhe is regularly choſen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking-glaſs [q]. The hiero-

[q] It was the faſhion of the time, to inſcribe verſes thus to the reigning beauties. Several of theſe ſprightly productions, 'on the toaſting-glaſſes of the Kit-cat club,' by the lords Halifax, Wharton, Landſdowne, and Carbury, by Mr. Maynwaring, and other poetical members of that ingenious ſociety, may be ſeen in Nichols's Select Collection of Miſcellany Poems, vol. v. p. 168—178. 276. Lady Sunderland in particular, one of the duke of Marlborough's daughters, was celebrated under the name of The Little Whig; and the toaſt and pride of the party. The firſt ſtone of the theatre

glyphic of the diamond is to ſhew her, that her value is imaginary; and that of the glaſs to acquaint her, that her condition is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her. This wiſe deſign admoniſhes her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her charms; as well conſidering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the humour and taſte of the company, whether the toaſt is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremoſt of the whole rank of toaſts, and the moſt indiſputed in their preſent empire, are Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Frontlet: the firſt an agreeable, the ſecond an awful beauty. Theſe ladies are perfect friends, out of a knowledge, that their perfections are too different to ſtand in competition. He that likes Gatty can have no reliſh for ſo ſolemn a creature as Frontlet; and an admirer of Frontlet will call Gatty a maypole girl. Gatty for ever ſmiles upon you; and Frontlet diſdains to ſee you ſmile. Gatty's love is a ſhining quick flame; Frontlet's, a ſlow waſting fire. Gatty likes the man that diverts her; Frontlet, him who adores her. Gatty always improves the ſoil in which ſhe travels; Frontlet lays waſte the country. Gatty does not only ſmile, but laughs at her lover; Frontlet not only looks ſerious, but frowns at him. All the men of wit (and coxcombs their followers)

in the Haymarket, built by ſir John Vanbrugh, was inſcribed with the words, 'Little Whig.' See Dr. Garth's prologue at the opening of that theatre. Muſe's Mercury for Feb. 1707. 4to. p. 35. 'As beautiful as madam Spanheim,' was likewiſe about this time a proverbial ſaying, in compliment to baron Spanheim's daughter, who by her marriage in 1710, became marchioneſs De Montandre.

are profeſſed ſervants of Gatty: the politicians and pretenders give ſolemn worſhip to Frontlet. Their reign will be beſt judged of by its duration. Frontlet will never be choſen more; and Gatty is a toaſt for life.

From my own Apartment, June 3.

I HAVE the honour of the following letter from a gentleman whom I receive into my family, and order the heralds at arms to enroll him accordingly.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'THOUGH you have excluded me the honour of your family, yet I have ventured to correſpond with the ſame great perſons as yourſelf, and have wrote this poſt to the king of France; though I am in a manner unknown in his country, and have not been ſeen there theſe many months.

"TO LEWIS LE GRAND.

"Though in your country I'm unknown,
Yet, ſir, I muſt adviſe you;
Of late ſo poor and mean you're grown,
That all the world deſpiſe you.

"Here vermin eat your majeſty,
There meagre ſubjects ſtand unfed:
What ſurer ſigns of poverty,
Than many lice, and little bread?

"Then, ſir, the preſent minute chooſe,
Our armies are advanced:
Thoſe terms you at the Hague refuſe,
At Paris won't be granted.

" Conſider this, and Dunkirk raze,
And Anna's title own;
Send one pretender out to graze,
And call the other home.

Your humble ſervant,

BREAD THE STAFF OF LIFE."

N° 25. Tueſday, June 7, 1709.

STEELE[r].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

' Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 6.

A LETTER from a young lady, written in the moſt paſſionate terms, wherein ſhe laments the misfortune of a gentleman, her lover, who was lately wounded in a duel, has turned my thoughts to that ſubject, and inclined me to examine into the cauſes which precipitate men into ſo fatal a folly[s]. And as it has been propoſed to treat of

[r] Steele was the author of this paper, and of all that relate to duelling. See N° 26, N° 28, N° 29, N° 38, and N° 39.

[s] For the legality of this practice, under the forms of our law, and the permiſſion of the magiſtrate, ſee Selden On ſingle Combat, 4to, 1610, reprinted 1706;—for the illegality of it, as it is now practiſed, even by lawyers and legiſlators, in audacious defiance of the law of God, and of this country, ſee Rouſſeau's Nouvelle Heloiſe, let. lvii. &c. and the papers of the Tatler before mentioned.

ſubjects of gallantry in the article from hence, and no one point in nature is more proper to be conſidered by the company who frequent this place than that of duels, it is worth our con-

Steele was in the Coldſtream regiment, under col. Cutts, or however in the army, when a brother officer (name unknown) communicated to him an intention of challenging a perſon who had fallen under his diſpleaſure, and was diverted from this purpoſe by what Steele ſaid to him on the ſubject. Some of this young officer's companions (for they cannot be ſtyled his friends) led him afterwards into a belief that Steele's deciſion of this affair, had been warped by his partiality for the real or ſuppoſed offender, whoſe character had eventually been raiſed at the expence, as they ſaid, of the other's honour. This miſrepreſentation produced a challenge to Steele himſelf, who was juſt at the time recovering of a fever, and endeavoured by raillery and reaſoning to divert it, in vain. Confiding in his own ſuperiority, and imagining he could chaſtiſe the youth's inſolence without endangering his life, he ultimately accepted the challenge, in contradiction to his avowed principle, and his heart. They met by appointment; and Steele's buckle breaking as he tightened his ſhoe, he took occaſion to urge this freſh diſadvantage, and renewed his endeavours to induce the challenger to deſiſt, with as little ſucceſs as before. He parried his adverſary's thruſts for ſome time, but at laſt, in a well-meant attempt to diſable him, he unfortunately ran the young man through the body, who lingered ſome time in danger of his life from the wound, but in the end happily recovered.

Lord Cutts, who, if he was not at this time, had been Steele's colonel, eſpouſed his cauſe very warmly when this affair was agitated, and while the gentleman continued in a deſperate condition. It was in this painful interim, embittered perhaps by ſome ſuch letter as is here mentioned, that Steele turned his thoughts to this ſubject. As this event preceded the death of John lord Cutts, which happened Jan. 26, 1706-7, the materials of this and the papers that follow in the order abovementioned, muſt have lain by the author ſeveral years, and might have been thrown into the form in which they now appear, about the time of the date aſſigned to them in the Tatler.

ſideration to examine into this chimerical groundleſs humour, and to lay every other thought aſide, until we have ſtripped it of all its falſe pretences to credit and reputation amongſt men.

But I muſt confeſs, when I conſider what I am going about, and run over in my imagination all the endleſs crowd of men of honour who will be offended at ſuch a diſcourſe; I am undertaking, methinks, a work worthy an invulnerable hero in romance, rather than a private gentleman with a ſingle rapier: but as I am pretty well acquainted by great opportunities with the nature of man, and know of a truth, that all men fight againſt their will, the danger vaniſhes, and reſolution riſes upon this ſubject. For this reaſon, I ſhall talk very freely on a cuſtom which all men wiſh exploded, though no man has courage enough to reſiſt it.

But there is one unintelligible word, which I fear will extremely perplex my diſſertation, and I confeſs to you I find very hard to explain, which is the term 'ſatisfaction.' An honeſt country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honour, where he happened to be very ill treated; and one of the company, being conſcious of his offence, ſends a note to him in the morning, and tells him, he was ready to give him ſatisfaction. 'This is fine doing,' ſays the plain fellow; 'laſt night he ſent me away curſedly out of humour, and this morning he fancies it would be a ſatisfaction to be run through the body.'

As the matter at preſent ſtands, it is not to do handſome actions denominates a man of honour;

it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often ſee a common ſharper in competition with a gentleman of the firſt rank: though all mankind is convinced, that a fighting gameſter is only a pickpocket with the courage of an highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of perſons and things in this town and nation, which occaſions very frequently, that a brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman, and yet his executioner eſcapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. I ſhall therefore hereafter conſider, how the braveſt men in other ages and nations have behaved themſelves upon ſuch incidents as we decide by combat; and ſhew, from their practice, that this reſentment neither has its foundation from true reaſon, or ſolid fame; but is an impoſture, made of cowardice, falſhood, and want of underſtanding. For this work, a good hiſtory of quarrels would be very edifying to the public, and I apply myſelf to the town for particulars and circumſtances within their knowledge, which may ſerve to embelliſh the diſſertation with proper cuts. Moſt of the quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from ſome valiant coxcomb's perſiſting in the wrong, to defend ſome prevailing folly, and preſerve himſelf from the integrity of owning a miſtake [t].

By this means it is called 'giving a man ſatisfaction,' to urge your offence againſt him with your ſword; which puts me in mind of

[t] See Steele's Theatre, N° 26.

Peter's order to the keeper, in The Tale of a Tub [u]: 'If you neglect to do all this, damn you and your generation for ever: and ſo we bid you heartily farewell.' If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained and turned into downright Engliſh, would it not run after this manner?

'SIR,

'YOUR extraordinary behaviour laſt night, and the liberty you were pleaſed to take with me, makes me this morning give you this to tell you, becauſe you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde-park, an hour hence; and becauſe you want both breeding and humanity, I deſire you would come with a piſtol in your hand, on horſeback, and endeavour to ſhoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleaſure, I ſhall ſay, you are a raſcal, on every poſt in town: and ſo, ſir, if you will not injure me more, I ſhall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, ſir, do not fail of getting every thing ready; and you will infinitely oblige, ſir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant, &c.'

From my own Apartment, June 6.

AMONG the many employments I am neceſſarily put upon by my friends, that of giving advice is the moſt unwelcome to me; and, indeed, I am forced to uſe a little art in the manner; for ſome people will aſk counſel of you, when

[u] Tale of a Tub, ſect. 4.

they have already acted what they tell you is ſtill under deliberation. I had almoſt loſt a very good friend the other day, who came to know how I liked his deſign to marry ſuch a lady? I anſwered, 'By no means; and I muſt be poſitive againſt it, for very ſolid reaſons, which are not proper to be communicated.' 'Not proper to be communicated!' ſaid he, with a grave air, 'I will know the bottom of this.' I ſaw him moved, and knew from thence he was already determined; therefore evaded it by ſaying, 'To tell you the truth, dear Frank, of all women living, I would have her myſelf.' 'Iſaac,' ſaid he, 'thou art too late, for we have been both one theſe two months.'

I learned this caution by a gentleman's conſulting me formerly about his ſon. He railed at his damned extravagance, and told me, in a very little time he would beggar him by the exorbitant bills which came from Oxford every quarter. 'Make the rogue bite upon the bridle,' ſaid I; 'pay none of his bills; it will but encourage him to further treſpaſſes.' He looked plaguy ſour at me. His ſon ſoon after ſent up a paper of verſes forſooth, in print, on the laſt public occaſion; upon which, he is convinced the boy has parts, and a lad of ſpirit is not to be too much cramped in his maintenance, leſt he take ill courſes. Neither father nor ſon can ever ſince endure the ſight of me.

Theſe ſort of people aſk opinions only out of the fulneſs of their hearts on the ſubject of their perplexity, and not from a deſire of information.

There is nothing ſo eaſy as to find out which opinion the man in doubt has a mind to; therefore the ſure way is, to tell him that is certainly to be choſen. Then you are to be very clear and poſitive; leave no handle for ſcruple. 'Bleſs me! ſir, there is no room for a queſtion!' This rivets you into his heart; for you at once applaud his wiſdom, and gratify his inclination. However, I had too much bowels to be inſincere to a man who came yeſterday to know of me, with which of two eminent men in the city he ſhould place his ſon; their names are Paulo and Avaro. This gave me much debate with myſelf, becauſe not only the fortune of the youth, but his virtue alſo, dependeth upon this choice. The men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the uſe and application of their riches, which you immediately ſee upon entering their doors.

The habitation of Paulo has at once the air of a nobleman, and a merchant. You ſee the ſervants act with affection to their maſter, and ſatisfaction in themſelves: the maſter meets you with an open countenance, full of benevolence and integrity: your buſineſs is diſpatched with that confidence and welcome which always accompany honeſt minds: his table is the image of plenty and generoſity, ſupported by juſtice and frugality. After we had dined here, our affair was to viſit Avaro: out comes an awkward fellow, with a careful countenance; 'Sir, would you ſpeak with my maſter? may I crave your name? After the firſt preamble, he leads us into a noble ſolitude, a great houſe that ſeemed uninhabited: but from the end of the ſpacious

hall moves towards us Avaro, with a ſuſpicious aſpect, as if he had believed us thieves; and, as for my part, I approached him as if I knew him a cut-purſe. We fell into diſcourſe of his noble dwelling, and the great eſtate all the world knew he had to enjoy in it: and I, to plague him, began to commend Paulo's way of living. 'Paulo,' anſwered Avaro, 'is a very good man; but we, who have ſmaller eſtates, muſt cut our coat according to our cloth.' 'Nay,' ſays I, 'every man knows his own circumſtances beſt; you are in the right, if you have not wherewithal.' He looked very ſour; for it is, you muſt know, the utmoſt vanity of a mean ſpirited rich man, to be contradicted when he calls himſelf poor. But I reſolved to vex him, by conſenting to all he ſaid; the main deſign of which was, that he would have us find out, he was one of the wealthieſt men in London, and lived like a beggar. We left him, and took a turn on the exchange. My friend was raviſhed with Avaro: 'This,' ſaid he, 'is certainly a ſure man.' I contradicted him with much warmth, and ſummed up their different characters as well as I could. 'This Paulo,' ſaid I, 'grows wealthy by being a common good; Avaro, by being a general evil: Paulo has the art, Avaro the craft of trade. When Paulo gains, all men he deals with are the better: whenever Avaro profits, another certainly loſes. In a word, Paulo is a citizen, and Avaro a cit.' I convinced my friend, and carried the young gentleman the next day to Paulo, where he will learn the way both to gain and enjoy a good

fortune. And though I cannot ſay I have, by keeping him from Avaro, ſaved him from the gallows, I have prevented his deſerving it every day he lives: for with Paulo he will be an honeſt man, without being ſo for fear of the law; as with Avaro he would have been a villain within the protection of it.

*** Mr. Bickerſtaff has received a letter, dated June 6, with the juſt exceptions againſt the pretence of perſons therein mentioned, to the name of 'Pretty fellows,' which ſhall be taken notice of accordingly: as likewiſe, the letter concerning the death of Thomas a Becket, from Anthony Longtail of Canterbury. Probably from Anthony Henley, eſq; who might therefore have been the author of the firſt letter in the following paper. See Tat. N° 11; N° 26; and notes.

A. Henley, eſq; was the ſon of ſir Rob. Henley of the Grange in Hampſhire, and inherited from his father a fine fortune of above 3000l. per annum. He was bred at Oxford, and early diſcovered a decided taſte for polite literature. This fine gentleman and elegant writer, was certainly a writer in the Tatler, and it may be in the firſt or ſecond volumes of the Spectator. He died in Aug. 1711. The late biſhop of Rocheſter, Dr. Z. Pearce, remembered his having read, or heard read, a paper written by A. Henley, eſq; which Steele thought too ſevere on the miniſtry, and durſt not venture to publiſh. A. Henley lived long in habits of friendſhip with R. Norton, eſq; who was likewiſe a votary of the muſes and pleaſure. See note on Tat. N° 44, and Memoirs of Illuſtrious Perſons who died in 1711, 8vo. 1712, p. 531, *et ſeqq.*

N° 26. Thurſday, June 9, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

From my own Apartment, June 8.

I HAVE read the following letter with delight and approbation; and I hereby order Mr. Kidney at St. James's, and ſir Thomas at White's, (who are my clerks for enrolling all men in their different claſſes, before they preſume to drink tea or chocolate in thoſe places,) to take care that the perſons within the deſcriptions in the letter be admitted and excluded, according to my friend's remonſtrance.

'SIR, June 6, 1709.

'YOUR paper of Saturday has raiſed up in me a noble emulation to be recorded in the foremoſt rank of worthies therein mentioned; if any regard be had to merit or induſtry, I may hope to ſucceed in the promotion, for I have omitted no toil, or expence, to be a proficient; and if my friends do not flatter, they aſſure me, I have not loſt my time ſince I came to town. To enumerate but a few particulars; there is hardly a coachman I meet with, but deſires to be excuſed taking me, becauſe he has

had me before. I have compounded two or three rapes; and let out to hire as many baſtards, to beggars. I never ſaw above the firſt act of a play[x]: and as to my courage, it is well known I have more than once had ſufficient witneſſes of my drawing my ſword both in tavern and play-houſe. Dr. Wall is my particular friend; and, if it were any ſervice to the public to compoſe the difference between Marten and Sintilaer[y] the pearl-driller, I do not know a judge of more experience than myſelf: for in that I may ſay with the poet;

'*Quæ regio in villa noſtri non plena laboris?*'

'What ſtreet reſounds not with my great exploits?'

'I omit other leſs particulars, the neceſſary conſequence of greater actions. But my reaſon for troubling you at this preſent is, to put a ſtop, if it may be, to an inſinuating increaſing ſet of people, who, ſticking to the letter of your treatiſe, and not to the ſpirit of it, do aſſume the name of "pretty fellows;" nay, and even get new names, as you very well hint. Some of them I have heard calling to one another as I have ſat at White's and St. James's, by the names of Betty, Nelly, and ſo forth. You ſee them accoſt each other with effeminate airs:

[x] The money was then returned to ſuch as withdrew at the end of the 1ſt act.

[y] Adv. Mr. Sintilaer's Scourge of Venus and Mercury, &c. with an appendix in anſwer to Mr. John Marten's reflections thereupon. Appendix alone price 6d. both together price 3s. and 6d. Sold by the author at his houſe, the late D. of Leeds's, in High Holborn, over againſt Little Turnſtile. Poſtman, Feb. 24—26, 1709.

they have their ſigns and tokens like free-maſons: they rail at woman-kind; receive viſits on their beds in gowns, and do a thouſand other unintelligible prettineſſes, that I cannot tell what to make of. I therefore heartily deſire you would exclude all this ſort of animals.

'There is another matter I foreſee an ill conſequence from, that may be timely prevented by prudence; which is, that, for the laſt fortnight, prodigious ſhoals of volunteers have gone over to bully the French, upon hearing the peace was juſt ſigning; and this is ſo true, that I can aſſure you, all ingroſſing work about the Temple is riſen above three ſhillings in the pound, for want of hands. Now as it is poſſible ſome little alteration of affairs may have broken their meaſures, and that they will poſt back again, I am under the laſt apprehenſion, that theſe will, at their return, all ſet up for "pretty fellows," and thereby confound all merit and ſervice, and impoſe on us ſome new alteration in our night-cap wigs [z], and pockets, unleſs you can provide a particular claſs for them. I cannot apply myſelf better than to you, and I am ſure I ſpeak the mind of a very great number, as deſerving as myſelf.'

[z] There was a ſort of perriwig, with a ſhort tye and a ſmall round head, in faſhion about this time, called a 'night-cap-wig.' But the high dreſs wig, anſwerable to the female commode mentioned in theſe papers, was the full-bottomed huge falbala perriwig, frequently ſeen in the portraits of this age, and ſaid to have been the invention of a French courtier to conceal ſome deformity in the ſhoulders of the dauphin, or the duke of Burgundy. It is called a long Duvillier, from the name of a French perriwig-maker, in Tat. N° 29.

The pretenſions of this correſpondent are worthy a particular diſtinction; he cannot indeed be admitted as 'pretty,' but is what we more juſtly call a 'ſmart fellow.' Never to pay at the playhouſe is an act of frugality that lets you into his character; and his expedient in ſending his children a-begging before they can go, are characteriſtical inſtances that he belongs to this claſs. I never ſaw the gentleman; but I know by his letter he hangs his cane to his button [a]; and by ſome lines of it he ſhould wear red-heeled ſhoes; which are eſſential parts of the habit belonging to the order of 'ſmart fellows [b].'

My familiar is returned with the following letter from the French king.

'Verſailles, June 13, 1709.

'*Lewis XIV. to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq.* [c].

'SIR,

'I HAVE your epiſtle, and muſt take the liberty to ſay, that there has been a time, when there were generous ſpirits in Great Britain, who would not have ſuffered my name to be treated with the familiarity you think fit to

[a] See N° 9, N° 24, N° 27, N° 28, N° 29, and N° 30.

[b] This ſmart correſpondent was probably Anthony Henley, eſq; M. P. for Weymouth, or Melcomb, a gentleman eminent for wit and gaiety; a friend to all men of letters, and peculiarly attached to Steele, being a zealous aſſertor of the ſame generous political principles. See more of him Tat. N° 11, note; N° 25, *ad finem*; N° 44, note on R. Norton, eſq; and N° 193, notes on Downes's Let.

[c] N° 19, and N° 24, Let. of M. Maintenon, &c.

uſe. I thought liberal men would not be ſuch time-ſervers, as to fall upon a man becauſe his friends are not in power. But, having ſome concern for what you may tranſmit to poſterity concerning me, I am willing to keep terms with you, and make a requeſt to you, which is, that you would give my ſervice to the nineteenth century (if ever you or yours reach them) and tell them, that I have ſettled all matters between them and me by monſieur Boileau. I ſhould be glad to ſee you here.'

It is very odd this prince ſhould offer to invite me into his dominions, or believe I ſhould accept the invitation. No, no, I remember too well how he ſerved an ingenious gentleman, a friend of mine, whom he locked up in the Baſtile for no reaſon in the world, but becauſe he was a wit, and feared he might mention him with juſtice in ſome of his writings. His way is, that all men of ſenſe are preferred, baniſhed, or impriſoned. He has indeed a ſort of juſtice in him, like that of the gameſters; for if a ſtander-by ſees one at play cheat, he has a right to come in for ſhares, as knowing the myſteries of the game [d].

[d] Sir John Vanbrugh was, moſt probably, the ingenious gentleman alluded to here.

George Burnett, eſq; of Kemnay in Aberdeenſhire, was likewiſe about this time locked up in the Baſtile, on the information of his landlord, for tranſcribing inſcriptions on the tombſtones of a church-yard. Mr. Burnett had been at the court of Hanover, and was perſonally known to the Princeſs Sophia, who with great difficulty procured his liberty. He was a ſuitor to the ingenious Mrs. Catherine Trotter, who married Mr. Cockburn in 1708, and in whoſe works ſeveral of his letters are publiſhed. Part of a ſilver ſpoon, which

This is a very wiſe and juſt maxim; and if I have not left at Mr. Morphew's, directed to me, bank bills for two hundred pounds, on or before this day ſeven-night, I ſhall tell how Tom Caſh got his eſtate. I expect three hundred pounds of Mr. Soilett, for concealing all the money he has lent to himſelf, and his landed friend bound with him at thirty per cent. at his ſcrivener's. Abſolute princes make people pay what they pleaſe in deference to their power: I do not know why I ſhould not do the ſame, out of fear or reſpect to my knowledge. I always preſerve decorums and civilities to the fair ſex: therefore, if a certain lady, who left her coach at the New Exchange door in the Strand, and whipt down Durham-yard into a boat with a young gentleman for Vauxhall [c]; I ſay, if ſhe will ſend me word, that I may give the fan which ſhe dropped, and I found, to my ſiſter Jenny, there ſhall be no more ſaid of it. I expect huſh-money to be regularly ſent for every folly or vice any one commits in this whole town; and hope, I may pretend to deſerve it better than a chamber-maid or a valet de chambre; they only whiſper it to the little ſet of their companions; but I can tell it to all men living, or who are to live. Therefore I deſire all my readers to pay their fines, or mend their lives.

he uſed in the Baſtile, and broke as he left it, is preſerved in the family as a memorial of his confinement.

About half a century before this, the comte de Buſſi was impriſoned in the Baſtile, by the orders of this monarch; and Charles Patin was obliged to fly from his dominions ſoon after, to avoid the ſame fate.

[c] In the Tatler in folio it is Fox-Hall.

White's Coffee-houſe, May 27.

My familiar being come from France, with an anſwer to my letter to Lewis of that kingdom, inſtead of going on in a diſcourſe of what he had ſeen in that court, he put on the immediate concern of a Guardian, and fell to inquiring into my thoughts and adventures ſince his journey. As ſhort as his ſtay had been, I confeſſed I had had many occaſions for his aſſiſtance in my conduct; but communicated to him my thoughts of putting all my force againſt the horrid and ſenſeleſs cuſtom of duels [f]. 'If it were poſſible,' ſaid he, 'to laugh at things in themſelves ſo deeply tragical as the impertinent profuſion of human life, I think I could divert you with a figure I ſaw juſt after my death, when the philoſopher threw me, as I told you ſome days ago, into the pail of water.

'You are to know that, when men leave the body, there are receptacles for them as ſoon as they depart, according to the manner in which they lived and died. At the very inſtant I was killed, there came away with me a ſpirit which had loſt its body in a duel. We were both examined. Me the whole aſſembly looked at, with kindneſs and pity, but at the ſame time with an air of welcome and conſolation: they pronounced me very happy, who had died in innocence; and told me a quite different place was allotted for my companion; there being a great diſtance from the manſions of fools and innocents:

[f] See N° 25, N° 28, N° 29, N° 31, and N° 38.

" though at the ſame time," ſaid one of the ghoſts, " there is a great affinity between an idiot who has been ſo for a long life, and a child who departs before maturity. But this gentleman who is arrived with you is a fool of his own making, is ignorant out of choice, and will fare accordingly." The aſſembly began to flock about him, and one ſaid to him, " Sir, I obſerved you came in through the gate of perſons murdered, and I deſire to know what brought you to your untimely end?" He ſaid he had been " a ſecond." Socrates (who may be ſaid to have been murdered by the commonwealth of Athens) ſtood by, and began to draw near him, in order, after his manner, to lead him into a ſenſe of his error by conceſſions in his own diſcourſe. " Sir," ſaid that divine and amicable ſpirit, " what was the quarrel?" He anſwered, " We ſhall know very ſuddenly, when the principal in the buſineſs comes, for he was deſperately wounded before I fell." " Sir," ſaid the ſage, " had you an eſtate?" " Yes, ſir," the new gueſt anſwered, " I have left it in a very good condition, and made my will the night before this occaſion [g]." " Did you read it be-

[g] Half a century after the date of this paper, the following will is remarkable.

' London, Sept. 3, 1783.

' I am now called upon, and, by the rules of what is called honour, forced into a perſonal interview with col. Coſmo Gordon. God only can know the event, and into his hands I commit my ſoul, conſcious only of having done my duty.

' I therefore declare this to be my laſt will and teſtament, &c.

fore you ſigned it?" "Yes, ſure, ſir," ſaid the new comer. Socrates replies, 'Could a man, that would not give his eſtate without reading the inſtrument, diſpoſe of his life without aſking a queſtion [h]?" That illuſtrious ſhade turned from him, and a crowd of impertinent goblins, who had been drolls and paraſites in their life-time, and were knocked on the head for their ſaucineſs, came about my fellow traveller, and made themſelves very merry with queſtions about the words cart and terce, and other terms of fencers. But his thoughts began to ſettle into reflection upon the adventure which had robbed him of his late being: and, with a wretched ſigh, ſaid he, "How terrible are conviction and guilt, when they come too late for penitence [i]!"

Pacolet was going on in this ſtrain, but he recovered from it, and told me, it was too ſoon to give my diſcourſe on this ſubject ſo ſerious a turn; "You have chiefly to do with that part of mankind which muſt be led into reflection by degrees, and you muſt treat this cuſtom with humour and raillery to get an audience, before you come to pronounce ſentence upon it. There is foundation enough for raiſing ſuch entertainments, from the practice on this occaſion. Do

'In the firſt place, I commit my ſoul to Almighty God, in hopes of his mercy and pardon for the irreligious ſtep I now (in compliance with the unwarrantable cuſtoms of this wicked world) put myſelf under the neceſſity of taking.

(Signed) FRED. THOMAS.'

[h] Viz. about the cauſe of the quarrel, for an account of which he refers to the principal in the buſineſs.

[i] See note 2, Tat. N° 25.

you not know that often a man is called out of bed to follow implicitly a coxcomb (with whom he would not keep company on any other occaſion) to ruin and death?—Then a good liſt of ſuch as are qualified by the laws of theſe uncourteous men of chivalry to enter into combat (who are often perſons of honour without common honeſty); theſe, I ſay, ranged and drawn up in their proper order, would give an averſion to doing any thing in common with ſuch men as laugh at and contemn. But to go through this work, you muſt not let your thoughts vary, or make excurſions from your theme: conſider, at the ſame time, that the matter has been often treated by the ableſt and greateſt writers; yet that muſt not diſcourage you: for the propereſt perſon to handle it is one who has roved into mixed converſations, and muſt have opportunities (which I ſhall give you) of ſeeing theſe ſort of men in their pleaſures and gratifications, among which they pretend to reckon fighting. It was pleaſantly enough ſaid of a bully in France, when duels firſt began to be puniſhed: "The king has taken away gaming and ſtage-playing, and now fighting too; how does he expect gentlemen ſhall divert themſelves?"

N° 27. Saturday, June 11, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 9.

Pacolet being gone a-ſtrolling among the men of the ſword [k], in order to find out the ſecret cauſes of the frequent diſputes we meet with, and furniſh me with materials for my treatiſe on duelling; I have room left to go on in my information to my country readers, whereby they may underſtand the bright people whoſe memoirs I have taken upon me to write. But in my diſcourſe of the twenty-eighth of the laſt month, I omitted to mention the moſt agreeable of all bad characters, and that is, a rake [l].

[k] See N° 25, N° 26, N° 28, N° 29, N° 31, and N° 38.

[l] The compiler of Steele's life in the Biographia Britannica, concludes it with the following quotation from Shiels's Lives of the Poets. 'Steele, however, was certainly the moſt agreeable, and (if we are allowed the expreſſion) the moſt innocent rake that ever trod the rounds of indulgence.' Steele's own acknowledgement, Tat. N° 271, might perhaps have ſuggeſted, and does certainly juſtify, this unfavourable, but not unfriendly account of him. 'I ſhall not,' (ſays he) 'carry my humility ſo far as to call myſelf an avaricious man, but at the ſame time muſt confeſs, my life is at beſt but pardonable. With no greater character than this, a man would make but an indifferent progreſs in attacking prevalent and faſhionable vices, which Mr. Bickerſtaff has done with a

A rake is a man always to be pitied; and, if he lives, is one day certainly reclaimed; for his faults proceed not from choice or inclination, but from ſtrong paſſions and appetites, which are in youth too violent for the curb of reaſon, good ſenſe, good manners, and good-nature: all which he muſt have by nature and education, before he can be allowed to be, or to have been of this order. He is a poor unwieldy wretch, that commits faults out of the redundance of his good qualities. His pity and compaſſion make him ſometimes a bubble to all his fellows, let them be never ſo much below him in underſtanding. His deſires run away with him through the ſtrength and force of a lively imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful pleaſures, before reaſon has power to come in to his reſcue.

freedom of ſpirit that would have loſt both its beauty and efficacy had it been pretended to by Mr. Steele.'—With this laudable ſpirit of unſparing cenſure, Mr. Bickerſtaff expoſes here to ridicule, and abhorrence, what was notoriouſly blameable and odious in Mr. Steele. The paper for the benefit of its readers preſents them with an inſtructive picture of vicious life, from an original very amiable, however faulty; and for whom it is difficult not to indulge ſome degree of favourable partiality.

The book here quoted has been miſcalled Cibber's Lives of the Poets, but was the compilation of Robert Shiels. Dr. Johnſon's Lives of the Engliſh Poets, vol. iii. p. 183, edit. 8vo. 1781. The bookſeller contends that he gave fifteen golden guineas for the uſe of T. Cibber's name,—that he had an undoubted right to ſuppreſs the true name of the biographer —and to manage ſo with the name of the ſon, as to excite an opinion, that the publication was the work of the father.

It is probable that Dr. Johnſon cleared the work of his amanuenſis from errors; it is certain he added to its beauties. The quotation relative to Steele is a proof of this, equal to the evidence of a thouſand witneſſes.

Thus, with all the good intentions in the world to amendment, this creature ſins on againſt Heaven, himſelf, his friends, and his country, who all call for a better uſe of his talents. There is not a being under the ſun ſo miſerable as this: he goes on in a purſuit he himſelf diſapproves, and has no enjoyment but what is followed by remorſe; no relief from remorſe, but the repetition of his crime. It is poſſible I may talk of this perſon with too much indulgence; but I muſt repeat it, that I think this a character which is the moſt the object of pity of any in the world. The man in the pangs of the ſtone, gout, or any acute diſtemper, is not in ſo deplorable a condition, in the eye of right ſenſe, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The fellow with broken limbs juſtly deſerves your alms for his impotent condition; but he that cannot uſe his own reaſon is in a much worſe ſtate; for you ſee him in miſerable circumſtances, with his remedy at the ſame time in his own poſſeſſion, if he would, or could uſe it. This is the cauſe that, of all ill characters, the rake has the beſt quarter in the world; for when he is himſelf, and unruffled with intemperance, you ſee his natural faculties exert themſelves, and attract an eye of favour towards his infirmities.

But if we look round us here, how many dull rogues are there, that would fain be what this poor man hates himſelf for? All the noiſe towards [m] ſix in the evening, is cauſed by his

[m] In 1709 it would ſeem that the dinners of people of quality and faſhion in London concluded about ſix in the

mimics and imitators. How ought men of ſenſe to be careful of their actions, if it were merely from the indignation of ſeeing themſelves ill drawn by ſuch little pretenders! Not to ſay, he that leads is guilty of all the actions of his followers; and a rake has imitators whom you would never expect ſhould prove ſo. Second-hand vice, ſure, of all is the moſt nauſeous. There is hardly a folly more abſurd, or which ſeems leſs to be accounted for (though it is what we ſee every day), than that grave and honeſt natures give into this way, and at the ſame time have good ſenſe, if they thought fit to uſe it; but the fatality (under which moſt men labour) of deſiring to be what they are not, makes them go out of a method in which they might be received with applauſe, and would certainly excel, into one, wherein they will all their life have the air of ſtrangers to what they aim at.

For this reaſon, I have not lamented the metamorphoſis of any one I know ſo much as of Nobilis, who was born with ſweetneſs of temper, juſt apprehenſion, and every thing elſe that might make him a man fit for his order. But inſtead of the purſuit of ſober ſtudies and applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a conſiderable figure in the nobleſt aſſembly of men in the world; I ſay, in ſpite of that good nature, which is his proper bent, he will ſay ill-natured things aloud, put ſuch as he was, and ſtill ſhould be, out of countenance,

evening; and that the gentlemen hurried to the coffee-houſes about this hour; the expreſſion of noiſe ſeems to imply that they had drunk pretty freely. See Tat. N° 263.

and drown all the natural good in him, to receive an artificial ill character, in which he will never ſucceed; for Nobilis is no rake. He may guzzle as much wine as he pleaſes, talk bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink water-gruel, and go twice a-day to church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, Nobilis is no rake. To be of that order, he muſt be vicious againſt his will, and not ſo by ſtudy or application. All 'pretty fellows' are alſo excluded to a man, as well as all inamoratoes, or perſons of the epicene gender, who gaze at one another in the preſence of ladies. This claſs, of which I am giving you an account, is pretended to alſo by men of ſtrong abilities in drinking; though they are ſuch whom the liquor, not the converſation, keeps together. But blockheads may roar, fight, and ſtab, and be never the nearer; their labour is alſo loſt; they want ſenſe: they are no rakes.

As a rake among men is the man who lives in the conſtant abuſe of his reaſon, ſo a coquette among women is one who lives in continual miſapplication of her beauty. The chief of all whom I have the honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Mrs. Toſs: ſhe is ever in practice of ſomething which disfigures her, and takes from her charms, though all ſhe does tends to a contrary effect. She has naturally a very agreeable voice and utterance, which ſhe has changed for the prettieſt liſp imaginable. She ſees what ſhe has a mind to ſee at half a mile diſtance; but, poring with her eyes half ſhut at every one ſhe paſſes by, ſhe believes much more becoming.

The Cupid on her fan and ſhe have their eyes full on each other, all the time in which they are not both in motion. Whenever her eye is turned from that dear object, you may have a glance, and your bow, if ſhe is in humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that muſt not be in the preſence of a man of greater quality: for Mrs. Toſs is ſo thoroughly well-bred, that the chief perſon preſent has all her regards. And ſhe who giggles at divine ſervice, and laughs at her very mother, can compoſe herſelf at the approach of a man of a good eſtate.

Will's Coffee-houſe, June 9.

A FINE lady ſhewed a gentleman of this company, for an eternal anſwer to all his addreſſes, a paper of verſes, with which ſhe is ſo captivated, that ſhe profeſſed the author ſhould be the happy man in ſpite of all other pretenders. It is ordinary for love to make men poetical, and it had that effect on this enamoured man: but he was reſolved to try his vein upon ſome of her confidents or retinue, before he ventured upon ſo high a theme as herſelf. To do otherwiſe than ſo, would be like making an heroic poem a man's firſt attempt. Among the favourites to the fair-one, he found her parrot not to be in the laſt degree: he ſaw Poll had her ear, when his ſighs were neglected. To write againſt him had been a fruitleſs labour, therefore he reſolved to flatter him into his intereſt in the following manner:

To a Lady, on her Parrot.

'When nymphs were coy, and love could not prevail,
The gods diſguis'd were ſeldom known to fail;
Leda was chaſte, but yet a feather'd Jove
Surpris'd the fair, and taught her how to love.
There's no celeſtial but his heaven would quit,
For any form which might to thee admit.
See how the wanton bird, at every glance,
Swells his glad plumes, and feels an amorous trance;
The queen of beauty has forſook the dove:
Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.'

It is indeed a very juſt propoſition to give that honour rather to the parrot than the other volatile. The parrot repreſents us in the ſtate of making love: the dove, in the poſſeſſion of the object beloved. But, inſtead of turning the dove off, I fancy it would be better if the chaiſe of Venus had hereafter a parrot added (as we ſee ſometimes a third horſe to a coach), which might intimate, that to be a parrot, is the only way to ſucceed; and to be a dove, to preſerve your conqueſts. If the ſwain would go on ſucceſsfully, he muſt imitate the bird he writes upon: for he who would be loved by women, muſt never be ſilent before the favour, or open his lips after it.

From my own Apartment, June 10.

I HAVE ſo many meſſages from young gentlemen who expect preferment and diſtinction, that I am wholly at a loſs in what manner to acquit myſelf. The writer of the following letter tells me in a poſtſcript, he cannot go out of town

until I have taken ſome notice of him, and is very urgent to be ſomebody in it, before he returns to his commons at the univerſity. But take it from himſelf.

'*To Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſquire, monitor-general* [n] *of Great Britain.*

Sheer-lane, June 8.

'SIR,

'I HAVE been above ſix months from the univerſity, of age theſe three months, and ſo long in town. I was recommended to one Charles Bubbleboy [o] near the Temple, who has ſupplied me with all the furniture he ſays a gentleman ought to have. I deſired a certificate thereof from him, which he ſaid would require ſome time to conſider of; and, when I went yeſterday morning for it, he tells me, upon due conſideration, I ſtill want ſome few odd things more, to the value of threeſcore or fourſcore pounds, to make me complete. I have beſpoke them; and the favour I beg of you is, to know, when I am equipped, in what part or claſs of men in this town you will place me. Pray ſend me word what I am, and you ſhall find me, ſir, your moſt humble ſervant,

JEFFRY NICKNACK.'

I am very willing to encourage young beginners, but am extremely in the dark how to diſpoſe of this gentleman. I cannot ſee either

[n] See N° 9, N° 24, N° 26, and N° 28, notes.
[o] Charles Mather, a toyman in Fleet-ſtreet.

his perſon or habit in this letter; but I will call at Charles's, and know the ſhape of his ſnuff-box, by which I can ſettle his character. Though, indeed, to know his full capacity, I ought to be informed whether he takes Spaniſh or Muſty [p].

N° 28. Tueſday, June 14, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 13.

I HAD ſuſpended the buſineſs of duelling to a diſtant time, but that I am called upon to declare myſelf on a point propoſed in the following letter [q].

June 9, at night.

'SIR,

'I DESIRE the favour of you to decide this queſtion, whether calling a gentleman a ſmart fellow is an affront or not? A youth entering a certain coffee-houſe, with his cane tied to his button, wearing red-heeled ſhoes, I thought

[p] A quantity of muſty ſnuff was captured in the Spaniſh fleet which was taken, or burnt at Vigo in 1703; it ſoon became faſhionable to uſe no ſnuff but what had this muſty flavour. Time, and the tricks of the tobacconiſts and perfumers, put an end at laſt to this abſurd cuſtom.

[q] See N° 25, N° 26, N° 29, N° 31, N° 38, and N° 39.

of your deſcription, and could not forbear telling a friend of mine next to me, " there enters a ſmart fellow." The gentleman hearing it, had immediately a mind to pick a quarrel with me, and deſired ſatisfaction; at which I was more puzzled than at the other, remembring what mention your familiar makes of thoſe that had loſt their lives on ſuch occaſions. The thing is referred to your judgment; and I expect you to be my ſecond, ſince you have been the cauſe of our quarrel. I am, ſir, your friend and humble ſervant.'

I abſolutely pronounce that there is no occaſion of offence given in this expreſſion; for a 'ſmart fellow' is always an appellation of praiſe, and is a man of double capacity. The true caſt or mould in which you may be ſure to know him is, when his livelihood or education is in the civil liſt, and you ſee him expreſs a vivacity or mettle above the way he is in by a little jerk in his motion, ſhort trip in his ſteps, well-fancied lining of his coat, or any other indications which may be given in a vigorous dreſs [r]. Now, what poſſible inſinuation can there be, that it is a cauſe of quarrel for a man to ſay, he allows a gentleman really to be, what his taylor, his hoſier, and his milliner, have conſpired to make him? I confeſs, if this perſon who appeals to me had ſaid, he was 'not a ſmart fellow,' there had been cauſe for reſentment; but if he ſtands to it that he is one, he leaves no manner of ground for miſunderſtanding. Indeed it is a

[r] See N° 9, N° 24, N° 26, N° 27, and notes.

a moſt lamentable thing, that there ſhould be a diſpute raiſed upon a man's ſaying another is what he plainly takes pains to be thought.

But this point cannot be ſo well adjuſted, as by inquiring what are the ſentiments of wiſe nations and communities, of the uſe of the ſword, and from thence conclude whether it is honourable to draw it ſo frequently or not? An illuſtrious commonwealth of Italy [s] has preſerved itſelf for many ages, without letting one of their ſubjects handle this deſtructive inſtrument; always leaving that work to ſuch of mankind as underſtand the uſe of a whole ſkin ſo little, as to make a profeſſion of expoſing it to cuts and ſcars.

But what need we run to ſuch foreign inſtances? Our own ancient and well-governed cities are conſpicuous examples to all mankind in their regulation of military achievements. The chief citizens, like the noble Italians, hire mercenaries to carry arms in their ſtead; and you ſhall have a fellow of a deſperate fortune, for the gain of one half crown, go through all the dangers of Tothill-fields, or the Artillery-ground, clap his right jaw within two inches of the touch-hole of a muſquet, fire it off, and huzza, with as little concern as he tears a pullet [t]. Thus you ſee, to what ſcorn of danger

[s] Venice, which declined engaging in the war of the Grand Alliance in 1702. This republic, when it has occaſion for ſoldiers, commonly employs German, Swiſs, or other foreign mercenaries.

[t] The ſtate and diſcipline of the city train bands at this time was very juſtly a ſtanding ſubject of ridicule. See Tat. N° 38, and N° 41.

theſe mercenaries arrive, out of a mere love of ſordid gain: but methinks it ſhould take off the ſtrong prepoſſeſſion men have in favour of bold actions, when they ſee upon what low motives men aſpire to them. Do but obſerve the common practice in the government of thoſe heroic bodies, our militia and lieutenancies, the moſt ancient corps of ſoldiers, perhaps, in the univerſe; I queſtion, whether there is one inſtance of an animoſity between any two of theſe illuſtrious ſons of Mars ſince their inſtitution, which was decided by combat. I remember indeed to have read the chronicle of an accident which had like to have occaſioned bloodſhed in the very field before all the general officers, though moſt of them were juſtices of the peace. Captain Crabtree, of Birchin-lane, haberdaſher, had drawn a bill upon major-general Maggot, cheeſemonger in Thames-ſtreet. Crabtree draws this upon Mr. William Maggot and company. A country lad received this bill, and not underſtanding the word 'company,' uſed in drawing bills on men in partnerſhip, carried it to Mr. Jeffery Stitch of Crooked-lane (lieutenant of the major-general's company), whom he had the day before ſeen march by the door in all the pomp of his commiſſion. The lieutenant accepts it for the honour of the company, ſince it had come to him. But repayment being aſked from the major-general, he abſolutely refuſes. Upon this, the lieutenant thinks of nothing leſs than to bring this to a rupture, and takes for his ſecond Tobias Armſtrong of the Counter [u], and

[u] A ſheriff's officer.

ſends him with a challenge in a ſcrip of parchment, wherein was written Stitch *contra* Maggot, and all the fury vaniſhed in a moment. The major-general gives ſatisfaction to the ſecond, and all was well.

Hence it is, that the bold ſpirits of our city are kept in ſuch ſubjection to the civil power. Otherwiſe, where would our liberties ſoon be, if wealth and valour were ſuffered to exert themſelves with their utmoſt force? If ſuch officers as are employed in the terrible bands above mentioned, were to draw bills as well as ſwords, theſe dangerous captains, who could victual an army as well as lead it, would be too powerful for the ſtate. But the point of honour juſtly gives way to that of gain; and, by long and wiſe regulation, the richeſt is the braveſt man. I have known a captain riſe to a colonel in two days by the fall of ſtocks; and a major [x], my good friend, near the Monument, aſcended to that honour by the fall of the price of ſpirits, and the riſing of right nantz. By this true ſenſe of honour, that body of warriors are ever in good order and diſcipline, with their colours and coats all whole: as in other battalions (where their principles of action are leſs ſolid) you ſee the men of ſervice look like ſpectres with long ſides and lank cheeks. In this army you may meaſure a man's ſervice by his waiſt, and the moſt prominent belly is certainly the man who has been moſt upon action. Beſides all this, there is another excellent remark to be

[x] Major Gregory. See N° 38, N° 79, and notes.

made in the diſcipline of theſe troops. It being of abſolute neceſſity, that the people of England ſhould ſee what they have for their money, and be eye-witneſſes of the advantages they gain by it, all battles which are fought abroad are repreſented here. But, ſince one ſide muſt be beaten, and the other conquer, which might create diſputes, the eldeſt company is always to make the other run, and the younger retreats, according to the laſt news and beſt intelligence. I have myſelf ſeen prince Eugene make Catinat fly from the backſide of Grays-inn-lane to Hockley in the Hole, and not give over the purſuit, until obliged to leave the Bear-garden [y] on the right, to avoid being borne down by fencers, wild bulls, and monſters, too terrible for the encounter of any heroes, but ſuch whoſe lives are their livelihood [z].

[y] 'There was a ſort of amphitheatre here, dedicated originally to bull-baiting, bear-baiting, prize-fighting, and all other ſorts of rough game; and it was not only attended by butchers, drovers, and great crowds of all ſorts of mob, but likewiſe by dukes, lords, knights, ſquires, &c. There were ſeats particularly ſet apart for the quality, ornamented with old tapeſtry hangings, into which none were admitted under half a crown at leaſt. Its neighbourhood was famous for ſheltering thieves, pickpockets, and infamous women; and for breeding bull-dogs.' N.

[z] 'The profeſſion of a ſoldier may be diſeſteemed by ſome unthinking, not to ſay ungrateful men. But ſurely to profeſs arms, is to profeſs being ready to die for others. Nor is it an ordinary ſtruggle between reaſon, ſenſe, and paſſion, that can raiſe men to a calm and ready negligence of life, and animate them to aſſault without fear, purſue without cruelty, and ſtab without hatred. Were ſoldiers to form to themſelves (if any do not) a conſtant reaſon of their actions, they would find themſelves better prepared for all the viciſſi-

We have here ſeen, that wiſe nations do not admit of fighting, even in the defence of their country, as a laudable action; and they live within the walls of our own city in great honour and reputation without it. It would be very neceſſary to underſtand, by what force of the climate, food, education, or employment, one man's ſenſe is brought to differ ſo eſſentially from that of another; that one is ridiculous and contemptible for forbearing a thing which makes for his ſafety; and another applauded for conſulting his ruin and deſtruction.

It will therefore be neceſſary for us (to ſhew our travelling) to examine this ſubject fully, and tell you how it comes to paſs, that a man of honour in Spain, though you offend him never ſo gallantly, ſtabs you baſely; in England, though you offend him never ſo baſely, challenges fairly; the former kills you out of revenge, the latter out of good breeding. But to probe the heart of man in this particular to its utmoſt thoughts and receſſes, I muſt wait for the return of Pacolet, who is now attending a gentleman lately in a duel, and ſometimes viſits the perſon by whoſe hands he received his wounds [a].

tudes they are to meet with, when inſtead of the changeable heat of mere courage and blood, they acted upon the firm motives of duty, valour, and conſtancy of ſoul.' Steele.

[a] See N° 25, note on Steele's duel, of the truth of which this paſſage may be conſidered as a confirmation. The relation in the note referred to, was given on the authority of the late pious and learned Dr. Thomas Amory, who had it form his uncle, the rev. Mr. H. Grove, an admirable writer in the Spectator. The ſtory and the concluding paſſage of

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 13.

LETTERS from Vienna of the eighth inſtant ſay, there has been a journal of the marches and actions of the king of Sweden, from the beginning of January to the eleventh of April, N. S. communicated by the Swediſh miniſters to that court. Theſe advices inform, that his Swediſh majeſty entered the territories of Muſcovy in February laſt, with the main body of his army, in order to oblige the enemy to a general engagement; but that, the Muſcovites declining a battle, and an univerſal thaw having rendered the rivers unpaſſable, the king returned into Ukrania. There are mentioned ſeveral rencounters between conſiderable detachments of the Swediſh and Ruſſian armies. Marſhal Heiſter intended to take his leave of the court on the day after the date of theſe letters, and put himſelf at the head of the army in Hungary. The malcontents had attempted to ſend in a ſupply of proviſion into Newhauſel; but their deſign was diſappointed by the Germans.

Advices from Berlin of the fifteenth inſtant, N. S. ſay, that his Daniſh majeſty, having received an invitation from the king of Pruſſia to an interview, deſigned to come to Potſdam within a few days, and that king Auguſtus reſolved to accompany him thither. To avoid all difficulties in ceremony, the three kings, and all the company who ſhall have the honour to ſit

this paper N° 28, mutually illuſtrate and confirm each other. See Spec. N° 588, N° 601, N° 635, and notes.

with them at table, are to draw lots, and take precedence accordingly.

They write from Hamburgh of the eighteenth inſtant, N. S. that ſome particular letters from Dantzick ſpeak of a late action between the Swedes and Muſcovites near Jeriſlaw; but that engagement being mentioned from no other place, there is not much credit given to this intelligence.

We hear from Bruſſels, by letters dated the twentieth, that on the fourteenth in the evening, the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene arrived at Courtray, with a deſign to proceed the day following to Liſle, in the neighbourhood of which city the confederate army was to rendezvous the ſame day. Advices from Paris inform us, that the marſhal de Bezons is appointed to command in Dauphine, and that the duke of Berwick is ſet out for Spain, with a deſign to follow the fortunes of the duke of Anjou, in caſe the French king ſhould comply with the late demands of the allies.

The court of France has ſent a circular letter [b] to all the governors of the provinces, to recommend to their conſideration his majeſty's late conduct in the affair of peace. It is thought fit, in that epiſtle, to condeſcend to a certain appeal to the people, whether it is conſiſtent with the dignity of the crown, or the French name, to ſubmit to the preliminaries demanded by the confederates? That letter dwells upon the unreaſonableneſs of the allies, in requiring his

[b] See Tat. N° 29, laſt letter.

majeſty's aſſiſtance in dethroning his grandſon; and treats this particular in language more ſuitable to it, as it is a topic of oratory, than a real circumſtance on which the intereſts of nations, and reaſons of ſtate, which affect all Europe, are concerned.

The cloſe of this memorial ſeems to prepare the people to expect all events, attributing the confidence of the enemy to the goodneſs of their troops; but acknowledging, that his ſole dependance is upon the intervention of Providence.

N° 29. Thurſday, June 16, 1709.
STEELE[c].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 14.

HAVING a very ſolid reſpect for human nature, however it is diſtorted from its natural make, by affectation, humour, cuſtom, misfortune, or vice, I do apply myſelf to my friends to help me in raiſing arguments for preſerving it in all its individuals, as long as it is permitted. To one of my letters on this ſubject, I have received the following anſwer:

[c] See N° 25, N° 26, N° 28, N° 31, N° 38, N° 39, and notes.

' Sir,

' In anſwer to your queſtion, why men of ſenſe, virtue, and experience, are ſeen ſtill to comply with that ridiculous cuſtom of duelling, I muſt deſire you to reflect, that cuſtom has diſhed up in ruffs the wiſeſt heads of our anceſtors, and put the beſt of the preſent age into huge falbala perriwigs [d]. Men of ſenſe would not impoſe ſuch incumbrances on themſelves, but be glad they might ſhew their faces decently in public upon eaſier terms. If then ſuch men appear reaſonably ſlaves to the faſhion, in what regards the figure of their perſons, we ought not to wonder, that they are at leaſt ſo in what ſeems to touch their reputations. Beſides, you cannot be ignorant, that dreſs and chivalry have been always encouraged by the ladies, as the two principal branches of gallantry. It is to avoid being ſneered at for his ſingularity, and from a deſire to appear more agreeable to his miſtreſs, that a wiſe, experienced, and polite man, complies with the dreſs commonly received; and is prevailed upon to violate his reaſon and principles, in hazarding his life and eſtate by a tilt, as well as ſuffering his pleaſures to be conſtrained and ſoured by the conſtant apprehenſion of a quarrel. This is the more ſurpriſing, becauſe men of the moſt delicate ſenſe and principles have naturally in other caſes a particular repugnance in accommodating themſelves to the maxims of the world: but one may eaſily diſtinguiſh the man that is affected

[d] See N° 26, note; and N° 30, *ad finem*.

with beauty, and the reputation of a tilt, from him who complies with both, merely as they are impoſed upon him by cuſtom; for in the former you will remark an air of vanity and triumph; whereas when the latter appears in a long *duvillier* full of powder, or has decided a quarrel by the ſword, you may perceive in his face, that he appeals to cuſtom for an excuſe. I think it may not be improper to inquire into the genealogy of this chimerical monſter called a duel, which I take to be an illegitimate ſpecies of the ancient knight-errantry. By the laws of this whim, the heroic perſon, or man of gallantry, was indiſpenſably obliged to ſtarve in armour a certain number of years in the chace of monſters, encounter them at the peril of his life, and ſuffer great hardſhips, in order to gain the affection of the fair lady, and qualify himſelf for aſſuming the belle air; that is, of a pretty fellow, or man of honour, according to the faſhion: but, ſince the publiſhing of Don Quixote, and extinction of the race of dragons, which Suetonius ſays happened in that of Wantley [e], the gallant and heroic ſpirits of theſe latter times have been under the neceſſity of creating new chimerical monſters to entertain themſelves with, by way of ſingle combat, as the only proofs they are able to give their own ſex, and the ladies, that they are in all points men of nice honour. But, to do juſtice to the ancient and real mon-

[e] In humourous writings one may be led to ſearch for quotations no where to be found in the authors referred to, as appears from this paſſage. See The Dragon of Wantley, printed in the Reliques of Engliſh Poetry, vol. iii. P.

ſters, I muſt obſerve, that they never moleſted thoſe who were not of a humour to hunt for them in woods and deſarts; whereas, on the contrary, our modern monſters are ſo familiarly admitted and entertained in all the courts and cities of Europe (except France) that one can ſcarce be in the moſt humanized ſociety without riſking one's life; the people of the beſt ſort, and the fine gentlemen of the age, being ſo fond of them, that they ſeldom appear in any public place without one. I have ſome further conſiderations upon this ſubject, which, as you encourage me, ſhall be communicated to you by, ſir, a couſin but one remove from the beſt family of the Staffs, namely, ſir, your humble ſervant, kinſman, and friend,

TIM SWITCH.'

It is certain that Mr. Switch has hit upon the true ſource of this evil; and that it proceeds only from the force of cuſtom, that we contradict ourſelves in half the particulars and occurrences of life. But ſuch a tyranny in love, which the fair impoſe upon us, is a little too ſevere; that we muſt demonſtrate our affection for them by no certain proof but hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does at an eſtate) by ſurvivorſhip. This way of application to gain a lady's heart is taking her as we do towns and caſtles, by diſtreſſing the place, and letting none come near them without our paſs. Were ſuch a lover once to write the truth of his heart, and let her know his whole thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a paſſion for her;

but it would hardly be called love. The billet-doux would run to this purpoſe:

'MADAM,

'I HAVE ſo tender a regard for you, and your intereſts, that I will knock any man on the head whom I obſerve to be of my mind, and like you. Mr. Truman, the other day, looked at you in ſo languiſhing a manner, that I am reſolved to run him through to-morrow morning. This, I think, he deſerves for his guilt in admiring you: than which I cannot have a greater reaſon for murdering him, except it be that you alſo approve him. Whoever ſays he dies for you, I will make his words good, for I will kill him. I am, Madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.'

From my own Apartment, June 14.

I AM juſt come hither at ten at night, and have, ever ſince ſix, been in the moſt celebrated, though moſt nauſeous, company in town: the two leaders of the ſociety were a critic and a wit. Theſe two gentlemen are great opponents on all occaſions, not diſcerning that they are the neareſt each other, in temper and talents, of any two claſſes of men in the world; for to profeſs judgment, and to profeſs wit, both ariſe from the ſame failure, which is want of judgment. The poverty of the critic this way proceeds from the abuſe of his faculty; that of the wit, from the neglect of it. It is a particular obſervation, I have always made, that of all mortals a critic

is the ſilliеſt; for, by enuring himſelf to examine all things, whether they are of conſequence or not, he never looks upon any thing but with a deſign of paſſing ſentence upon it; by which means he is never a companion, but always a cenſor. This makes him earneſt upon trifles, and diſpute on the moſt indifferent occaſions with vehemence. If he offers to ſpeak or write, that talent, which ſhould approve the work of the other faculties, prevents their operation. He comes upon action in armour, but without weapons; he ſtands in ſafety, but can gain no glory. The wit, on the other hand, has been hurried ſo long away by imagination only, that judgment ſeems not to have ever been one of his natural faculties. This gentleman takes himſelf to be as much obliged to be merry, as the other to be grave. A thorough critic is a ſort of puritan in the polite world. As an enthuſiaſt in religion ſtumbles at the ordinary occurrences of life, if he cannot quote ſcripture examples on the occaſion; ſo the critic is never ſafe in his ſpeech or writing, without he has, among the celebrated writers, an authority for the truth of his ſentence. You will believe we had a very good time with theſe brethren, who were ſo far out of the dreſs of their native country, and ſo loſt in its dialect, that they were as much ſtrangers to themſelves, as to their relation to each other. They took up the whole diſcourſe; ſometimes the critic grew paſſionate, and, when reprimanded by the wit for any trip or heſitation in his voice, he would anſwer, ‘ Mr. Dryden makes ſuch a character, on ſuch an occaſion,

break off in the ſame manner; ſo that the ſtop was according to nature, and as a man in a paſſion ſhould do.' The wit, who is as far gone in letters as himſelf, ſeems to be at a loſs to anſwer ſuch an apology; and concludes only, that though his anger is juſtly vented, it wants fire in the utterance. If wit is to be meaſured by the circumſtances of time and place, there is no man has generally ſo little of that talent as he who is a wit by profeſſion. What he ſays, inſtead of ariſing from the occaſion, has an occaſion invented to bring it in. Thus he is new for no other reaſon, but that he talks like nobody elſe; but has taken up a method of his own, without commerce of dialogue with other people. The lively Jaſper Dactyle[f] is one of this character. He ſeems to have made a vow to be witty to his life's end. When you meet him, 'What do you think,' ſays he, 'I have been entertaining myſelf with?' Then out comes a premeditated turn; to which it is to no purpoſe to anſwer, for he goes on in the ſame ſtrain of thought he deſigned without your ſpeaking. Therefore I have a general anſwer to all he can ſay; as, 'Sure there never was any creature had ſo much fire!' Spondee, who is a critic, is ſeldom out of this fine man's company. They have no manner of affection for each other, but keep together, like Novel and Oldfox in the Plain Dealer, becauſe they ſhew each other. I know ſeveral men of ſenſe who can be diverted with this couple; but I ſee

[f] See N° 3, and N° 63.

no curioſity in the thing, except it be, that Spondee is dull; but Dactyle is heavy with a briſk face. It muſt be owned alſo, that Dactyle has almoſt vigour enough to be a coxcomb; but Spondee, by the lowneſs of his conſtitution, is only a blockhead.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 15.

We have no particulars of moment ſince our laſt, except it be, that the copy of the following original letter came by the way of Oſtend. It is ſaid to have been found in the cloſet of monſieur Chamillard, the late ſecretary of ſtate of France, ſince his diſgrace. It was ſigned by two brothers of the famous Cavallier [g], who led

[g] James Cavallier was the celebrated leader of the French proteſtants in the Cevennes, when theſe warlike but enthuſiaſtic mountaineers oppoſed the tyranny of Lewis XIV. and made a vigorous ſtand againſt the whole power of France, which for a long time laboured in vain to ſubdue them. It was in the heat of this gallant ſtruggle to preſerve themſelves from religious ſlavery, that the firſt ſeeds of that wild fanaticiſm were ſown, which afterwards grew up to ſuch an amazing extravagance, and diſtinguiſhed them by the name of French prophets, among the moſt extraordinary enthuſiaſts that are to be found in the hiſtory of human folly. P. See Tat. N° 11, and note.

Cavallier, who found in his latter days an hoſpitable aſylum in Ireland, publiſhed, in 1726, 'Memoirs of the wars of the Cevennes, under col. Cavallier, in defence of the proteſtants perſecuted in that country, and of the peace concluded between him and the mareſchal duke of Villars; of his conference with the king of France, after the concluſion of the peace; with letters relating thereto, from mareſchal Villars, and Chamillard, ſecretary of ſtate.' Theſe Memoirs, the author tells lord Carteret, at that time lord-lieutenant of Ireland, 'contain a melancholy and doleful relation of the ſad

the Cevennois [h], and had a perſonal interview with the king, as well as a capitulation to lay down his arms, and leave the dominions of France. There are many other names to it; among whom is the chief of the family of the marquis Guiſcard [i]. It is not yet known whe-

effects ariſing from the ambition of tyrants, and the cruelty of bigots:

'——Quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi,
Et quorum——'

'It was not my ambition,' he adds, 'to become an author. In regard to my own character, and to do juſtice to my fellow-ſufferers, I have been obliged to draw up this ſhort account of our common adventures and misfortunes.' N.

[h] The people of the Cevennes, who have long ſtruggled with bigotry, ſuperſtition, and perſecution, are part of the deſcendants of the Albienſes and Waldenſes, ſo famous for their oppoſition to the errors and corruption of popery, long before the reformation of Luther and Calvin. They boaſt to have never been reformed, but to have held the ſame doctrine and worſhip ſince the time of the apoſtles; and there are many circumſtances that render this exceeding probable.' Cavallier, Memoirs, &c. Pref. p. xi. N.

[i] Steele, or whoever was the author of this fictitious letter, to give the perſon it is aſcribed to more dignity, violates the truth of hiſtory, and mentions the chief of the family, inſtead of a cadet, or younger brother, who was an abbé, and quitting France, uſed his pen and his ſword againſt Lewis XIV. He was employed in England, had preferment in the army, and a penſion; but, being found an uſeleſs villain, he was ſoon diſcarded. He then endeavoured to make his peace with France, by acting here as a ſpy; but being detected, he was brought before the cabinet-council, to be examined, March 8, 1711. In the courſe of his examination he took an opportunity to ſtab Mr. Harley. Of the wounds given to this aſſaſſin on that occaſion, he died in Newgate ſoon after. See the Narrative of Guiſcard's Examination, by Mrs. Manley, from facts communicated to her by Dr. Swift, in the Supplement to Dr. Swift's Works, vol. i. See alſo Examiner, N° 32.

ther monſieur Chamillard had any real deſign to favour the proteſtant intereſt, or only thought to place himſelf at the head of that people, to make himſelf conſiderable enough to oppoſe his enemies at court, and re-inſtate himſelf in power there.

' SIR,

' WE have read your majeſty's [k] letter to the governors of your provinces, with inſtructions what ſentiments to inſinuate into the minds of your people: but as you have always acted upon the maxim, that we were made for you, and not you for us; we muſt take leave to aſſure your majeſty, that we are exactly of the contrary opinion; and muſt deſire you to ſend for your grandſon home, and acquaint him, that you now know, by experience, abſolute power is only a vertigo in the brain of princes, which for a time may quicken their motion, and double in their diſeaſed ſight the inſtances of power above them; but muſt end at laſt in their fall and deſtruction. Your memorial ſpeaks you a good father of your family, but a very ill one of your people. Your majeſty is reduced to hear truth, when you are obliged to ſpeak it. There is no governing any but ſavages by other methods than their own conſent, which you ſeem to acknowledge in appealing to us for our opinion of your conduct in treating of peace.

[k] ' Soon after the breaking off of the late treaty of peace, the French king diſperſed a letter throughout his dominions, wherein he ſhews the reaſons why he could not ratify the preliminaries.' See Tat. N° 28, *ad finem.*

Had your people been always of your council, the king of France had never been reduced ſo low as to acknowledge his arms were fallen into contempt. But ſince it is thus, we muſt aſk, how is any man of France, but they of the houſe of Bourbon, the better, that Philip is king of Spain? We have outgrown that folly of placing our happineſs in your majeſty's being called, The Great. Therefore you and we are all alike[1] bankrupts, and undone; let us not deceive ourſelves, but compound with our adverſaries, and not talk like their equals. Your majeſty muſt forgive us, that we cannot wiſh you ſucceſs, or lend you help: for, if you loſe one battle more, we may have a hand in the peace you make; and doubt not but your majeſty's faith in treaties will require the ratification of the ſtates of your kingdom. So we bid you hearty farewell, until we have the honour to meet you aſſembled in parliament. This happy expectation makes us willing to wait the event of another campaign, from whence we hope to be raiſed from the miſery of ſlaves to the privileges of ſubjects. We are your majeſty's truly faithful and loyal ſubjects, &c.'

[1] 'N. B. Monſieur Bernard and the chief bankers of France became bankrupts about this time.' See N° 3, N° 5, and N° 9.

*** A new ſet of cuts for the Common Prayer, 55 in number, far exceeding any done in Great Britain before. Engraven by J. Sturt, price 3s.

N° 30. Saturday, June 18, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

From my own Apartment, June 16.

The vigilance, the anxiety, the tenderneſs, which I have for the good people of England, I am perſuaded, will in time be much commended; but I doubt whether they will be ever rewarded. However, I muſt go on cheerfully in my work of reformation; that being my great deſign, I am ſtudious to prevent my labours increaſing upon me; therefore am particularly obſervant of the temper and inclination of childhood and youth, that we may not give vice and folly ſupplies from the growing generation. It is hardly to be imagined how uſeful this ſtudy is, and what great evils or benefits ariſe from putting us in our tender years to what we are fit or unfit for: therefore on Tueſday laſt (with a deſign to ſound their inclinations) I took three lads, who are under my guardianſhip, a-rambling, in a hackney-coach, to ſhew them the town; as the lions[m],

[m] This hint of the lions at the Tower was improved by Swift into a paper 'on the pariſh lions,' in the fifth volume of the Tatler, by Harriſon and others, January 27, 1710.

the tombs [n], Bedlam [o], and the other places which are entertainments to raw minds, becauſe they ſtrike forcibly on the fancy. The boys are brothers, one of ſixteen, the other of fourteen, the other of twelve. The firſt was his father's darling, the ſecond his mother's, and the third mine, who am their uncle. Mr. William is a lad of true genius; but, being at the upper end of a great ſchool, and having all the boys below him, his arrogance is inſupportable. If I begin to ſhew a little of my Latin, he immediately interrupts: 'Uncle, under favour, that which you ſay, is not underſtood in that manner.' 'Brother,' ſays my boy Jack, 'you do not ſhew your manners much in contradicting my uncle Iſaac!' 'You queer cur,' ſays Mr. William, 'do you think my uncle takes any notice of ſuch a dull rogue as you are?' Mr. William goes on, 'He is the moſt ſtupid of all my mother's children: he knows nothing of his book: when he ſhould mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his taws and marbles, or laying up farthings. His way of thinking is, four and twenty farthings make ſixpence, and two ſixpences a ſhilling; two ſhillings and ſixpence half a crown, and two half crowns five ſhillings. So within theſe two months the cloſe hunks has

[n] See a poetical deſcription of the tombs in Weſtminſter-abbey, in Nichols's Select Collection of Poems, vol. iv. p. 167.

[o] The hoſpital at Bethlem owes its name and original eſtabliſhment to the piety of a citizen of London, Simon Fitz-Mary, in 1247, 39 Henry III. For an account of its inſtitution, orders, benefactors, &c. ſee Stow's Survey of London, vol. i. p. 21, *et ſeqq.* and Tat. N° 39.

ſcraped up twenty ſhillings, and we will make him ſpend it all before he comes home.' Jack immediately claps his hands into both pockets, and turns as pale as aſhes. There is nothing touches a parent (and ſuch I am to Jack) ſo nearly as a provident conduct. This lad has in him the true temper for a good huſband, a kind father, and an honeſt executor. All the great people you ſee make conſiderable figures on the exchange, in court, and ſometimes in ſenates, are ſuch as in reality have no greater faculty than what may be called human inſtinct, which is a natural tendency to their own preſervation, and that of their friends, without being capable of ſtriking out of the road for adventures. There is ſir William Scrip was of this ſort of capacity from his childhood: he has bought the country round him, and makes a bargain better than ſir Harry Wildfire, with all his wit and humour. Sir Harry never wants money but he comes to Scrip, laughs at him half an hour, and then gives bond for the other thouſand. The cloſe men are incapable of placing merit any where but in their pence, and therefore gain it; while others, who have larger capacities, are diverted from the purſuit by enjoyments which can be ſupported only by that caſh which they deſpiſe; and therefore are in the end ſlaves to their inferiors both in fortune and underſtanding [P]. I once heard a man of excellent ſenſe

[P] Swift, in a letter to ſecretary Bolingbroke, illuſtrates this from the practice of his lordſhip's clerks, who employed for common uſe, in his lordſhip's office, a blunt ivory folder, and not a ſharp pen-knife. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 138.

obſerve, that more affairs in the world failed by being in the hands of men of too large capacities for their buſineſs, than by being in the conduct of ſuch as wanted abilities to execute them. Jack therefore, being of a plodding make, ſhall be a citizen: and I deſign him to be the refuge of the family in their diſtreſs, as well as their jeſt in proſperity. His brother Will ſhall go to Oxford with all ſpeed, where, if he does not arrive at being a man of ſenſe, he will ſoon be informed wherein he is a coxcomb. There is in that place ſuch a true ſpirit of raillery and humour, that if they cannot make you a wiſe man, they certainly will let you know you are a fool; which is all my couſin wants, to ceaſe to be ſo. Thus having taken theſe two out of the way, I have leiſure to look at my third lad. I obſerve in the young rogue a natural ſubtilty of mind, which diſcovers itſelf rather in forbearing to declare his thoughts on any occaſion, than in any viſible way of exerting himſelf in diſcourſe. For which reaſon I will place him, where, if he commits no faults, he may go farther than thoſe in other ſtations, though they excel in virtues. The boy is well-faſhioned, and will eaſily fall into a graceful manner; wherefore I have a deſign to make him a page to a great lady of my acquaintance [q]; by which means he will be well ſkilled in the common modes of life, and make a greater progreſs in the world by that knowledge, than with the greateſt qualities without it. A good mien in a court will carry a man greater lengths than a good underſtanding

[q] See Tat. N° 207, paragraph ſecond.

in any other place. We ſee a world of pains taken, and the beſt years of life ſpent in collecting a ſet of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life, and, after all, the man ſo qualified ſhall heſitate in his ſpeech to a good ſuit of cloaths, and want common ſenſe before an agreeable woman. Hence it is, that wiſdom, valour, juſtice, and learning, cannot keep a man in countenance that is poſſeſſed with theſe excellencies, if he wants that inferior art of life and behaviour, called good-breeding. A man endowed with great perfections without this, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occaſions.

Will Courtly is a living inſtance of this truth, and has had the ſame education which I am giving my nephew. He never ſpoke a thing but what was ſaid before, and yet can converſe with the wittieſt men without being ridiculous. Among the learned, he does not appear ignorant; nor with the wiſe, indiſcreet. Living in converſation from his infancy, makes him no where at a loſs; and a long familiarity with the perſons of men, is in a manner, of the ſame ſervice to him, as if he knew their arts. As ceremony is the invention of wiſe men to keep fools at a diſtance, ſo good-breeding is an expedient to make fools and wiſe men equals.

Will's Coffee-houſe, June 17.

THE ſuſpenſion of the playhouſe has made me have nothing to ſend you from hence; but calling here this evening, I found the party I uſually ſit with, upon the buſineſs of writing,

and examining what was the handſomeſt ſtyle in which to addreſs women, and write letters of gallantry. Many were the opinions which were immediately declared on this ſubject. Some were for a certain ſoftneſs; ſome for I know not what delicacy; others for ſomething inexpreſſibly tender. When it came to me, I ſaid there was no rule in the world to be made for writing letters, but that of being as near what you ſpeak face to face as you can; which is ſo great a truth, that I am of opinion, writing has loſt more miſtreſſes than any one miſtake in the whole legend of love. For when you write to a lady for whom you have a ſolid and honourable paſſion, the great idea you have of her, joined to a quick ſenſe of her abſence, fills your mind with a ſort of tenderneſs, that gives your language too much the air of complaint, which is ſeldom ſucceſsful. For a man may flatter himſelf as he pleaſes; but he will find that the women have more underſtanding in their own affairs than we have, and women of ſpirit are not to be won by mourners. He that can keep handſomely within rules, and ſupport the carriage of a companion to his miſtreſs, is much more likely to prevail, than he who lets her ſee the whole reliſh of his life depends upon her. If poſſible, therefore, divert your miſtreſs, rather than ſigh for her. The pleaſant man ſhe will deſire for her own ſake, but the languiſhing lover has nothing to hope from, but her pity. To ſhew the difference, I produced two letters a lady gave me, which had been writ by two gentlemen who pretended to her, but were both killed the next

day after the date, at the battle of Almanza. One of them was a mercurial gay-humoured man; the other a man of ſerious, but a great and gallant ſpirit. Poor Jack Careleſs! this is his letter: you ſee how it is folded: the air of it is ſo negligent, one might have read half of it by peeping into it, without breaking it open. He had no exactneſs.

'MADAM,

'IT is a very pleaſant circumſtance I am in, that while I ſhould be thinking of the good company we are to meet within a day or two, where we ſhall go to loggerheads, my thoughts are running upon a fair enemy in England. I was in hopes I had left you there; but you follow the camp, though I have endeavoured to make ſome of our "leaguer ladies [r]" drive you out of the field. All my comfort is, you are more troubleſome to my colonel than myſelf: I permit you to viſit me only now and then; but he downright keeps you. I laugh at his honour, as far as his gravity will allow me; but I know him to be a man of too much merit to ſucceed with a woman. Therefore defend your heart as well as you can: I ſhall come home this winter irreſiſtibly dreſſed, and with quite a new foreign air. And ſo I had like to ſay, I reſt, but, alas! I remain, madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JOHN CARELESS.'

[r] Women who accompany the army are ſo called.

Now for colonel Conſtant's epiſtle: you ſee it is folded and directed with the utmoſt care.

'MADAM,

'I DO myſelf the honour to write to you this evening, becauſe I believe to-morrow will be the day of battle; and ſomething forebodes in my breaſt that I ſhall fall in it. If it proves ſo, I hope you will hear I have done nothing below a man who had the love of his country, quickened by a paſſion for a woman of honour. If there be any thing noble in going to a certain death; if there be any merit, that I meet it with pleaſure, by promiſing myſelf a place in your eſteem; if your applauſe, when I am no more, is preferable to the moſt glorious life without you: I ſay, madam, if any of theſe conſiderations can have weight with you, you will give me a kind place in your memory, which I prefer to the glory of Cæſar. I hope this will be read, as it is writ, with tears.'

The beloved lady is a woman of a ſenſible mind; but ſhe has confeſſed to me, that after all her true and ſolid value for Conſtant, ſhe had much more concern for the loſs of Careleſs. Thoſe noble and ſerious ſpirits have ſomething equal to the adverſities they meet with, and conſequently leſſen the objects of pity. Great accidents ſeem not cut out ſo much for men of familiar characters, which makes them more eaſily pitied, and ſoon after beloved. Add to this, that the ſort of love which generally ſucceeds,

is a ſtranger to awe and diſtance. I aſked Romana, whether of the two ſhe ſhould have choſen, had they ſurvived? She ſaid, ſhe knew ſhe ought to have taken Conſtant: but believed ſhe ſhould have choſen Careleſs.

'Mr. Bickerſtaff gives notice to all perſons that dreſs themſelves as they pleaſe, without regard to decorum (as with blue and red ſtockings in mourning, tucked cravats, and night-cap wigs [s], before people of the firſt quality), that he has yet received no fine for indulging them in that liberty, and that he expects their compliance with this demand, or that they go home immediately and ſhift themſelves. This is further to acquaint the town, that the report of the hoſiers, toy-men, and milliners, having compounded with Mr. Bickerſtaff for tolerating ſuch enormities, is utterly falſe and ſcandalous.'

N. B. The curious may ſee a very ſatisfactory account of the inſtitution, &c. of Bedlam, mentioned at the beginning of this paper, in a late benevolent publication by Mr. Bowen, entitled, An hiſtorical Account of the Origin, Progreſs, and preſent State of Bethlem Hoſpital, founded by Henry VIII. for the Cure of Lunatics, and enlarged by ſubſequent Benefactors, for the Reception and Maintenance of Incurables, 1783.

[s] See N° 26, and note.

N° 31. Tueſday, June 21, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, June 18.

IN my diſſertation againſt the cuſtom of ſingle combat [t], it has been objected, that there is not learning, or much reading ſhewn therein, which is the very life and ſoul of all treatiſes; for which reaſon, being always eaſy to receive admonitions and reform my errors, I thought fit to conſult this learned board on the ſubject. Upon propoſing ſome doubts, and deſiring their aſſiſtance, a very hopeful young gentleman, my relation, who is to be called to the bar within a year and a half at fartheſt, told me, that he had ever ſince I firſt mentioned duelling turned his head that way; and that he was principally moved thereto, becauſe he deſigned to follow the circuits in the north of England and ſouth of Scotland, and to reſide moſtly at his own eſtate at Landbadernawz [u] in Cardiganſhire. The northern Britons and the ſouthern Scots are a warm people,

[t] See Tatler, N° 25, and notes; N° 26, N° 28, N° 29, N° 38, and N° 39.

[u] There is no ſuch place. Probably Llandbadern Vawr in Cardiganſhire is intended.

and the Welſh ‘ a nation of gentlemen ;’ ſo that it behoved him to underſtand well the ſcience of quarreling. The young gentleman proceeded admirably well, and gave the board an account that he had read Fitzherbert's [x] Grand Abridgment, and had found that duelling is a very ancient part of the law [y]; for when a man is ſued, be it for his life or his land, the perſon that joins the iſſue, whether plaintiff or defendant, may put the trial upon the duel. Further he argued, under favour of the court, that when the iſſue is joined by the duel, in treaſon or other capital crimes, the parties accuſed and accuſer muſt fight in their own proper perſons : but if the diſpute be for lands, you may hire a champion at Hockley in the Hole [z], or any where elſe. This part of the law we had from the Saxons ; and they had it, as alſo the trial by ordeal [a], from the Laplanders. ‘ It is indeed agreed,’ ſaid he, ‘ the ſouthern and eaſtern nations never knew any thing of it ; for though the ancient Romans would ſcold and call names filthily, yet there is not an example of a challenge that ever paſſed among them.’

His quoting the eaſtern nations put another gentleman in mind of an account he had from a boatſwain of an Eaſt Indiaman ; which was, that a Chineſe had tricked and bubbled him,

[x] A book publiſhed under this title in 1516 by Anthony Fitzherbert, one of the judges in the reign of Henry VIII. who died in 1538.

[y] See N° 1, N° 25. [z] See N° 28, and note.

[a] On the ſeveral kinds of trial by ordeal, ſee Verſtegan's Decayed Intelligence revived, *paſſim*.

and that when he came to demand ſatisfaction the next morning, and like a true tar of honour called him a ſon of a whore, lyar, dog, and other rough appellatives uſed by perſons converſant with winds and waves; the Chineſe, with great tranquillity, deſired him not to come abroad faſting, nor put himſelf into a heat, for it would prejudice his health. Thus the Eaſt knows nothing of this gallantry.

There ſat at the left of the table a perſon of a venerable aſpect, who aſſerted, that 'half the impoſitions which are put upon theſe ages have been tranſmitted by writers who have given too great pomp and magnificence to the exploits of the ancient bear-garden, and made their gladiators, by fabulous tradition, greater than Gorman [b] and others of Great Britain.' He informed the company, that he had ſearched authorities for what he ſaid, and that a learned antiquary, Humphrey Scarecrow, eſquire, of Hockley in the Hole, recorder to the bear-garden, was then writing a diſcourſe on the ſubject. 'It appears by the beſt accounts,' ſays this gentleman, 'that the high names which are uſed among us with ſo great veneration, were no other than ſtage-fighters, and worthies of the ancient bear-garden. The renowned Hercules

[b] Gorman, a noted bruiſer and prize-fighter, mentioned in Lanſdowne's epilogue to the Jew of Venice.

'Tis Shakeſpear's play, and if theſe ſcenes miſcarry,
Let Gorman take the ſtage, or Lady Mary.'

N. B. Lady Mary was a rope-dancer at May-fair, much admired for her beauty, ſhape, and agility.

always carried a quarterſtaff, and was from thence called " claviger [c]." A learned chronologiſt is about proving what wood this ſtaff was made of, whether oak, aſh, or crab-tree [d]. The firſt trial of ſkill he ever performed was with one Cacus, a deer-ſtealer; the next was with Typhonus, a giant of forty feet four inches. Indeed it was unhappily recorded, that meeting at laſt with a ſailor's wife, ſhe made his ſtaff of proweſs ſerve her own uſe, and dwindle away to a diſtaff: ſhe clapped him on an old tar jacket of her huſband; ſo that this great hero drooped like a ſcabbed ſheep. Him his contemporary Theſeus ſucceeded in the bear-garden, which honour he held for many years. This grand duelliſt went to hell, and was the only one of the ſort that ever came back again. As for Achilles and Hector (as the ballads of thoſe times mention), they were pretty ſmart fellows; they fought at ſword and buckler; but the former had much the better of it; his mother, who was an oyſter-woman, having got a blackſmith of Lemnos to make her ſon's weapons. There is a pair of truſty Trojans in a ſong of Virgil that were famous for handling their gauntlets, Dares and Entellus; and indeed it does appear, they fought no ſham-prize.'

The Roman bear-garden was abundantly more magnificent than any thing Greece could boaſt of; it flouriſhed moſt under thoſe delights of

[c] Club bearer.

[d] 'It is to be noted, that when any part of this paper appears dull,' or contrary to the beſt authorities of hiſtory, 'there is always a deſign in it.' See N° 38, *ad finem*.

mankind, Nero and Domitian [e]. At one time it is recorded four hundred ſenators entered the liſt, and thought it an honour to be cudgelled and quarterſtaffed. I obſerved the Laniſtæ were the people chiefly employed, which makes me imagine our bear-garden copied much after this, the butchers being the greateſt men in it.

Thus far the glory and honour of the bear-garden ſtood ſecure, until fate, that irreſiſtible ruler of ſublunary things, in that univerſal ruin of arts, and politer learning, by thoſe ſavage people the Goths and Vandals, deſtroyed and levelled it to the ground. Then fell the grandeur and bravery of the Roman ſtate, until at laſt the warlike genius (but accompanied with more courteſy) revived in the Chriſtian world under thoſe puiſſant champions, ſaint George, ſaint Dennis, and other dignified heroes: one killed his dragon, another his lion, and were all afterwards canonized for it, having red [f] letters before them to illuſtrate their martial temper. The Spaniſh nation, it muſt be owned, were devoted to gallantry and chivalry above the reſt of the world. What a great figure does that great name, don Quixote, make in hiſtory! How ſhines this glorious ſtar in the weſtern world! O renowned hero! O mirror of knighthood!

'Thy brandiſh'd whinyard all the world defies,
And kills as ſure as del Toboſa's eyes.'

[e] Suetonius mentions this in the life of Nero, ch. 12. See Script. Hiſt. Rom. tom. iii. p. 13, ed. folio, Heidelb. 1748.

[f] An alluſion to the rubricks in the Roman miſſals.

I am forced to break off abruptly, being ſent for in haſte with my rule, to meaſure the degree of an affront, before the two gentlemen (who are now in their breeches and pumps [g] ready to engage behind Montague-houſe) have made a paſs.

From my own Apartment, June 18.

It is an unreaſonable objection, I find, againſt my labours, that my ſtock is not all my own, and, therefore, the kind reception I have met with, is not ſo deſerved as it ought to be. But I hope, though it be never ſo true that I am obliged to my friends for laying their caſh in my hands, ſince I give it them again when they pleaſe, and leave them at their liberty to call it home, it will not hurt me with my gentle readers. Aſk all the merchants who act upon conſignments, where is the neceſſity (if they anſwer readily what their correſpondents draw) of their being wealthy themſelves? Aſk the greateſt bankers, if all the men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the conſequence [h]?

[g] See N° 25, note.

[h] Mr. Tickell, who was not very friendly to Steele, makes the following acknowledgment, in his preface to to his ed. of Addiſon's Works. 'The public owes Addiſon to Steele.' To ſay nothing of the multitude of papers of which Steele was the author, many of which will bear a compariſon with any other, either in reſpect of deſign, or execution; on Mr. Tickell's principle, the public owes to Steele all the entertaining and inſtructive pieces of which he was the editor. The real authors of many of them are now unknown to us; and with the names of others, certainly Steele himſelf was unacquainted. See a proof of this, in Theatre, N° 26; and Tat. N° 205.

But indeed a country friend has writ me a letter which gives me great mortification; wherein I find I am ſo far from expecting a ſupply from thence, that ſome have not heard of me, and the reſt do not underſtand me: his epiſtle is as follows:

'DEAR COUSIN,

'I THOUGHT, when I left the town, to have raiſed your fame here, and helped you to ſupport it by intelligence from hence; but, alas! they had never heard of the Tatler until I brought down a ſet [i]. I lent them from houſe to houſe, but they aſked me what they meant. I began to enlighten them, by telling who and who were ſuppoſed to be intended by the characters drawn. I ſaid, for inſtance, Chloe [k] and Clariſſa are two eminent toaſts. A gentleman, who keeps his greyhound and gun, and one would think might know better, told me, he ſuppoſed they were papiſhes, for their names were not Engliſh. "Then," ſaid he, "why do you call live people toaſts [l]?" I anſwered, that was a new name found out by the wits, to make a lady have the ſame effect, as burridge in the glaſs when a man is drinking. "But," ſays I, "ſir, I perceive this is to you all bam-

[i] See note at the end of this letter, p. 310.

[k] See Tat. N° 4. It appears from this paſſage, that the characters drawn in theſe papers were ſuppoſed, at the time of their publication, to have been intended for perſons then living.

[l] See Tat. N° 24, and N° 29.

boozling; why you look as if you were [m] Don Diego'd to the tune of a thouſand pounds." All this good language was loſt upon him: he only ſtared, though he is as good a ſcholar as any layman in the town, except the barber. Thus, couſin, you muſt be content with London for the center of your wealth and fame; we have no reliſh for you. Wit muſt deſcribe its proper circumference, and not go beyond it, leſt, like little boys when they ſtraggle out of their own pariſh, it may wander to places where it is not known, and be loſt. Since it is ſo, you muſt excuſe me, that I am forced at a viſit to ſit ſilent, and only lay up what excellent things paſs at ſuch converſations.

'This evening I was with a couple of young ladies; one of them has the character of the prettieſt company, yet really I thought her but ſilly; the other, who talked a great deal leſs, I obſerved to have underſtanding. The lady, who is reckoned ſuch a companion among her acquaintance, has only, with a very briſk air, a knack of ſaying the commoneſt things: the other, with a ſly ſerious one, ſays home things enough. The firſt, miſtreſs Giddy, is very quick; but the ſecond, miſtreſs Slim, fell into Giddy's own ſtyle, and was as good company as ſhe. Giddy happens to drop her glove; Slim reaches it to her. "Madam," ſays Giddy, "I hope you will have a better office." Upon which Slim immediately repartees, and ſits in her lap, and cries, "Are you not ſorry for my heavi-

[m] See Tat. N° 21, and note.

neſs?" The ſly wench pleaſed me, to ſee how ſhe hit her height of underſtanding ſo well. We ſat down to dinner. Says Giddy, mighty prettily, "Two hands in a diſh, and one in a purſe." Says Slim, "Ay, madam, the more the merrier; but the fewer the better cheer." I quickly took the hint, and was as witty and talkative as they. Says I,

> "He that will not when he may,
> When he will, he ſhall have nay."

and ſo helped myſelf. Giddy turns about; "What, have you found your tongue?" "Yes," ſays I, "it is manners to ſpeak when I am ſpoken to; but your greateſt talkers are the leaſt doers, and the ſtill ſow eats up all the broth." "Ha! ha!" ſays Giddy, "one would think he had nothing in him, and do you hear how he talks, when he pleaſes!" I grew immediately roguiſh and pleaſant to a degree, in the ſame ſtrain. Slim, who knew how good company we had been, cries, 'you will certainly print this bright converſation [n].'

It is ſo; and hereby you may ſee how ſmall an appearance the prettieſt things ſaid in company make, when in print.

'Whoſoever can diſcover a ſurgeon's apprentice who fell upon Mr. Bickerſtaff's meſſenger, or (as the printers call him) "devil," going to

[n] If this letter is not by Swift, it is very much in the manner of his Polite Converſation. N.

The ſet of the Tatler mentioned by the author of this letter, could hardly conſiſt of thirty numbers, and ſeems only to have included twenty-four.

boozling; why you look as if you were [m] Don Diego'd to the tune of a thouſand pounds." All this good language was loſt upon him: he only ſtared, though he is as good a ſcholar as any layman in the town, except the barber. Thus, couſin, you muſt be content with London for the center of your wealth and fame; we have no reliſh for you. Wit muſt deſcribe its proper circumference, and not go beyond it, leſt, like little boys when they ſtraggle out of their own pariſh, it may wander to places where it is not known, and be loſt. Since it is ſo, you muſt excuſe me, that I am forced at a viſit to ſit ſilent, and only lay up what excellent things paſs at ſuch converſations.

'This evening I was with a couple of young ladies; one of them has the character of the prettieſt company, yet really I thought her but ſilly; the other, who talked a great deal leſs, I obſerved to have underſtanding. The lady, who is reckoned ſuch a companion among her acquaintance, has only, with a very briſk air, a knack of ſaying the commoneſt things: the other, with a ſly ſerious one, ſays home things enough. The firſt, miſtreſs Giddy, is very quick; but the ſecond, miſtreſs Slim, fell into Giddy's own ſtyle, and was as good company as ſhe. Giddy happens to drop her glove; Slim reaches it to her. "Madam," ſays Giddy, "I hope you will have a better office." Upon which Slim immediately repartees, and ſits in her lap, and cries, "Are you not ſorry for my heavi-

[m] See Tat. N° 21, and note.

neſs?" The ſly wench pleaſed me, to ſee how ſhe hit her height of underſtanding ſo well. We ſat down to dinner. Says Giddy, mighty prettily, "Two hands in a diſh, and one in a purſe." Says Slim, "Ay, madam, the more the merrier; but the fewer the better cheer." I quickly took the hint, and was as witty and talkative as they. Says I,

> "He that will not when he may,
> When he will, he ſhall have nay."

and ſo helped myſelf. Giddy turns about; "What, have you found your tongue?" "Yes," ſays I, "it is manners to ſpeak when I am ſpoken to; but your greateſt talkers are the leaſt doers, and the ſtill ſow eats up all the broth." "Ha! ha!" ſays Giddy, "one would think he had nothing in him, and do you hear how he talks, when he pleaſes!" I grew immediately roguiſh and pleaſant to a degree, in the ſame ſtrain. Slim, who knew how good company we had been, cries, 'you will certainly print this bright converſation [n].'

It is ſo; and hereby you may ſee how ſmall an appearance the prettieſt things ſaid in company make, when in print.

'Whoſoever can diſcover a ſurgeon's apprentice who fell upon Mr. Bickerſtaff's meſſenger, or (as the printers call him) "devil," going to

[n] If this letter is not by Swift, it is very much in the manner of his Polite Converſation. N.

The ſet of the Tatler mentioned by the author of this letter, could hardly conſiſt of thirty numbers, and ſeems only to have included twenty-four.

the preſs, and tore out of his hand part of his eſſay againſt duels, in the fragments of which were the words "you lie," and "a man of honour," taken up at the Temple-gate, and the words, "perhaps"—"may be not,"—"by your leave, ſir,"—and other terms of provocation, taken up at the door of Young Man's Coffee-houſe, ſhall receive ſatisfaction from Mr. Morphew, beſides a ſet of arguments to be ſpoken to any man in a paſſion, which if the ſaid enraged man liſtens to, will prevent quarrelling.

⁂ 'Mr. Bickerſtaff does hereby give notice, that he has taken the two famous univerſities of this land under his immediate care, and does hereby promiſe all tutors and pupils, that he will hear what can be ſaid of each ſide between them, and to correct them impartially, by placing them in orders and claſſes in the learned world, according to their merit.'

§†§ 'Mr. Bickerſtaff has received the advices from Clay-hill, which, with all intelligence from honeſt Mr. Sturdy ° and others, ſhall have their place in our future ſtory.'

° See the following paper N° 32, let. ſigned C. Sturdy, which ſeems here to be mentioned as diſtinct from the Clay-hill communication.

N° 32. Thurſday, June 23, 1709.
SWIFT AND ADDISON P.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 22.

AN anſwer to the following letter being abſolutely neceſſary to be diſpatched with all expedition, I muſt treſpaſs upon all that come with

P This humorous paper probably originated in the licentious imagination of the dean of St. Patrick's, whom no laws, divine or human, could either confine to ſtrict truth, or reſtrain from the exerciſe of indiſcriminating ſatire, and illaudable ridicule. Even Addiſon, corrupted by his company, ſeems to have been more than merely his amanuenſis, ſo that Swift might have ſaid here, in his own way of refinement, as truly at leaſt, as in the caſe of the Examiner, that he had really no hand in this paper. It came probably with Addiſon's 2d or 3d contribution from Ireland, to the author and editor of the Tatler. An humorous compliment to Janus in the article annexed, ſeems to diſcloſe, and to aſcertain the author of this paper, as an eminent punſter. The reader will ſee more proofs, or at leaſt preſumptions, of the propriety of aſcribing this paper to Swift; and Addiſon in N° 59, N° 63, and notes. What relates to Madonella in Tat. N° 63, evidently appears to have been written by the author of this paper, certainly reprehenſible, for having treated ſo ludicrouſly, ſubjects ſo ſerious, and characters ſo reſpectable. It ought not to be concealed, that this number has been ſuſpected to have been the production of A. Henley, eſq. ſent to his familiar friend Steele from Clay-hill in Middleſex. This ſuſpicion is grounded on the ſuppoſition of its being written in a ſtyle of ſuperior elegance and ſcholarſhip to moſt

horary [q] queſtions into my anti-chamber, to give the gentleman my opinion.

'TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

'SIR, June 18, 1709.

'I KNOW not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen deſperately in love with a profeſſed Platonne, the moſt unaccountable creature of her ſex. To hear her talk ſeraphics, and run over Norris[r], and More[s], and Milton[t], and the whole ſet of intellectual

of Swift's things; but the argument falls to the ground, from the probability of Addiſon's having been, on this occaſion, Swift's amanuenſis and co-adjutor. See Tat. N° 11, N° 25, N° 26, N° 44; Spect. N° 494; and notes on Anthony Henley, eſq.

[q] Horary queſtions are queſtions relative to an hour to be reſolved aſtrologically. See N° 56, and Lives of Aſhmole and Lilly, &c. 1774, p. 36, 43, *et paſſim.*

[r] John Norris, a man of great ingenuity, learning, and piety, was born in 1657, and died in 1711, aged 54. He publiſhed in 1688 The Theory and Regulation of Love, in which he conſiders all virtues and vices as the various modifications and irregularities of love. He maintained this principle, that the love of God ought to be entire, and excluſive of all other loves. Biog. Brit. art. Norris.

[s] Henry More, whoſe name is perhaps affectedly miſſpelled Moor, in the original paper, an eminent divine and Platonic philoſopher, was born in 1614, and died in 1687, aged 73. He compoſed many books, which he called 'preaching at his finger ends.' Mr. Chiſhull, an eminent bookſeller, declared, that Dr. More's Myſtery of Godlineſs, and his other works, ruled all the bookſellers of London for twenty years together.

[t] Milton, the fellow-collegian of Dr. H. More, makes up the trio of intellectual triflers here mentioned. As he was born in 1608, and died in 1674, it is obvious that theſe writers are not claſſed in a chronological order. A complete

triflers, torments me heartily; for, to a lover who underſtands metaphors, all this pretty prattle of ideas gives very fine views of pleaſure, which only the dear declaimer prevents, by underſtanding them literally: why ſhould ſhe wiſh to be a cherubim, when it is fleſh and blood that makes her adorable? If I ſpeak to her, that is a high breach of the idea of intuition. If I offer at

collection of Milton's Works not having been conſulted, it cannot be poſitively affirmed, that there is no particular tract of his referred to here; but the following fine ſentiments were probably ſufficient, to procure their author the honour of being thus ranked, and abuſed in very good company:

'In loving thou do'ſt well, in paſſion not,
Wherein true love conſiſts not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart inlarges, hath his ſeat
In reas'n, and is judicious, is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly love thou mayſt aſcend,
Love leads to heav'n, is both the way, and guide.'

MILTON'S Par. Loſt, b. viii. 588—614.

I ſpeak not of the books expreſsly ſo called, but as many, indeed moſt of Fenelon's Oeuvres Spirituelles muſt have been known at this time, it might have been expected, that he would have been claſſed here with his congenial Engliſh friends. It might be ſuppoſed to imply an unmerited and unintended cenſure on other equally excellent, and no leſs meritorious authors, to ſay that the beautiful lines above quoted, expreſs the peculiar diſtinguiſhing tenets of the ſentimental writers here alluded to; they expreſs however their leading principles; and if, guarding againſt the wantonneſs of imagination, good ſenſe and the New Teſtament be taken as guides in reading their writings, very many things will be found in them, that equally approve themſelves to every ſound underſtanding, and every well-diſpoſed heart. Not a few of their books might be mentioned, that ſeem evidently intended, and not ill-calculated, to do the heart good; that breathe and inſpire a ſpirit of piety; and therefore their luxuriancies claim the veil of candour, and even their very errors are reſpectable.

her hand or lip, ſhe ſhrinks from the touch like a ſenſitive plant, and would contract herſelf into mere ſpirit. She calls her chariot, vehicle; her furbelowed ſcarf, pinions; her blue manteau and petticoat is her azure dreſs; and her footman goes by the name of Oberon [u]. It is my misfortune to be ſix feet and a half high, two full ſpans between the ſhoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves; and, before I was in love, I had a noble ſtomach, and uſually went to bed ſober with two bottles. I am not quite ſix-and-twenty, and my noſe is marked truly aquiline. For theſe reaſons, I am in a very particular manner her averſion. What ſhall I do? Impudence itſelf cannot reclaim her. If I write miſerably, ſhe reckons me among the children of perdition, and diſcards me her region: if I aſſume the groſs and ſubſtantial, ſhe plays the real ghoſt with me, and vaniſhes in a moment. I had hopes in the hypocriſy of her ſex; but perſeverance makes it as bad as fixed averſion. I deſire your opinion, whether I may not lawfully play the inquiſition upon her, make uſe of a little force, and put her to the rack and the torture, only to convince her, ſhe has really fine limbs, without ſpoiling or diſtorting them. I expect your directions, before I proceed to dwindle and fall away with deſpair; which at preſent I do not think adviſeable, becauſe, if ſhe ſhould recant, ſhe may then hate me perhaps, in

[u] An alluſion to a muſical drama of Ben Jonſon, intituled Oberon the Fairy Prince: or perhaps to the character of Oberon in The Midſummer Night's Dream, and in Spenſer.

the other extreme, for my tenuity. I am (with impatience) your moſt humble ſervant,

CHARLES STURDY.'

My patient has put his caſe with very much warmth, and repreſented it in ſo lively a manner, that I ſee both his torment and tormentor with great perſpicuity. This order of Platonic ladies, are to be dealt with in a manner peculiar from all the reſt of the ſex. Flattery is the general way, and the way in this caſe; but it is not to be done groſsly. Every man that has wit, and humour, and raillery, can make a good flatterer for woman in general: but a Platonne is not to be touched with panegyric: ſhe will tell you, it is a ſenſuality in the ſoul to be delighted that way. You are not therefore to commend, but ſilently conſent to all ſhe does and ſays. You are to conſider, in her the ſcorn of you is not humour, but opinion.

There were, ſome years ſince, a ſet of theſe ladies who were of quality, and gave out, that virginity was to be their ſtate of life during this mortal condition, and therefore reſolved to join their fortunes, and erect a nunnery. The place of reſidence was pitched upon; and a pretty ſituation, full of natural falls and riſings of waters, with ſhady coverts, and flowery arbours, was approved by ſeven of the founders. There were as many of our ſex who took the liberty to viſit their manſions of intended ſeverity; among others[x], a famous rake of that time,

[x] A Mr. Repington, a Warwickſhire wag, is ſaid to have been the 'famous rake' here alluded to, who might probably

who had the grave way to an excellence. He came in firſt; but, upon ſeeing a ſervant coming towards him, with a deſign to tell him this was no place for him or his companions, up goes my grave impudence to the maid; 'Young woman,' ſaid he, 'if any of the ladies are in the way on this ſide of the houſe, pray carry us on the other ſide towards the gardens: we are, you muſt know, gentlemen, that are travelling England; after which we ſhall go into foreign parts, where ſome of us have already been.' Here he bows in the moſt humble manner, and kiſſed the girl, who knew not how to behave to ſuch a ſort of carriage. He goes on: 'Now you muſt know we have an ambition to have it to ſay, that we have a proteſtant nunnery in England: but pray, Mrs. Betty—— 'Sir,' ſhe replied, 'my name is Suſan at your ſervice.' 'Then I heartily beg your pardon——' 'No offence in the leaſt,' ſaid ſhe, 'for I have a couſin-german, whoſe name is Betty.' 'Indeed,' ſaid he, 'I proteſt to you, that was more than I knew; I ſpoke at random: but ſince it happens that I was near in the right, give me leave to preſent this gentleman to the favour of a civil ſalute.' His friend advances, and ſo on, until they had all ſaluted her. By this means the poor girl was in the middle of the crowd of theſe fellows, at a loſs what to do, without courage to paſs through them; and the Platonics, at ſeveral peep-holes, pale, trembling, and fretting. Rake perceived they were obſerved, and

have been accompanied with Henley, Norton, &c. See Introd. note.

therefore took care to keep Sukey in chat with queſtions concerning their way of life; when appeared at laſt Madonella [y], a lady who had writ a fine book concerning the recluſe life, and was the projectrix of the foundation. She ap-

[y] The perſon here groſsly miſrepreſented, under the name of Madonella, was, Mrs. Mary Aſtell, a lady of ſuperior underſtanding, of conſiderable learning, and ſingular piety. She was the daughter of a merchant in Newcaſtle upon Tyne, where ſhe was born about 1668, and lived about twenty years. The remainder of her inoffenſive, irreproachable, and exemplary life ſhe ſpent at London and Chelſea, where ſhe died in 1731. Mr. Norris, before mentioned, publiſhed her epiſtolary correſpondence with him on the Love of God in 1695. The well-written book alluded to is in two parts, and intitled, A ſerious Propoſal to the Ladies for the Advancement of their true and greateſt Intereſt, &c. She propoſed the eſtabliſhment of a ſeminary for female education; and the ſcheme appeared ſo rational and important to a certain great lady, that ſhe intended to have given 10,000l. towards the erection of a convenient college for this purpoſe, and as a retreat for ladies who might chuſe to lead a ſingle life, in an agreeable retirement from the buſtle and diſtractions of the world. Mr. Ballard affirms, in his Memoirs of learned Ladies, that biſhop Burnett induſtriouſly fruſtrated this generous deſign, by buzzing in the ears of a lady, who was zealouſly attached to the church of England, and over-apprehenſive of innovation, that ſuch an eſtabliſhment would be reputed, as it is miſcalled here, a proteſtant nunnery, and might pave the way to the introduction of popiſh orders, &c. There is little doubt but that the perſon here alluded to, was the truly great, and liberal-minded lady Elizabeth Haſtings; and it is a pity that ſhe was ſo far the dupe of a ridiculous argument, as to ſuffer ſuch a change to be put upon her, where the queſtion was not about the poſſible reputation, but the real nature of a harmleſs, and beneficial inſtitution. She continued, however, to the end of Mrs. Aſtell's life, her great friend and benefactreſs, and is moſt juſtly celebrated by Congreve, under the name of Aſpaſia, as 'an illuſtrious pattern to all who love praiſe-worthy things.' See N° 42, N° 63, and notes.

proaches into the hall; and Rake, knowing the dignity of his own mien and aſpect, goes deputy from his company. She begins, ‘ Sir, I am obliged to follow the ſervant, who was ſent out to know what affair could make ſtrangers preſs upon a ſolitude which we, who are to inhabit this place, have devoted to heaven and our own thoughts?’ ‘ Madam,’ replies Rake, with an air of great diſtance, mixed with a certain indifference, by which he could diſſemble diſſimulation, ‘ your great intention has made more noiſe in the world, than you deſign it ſhould; and we travellers, who have ſeen many foreign inſtitutions of this kind, have a curioſity to ſee, in its firſt rudiments, the ſeat of primitive piety; for ſuch it muſt be called by future ages, to the eternal honour of the founders: I have read Madonella's excellent and ſeraphic diſcourſe on this ſubject.’ The lady immediately anſwered, ‘ If what I have ſaid could have contributed to raiſe any thoughts in you that may make for the advancement of intellectual and divine converſation, I ſhould think myſelf extremely happy.’ He immediately fell back with the profoundeſt veneration; then advancing, ‘ Are you then that admired lady? If I may approach lips which have uttered things ſo ſacred——’ He ſalutes her. His friends followed his example. The devoted within ſtood in amazement where this would end, to ſee Madonella receive their addreſs, and their company. But Rake goes on—‘ We would not tranſgreſs rules; but if we may take the liberty to ſee the place you have thought fit to

chooſe for ever, we would go into ſuch parts of the gardens as is conſiſtent with the ſeverities you have impoſed on yourſelves.'

To be ſhort, Madonella permitted Rake to lead her into the aſſembly of nuns, followed by his friends, and each took his fair-one by the hand, after due explanation, to walk round the gardens. The converſation turned upon the lilies, the flowers, the arbours, and the growing vegetables; and Rake had the ſolemn impudence, when the whole company ſtood round him, to ſay [z], that he ſincerely wiſhed men might riſe out of the earth like plants; and that our minds were not of neceſſity to be ſullied with carnivorous appetites for the generation, as well as ſupport, of our ſpecies. This was ſpoken with ſo eaſy and fixed an aſſurance, that Madonella anſwered, 'Sir, under the notion of a pious thought, you deceive yourſelf in wiſhing an inſtitution foreign to that of Providence. Theſe deſires were implanted in us for reverend purpoſes, in preſerving the race of men, and giving opportunities for making our chaſtity more heroic.' The conference was continued in this celeſtial ſtrain, and carried on ſo well by the managers on both ſides, that it created a ſecond, and a third interview; and, without entering into further particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a mother or father that day twelvemonth [a].

[z] An alluſion to ſir T. Brown's Religio Medici, part ii. ſect. 9. edit. Lond. 1656; and *ibidem*, p. 287.

[a] This is mere fiction, and unpardonable, as it ſeems to imply an oblique cenſure on Mrs. Aſtell, of a nature totally repugnant to her eminently virtuous and reſpectable character.

Any unnatural part is long taking up, and as long laying aſide; therefore Mr. Sturdy may aſſure himſelf Platonica will fly for ever from a forward behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this model, ſhe will fall in with the neceſſities of mortal life, and condeſcend to look with pity on an unhappy man, impriſoned in ſo much body, and urged by ſuch violent deſires.

From my own Apartment, June 22.

THE evils of this town increaſe upon me to ſo great a degree, that I am half afraid I ſhall not leave the world much better than I found it. Several worthy gentlemen and critics have applied to me, to give my cenſure of an enormity which has been revived, after being long ſuppreſſed, and is called 'punning[b].' I have ſeveral arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a man of honour, who is guilty of this abuſe of human ſociety. But the way to expoſe it is, like the expedient of curing drunkenneſs, ſhewing a man in that condition: therefore I muſt give my reader warning, to expect a collection of theſe offences; without which preparation, I thought it too adventurous to introduce the very mention of it in good company; and I hope, I

[b] See an apology for punning, Guardian, N° 36. The affectation of this ſort of wit was moſt general in the reign of king James I. when it was common, and not thought unſuitable even in the pulpit. See Dr. Donne's Sermons, *paſſim*.

There ſeems here to be an oblique ſtroke at Mr. Dennis, who held punning in utter abomination.

ſhall be underſtood to do it, as a divine mentions oaths and curſes, only for their condemnation. I ſhall dedicate this diſcourſe to a gentleman, my very good friend, who is the Janus [c] of our times, and whom, by his years and wit, you would take to be of the laſt age; but his dreſs and morals, of this.

[c] Under the fanciful name of Janus, Steele clearly alludes to Swift as a punſter, the author moſt probably of the preceding part of this paper, and pays him ſome compliments in return for his communication. Swift's age was nearly the ſame as that of Steele, who was rather the ſenior of the two. This Janus had wit in abundance, but it was ſeldom innocuous; it flowed moſt freely from the 'indignation which gnawed at his heart.' See Swift's Works, vol. xii. p. 276. cr. 8vo. If it was more licentious, it was leſs laſcivious than what commonly prevailed in the age of Charles II. to which it is referred. His dreſs might be perfectly faſhionable; the compliment on the ſcore of his morals is obſcure. They might be well adapted to his times, but they were ill ſuited to his profeſſion; and in general like his writings, not very edifying, or worſe. See a compliment to Swift ſomewhat ſimilar, which Steele acknowledges to have been intentional, at the time he publiſhed it; N° 5, art. from Will's, April 20, p. 46, and note from Steele's Apology, &c. 4to. 1714, p. 49.

N° 33. Saturday, June 25, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

From my own Apartment, June 23.

My brother has made an excurſion into the country, and the work againſt Saturday lies upon me. I am very glad I have got pen and ink in my hand; for I have for ſome time longed for his abſence, to give a right idea of things, which I thought he put in a very odd light, and ſome of them to the diſadvantage of my own ſex. It is much to be lamented, that it is neceſſary to make diſcourſes, and publiſh treatiſes, to keep the horrid creatures, the men, within the rules of common decency.

I gladly embrace this opportunity to expreſs myſelf with the reſentment I ought, on people who take liberties of ſpeech before that ſex, of whom the honoured names of mother, daughter, and ſiſter are a part: I had like to have named wife in the number: but the ſenſeleſs world are ſo miſtaken in their ſentiments of pleaſure, that the moſt amiable term in human life is become the deriſion of fools and ſcorners. My brother and I have at leaſt fifty times quarrelled upon this topic. I ever argue, that the frailties of

women are to be imputed to the falſe ornaments, which men of wit put upon our folly and coquetry. He lays all the vices of men upon womens' ſecret approbation of libertine characters in them. I did not care to give up a point; but, now he is out of the way, I cannot but own I believe there is very much in what he aſſerted: but if you will believe your eyes, and own, that the wickedeſt and wittieſt of them all marry one day or other, it is impoſſible to believe, that if a man thought he ſhould be for ever incapable of being received by a woman of merit and honour, he would perſiſt in an abandoned way; and deny himſelf the poſſibility of enjoying the happineſs of well governed deſires, orderly ſatisfactions, and honourable methods of life. If our ſex were wiſe, a lover ſhould have a certificate from the laſt woman he ſerved, how he was turned away, before he was received into the ſervice of another: but at preſent any vagabond is welcome, provided he promiſes to enter into our livery. It is wonderful, that we will not take a footman without credentials from his laſt maſter; and in the greateſt concern of life, we make no ſcruple of falling into a treaty with the moſt notorious offender in this behaviour againſt others. But this breach of commerce between the ſexes, proceeds from an unaccountable prevalence of cuſtom, by which a woman is to the laſt degree reproachable for being deceived, and a man ſuffers no loſs of credit for being a deceiver.

Since this tyrant humour has gained place, why are we repreſented in the writings of men

in ill figures for artifice in our carriage, when we have to do with a profeſſed impoſtor? When oaths, imprecations, vows, and adorations, are made uſe of as words of courſe, what arts are not neceſſary to defend us from ſuch as glory in the breach of them? As for my part, I am reſolved to hear all, and believe none of them; and therefore ſolemnly declare no vow ſhall deceive me, but that of marriage: for I am turned of twenty, and being of a ſmall fortune, ſome wit, and (if I can believe my lovers and my glaſs) handſome, I have heard all that can be ſaid towards my undoing; and ſhall therefore, for warning-ſake, give an account of the offers that have been made me, my manner of rejecting them, and my aſſiſtances to keep my reſolution.

In the ſixteenth year of my life, I fell into the acquaintance of a lady extremely well known in this town for the quick advancement of her huſband, and the honours and diſtinctions which her induſtry has procured him, and all who belong to her. This excellent body ſat next to me for ſome months at church, and took the liberty, which, ſhe ſaid, her years, and the zeal ſhe had for my welfare, gave her claim to, to aſſure me, that ſhe obſerved ſome parts of my behaviour which would lead me into errors, and give encouragement to ſome to entertain hopes I did not think of. 'What made you,' ſaid ſhe, 'look through your fan at that lord, when your eyes ſhould have been turned upwards, or cloſed in attention upon better objects?' I bluſhed, and pretended fifty odd excuſes;—but con-

founded myſelf the more. She wanted nothing but to ſee that confuſion, and goes on; 'Nay, child, do not be troubled that I take notice of it; my value for you made me ſpeak it; for though he is my kinſman, I have a nearer regard to virtue than any other conſideration.' She had hardly done ſpeaking, when this noble lord came up to us, and led her to her coach.

My head ran all that day and night on the exemplary carriage of this woman, who could be ſo virtuouſly impertinent, as to admoniſh one ſhe was hardly acquainted with. However, it ſtruck upon the vanity of a girl, that it may poſſibly be, his thoughts might have been as favourable of me, as mine were amorous of him; and as unlikely things as that have happened, if he ſhould make me his wife. She never mentioned this more to me; but I ſtill in all public places ſtole looks at this man, who eaſily obſerved my paſſion for him. It is ſo hard a thing to check the return of agreeable thoughts, that he became my dream, my viſion, my food, my wiſh, my torment.

That miniſtreſs of darkneſs, the lady Sempronia [d], perceived too well the temper I was in, and would, one day after evening ſervice, needs take me to the park. When we were

[d] Steele probably adopted this name in alluſion to a ſimilar character finely drawn by Salluſt, for a beautiful bad woman of this name in Rome. The infamous perſon held up here to public deteſtation, was notorious about this time, and is ſaid to be the ſame mentioned in Tat. N° 3, and N° 54, under the title of madam d'Epingle; whether this laſt was a true or only a fictitious name, is not worth enquiry. See Salluſt, Bell. Catil. cap. xxi.

there, my lord paſſes by; I fluſhed into a flame. 'Mrs. Diſtaff[e],' ſays ſhe, 'you may very well remember the concern I was in upon the firſt notice I took of your regard to that lord; and forgive me, who had a tender friendſhip for your mother (now in her grave) that I am vigilant of your conduct.' She went on with much ſeverity, and after great ſolicitation prevailed on me to go with her into the country, and there ſpend the enſuing ſummer out of the way of a man ſhe ſaw I loved, and one whom ſhe perceived meditated my ruin, by frequently deſiring her to introduce him to me: which ſhe abſolutely refuſed, except he would give his honour that he had no other deſign but to marry me. To her country-houſe a week or two after we went: there was at the farther end of her garden a kind of wilderneſs, in the middle of which ran a ſoft rivulet, by an arbour of jeſſamine. In this place I uſually paſſed my retired hours, and read ſome romantic or poetical tale until the cloſe of the evening. It was near that time, in the heat of ſummer, when gentle winds, ſoft murmurs of water, and notes of nightingales, had given my mind an indolence, which added to that repoſe of ſoul, twilight and the end of a warm day naturally throws upon the ſpirits. It was at ſuch an hour, and in ſuch a ſtate of tranquillity I ſat, when, to my inexpreſſible amazement, I ſaw my lord walking towards me, whom I knew not until that moment to have been in the country. I could obſerve in his approach

[e] See N° 10, N° 13, and notes. Mrs. Diſtaff was at this time turned of twenty; and no longer miſs.

the perplexity which attends a man big with deſign; and I had, while he was coming forward, time to reflect that I was betrayed; the ſenſe of which gave me a reſentment ſuitable to ſuch a baſeneſs: but, when he entered into the bower where I was, my heart flew towards him, and, I confeſs, a certain joy came into my mind, with an hope that he might then make a declaration of honour and paſſion. This threw my eye upon him with ſuch tenderneſs, as gave him power, with a broken accent, to begin. 'Madam—you will wonder—for it is certain, you muſt have obſerved—though I fear you will miſinterpret the motives—but by heaven, and all that is ſacred! if you could——' Here he made a full ſtand, and I recovered power to ſay, 'The conſternation I am in you will not, I hope, believe—an helpleſs innocent maid—beſides that, the place——.' He ſaw me in as great confuſion as himſelf; which attributing to the ſame cauſes, he had the audaciouſneſs to throw himſelf at my feet, talk of the ſtillneſs of the evening, and then ran into deifications of my perſon, pure flames, conſtant love, eternal raptures, and a thouſand other phraſes drawn from the images we have of heaven, which ill men uſe for the ſervice of hell, when run over with uncommon vehemence. After which he ſeized me in his arms: his deſign was too evident. In my utmoſt diſtreſs, I fell upon my knees——'My lord, pity me, on my knees—on my knees in the cauſe of virtue, as you were lately in that of wickedneſs. Can you think of deſtroying the labour of a whole life, the pur-

poſe of a long education, for the baſe ſervice of a ſudden appetite; to throw one that loves you, that doats on you, out of the company and the road of all that is virtuous and praiſe-worthy? Have I taken in all the inſtructions of piety, religion, and reaſon, for no other end, but to be the ſacrifice of luſt, and abandoned to ſcorn? Aſſume yourſelf, my lord; and do not attempt to vitiate a temple ſacred to innocence, honour, and religion. If I have injured you, ſtab this boſom, and let me die, but not be ruined, by the hand I love.' The ardency of my paſſion made me incapable of uttering more; and I ſaw my lover aſtoniſhed, and reformed by my behaviour: when ruſhed in Sempronia. 'Ha! faithleſs baſe man, could you then ſteal out of town, and lurk like a robber about my houſe for ſuch brutiſh purpoſes!'

My lord was by this time recovered, and fell into a violent laughter at the turn which Sempronia deſigned to give her villainy. He bowed to me with the utmoſt reſpect: 'Mrs. Diſtaff,' ſaid he, 'be careful hereafter of your company;' and ſo retired. The fiend Sempronia congratulated my deliverance with a flood of tears.

This nobleman has ſince very frequently made his addreſſes to me with honour; but I have as often refuſed them; as well knowing that familiarity and marriage will make him, on ſome ill-natured occaſion, call all I ſaid in the harbour a theatrical action. Beſides that, I glory in contemning a man, who had thoughts to my diſhonour. If this method were the imi-

tation of the whole ſex, innocence would be the only dreſs of beauty; and all affectation by any other arts to pleaſe the eyes of men, would be baniſhed to the ſtews for ever. The conqueſt of paſſion gives ten times more happineſs than we can reap from the gratification of it; and ſhe, that has got over ſuch a one as mine, will ſtand among beaux and pretty fellows, with as much ſafety as in a ſummer's day among graſshoppers and butterflies.

P. S. I have ten millions of things more againſt men, if I ever get the pen again.

N° 34. Tueſday, June 28, 1709.

STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 25.

HAVING taken upon me to cure all the diſtempers which proceed from affections of the mind, I have laboured, ſince I firſt kept this public ſtage, to do all the good I could, and have perfected many cures at my own lodgings; carefully avoiding the common method of mountebanks, to do their moſt eminent operations in ſight of the people; but muſt be ſo juſt to my patients as to declare, they have teſtified under

their hands their ſenſe of my poor abilities, and the good I have done them, which I publiſh for the benefit of the world, and not out of any thoughts of private advantage.

I have cured fine Mrs. Spy of a great imperfection in her eyes, which made her keep eternally rolling them from one coxcomb to another in public places, in ſo languiſhing a manner, that it at once leſſened her own power, and her beholders vanity. Twenty drops of my ink, placed in certain letters on which ſhe attentively looked for half an hour, have reſtored her to the true uſe of her ſight; which is, to guide, and not miſlead us. Ever ſince ſhe took the liquor, which I call Bickerſtaff's circumſpection-water, ſhe looks right forward, and can bear being looked at for half a day without returning one glance. This water has a peculiar virtue in it, which makes it the only true coſmetic or beauty-waſh in the world: the nature of it is ſuch, that if you go to a glaſs with a deſign to admire your face, it immediately changes it into downright deformity. If you conſult it only to look with a better countenance upon your friends, it immediately gives an alacrity to the viſage, and new grace to the whole perſon. There is indeed a great deal owing to the conſtitution of the perſon to whom it is applied: it is in vain to give it when the patient is in the rage of the diſtemper; a bride in her firſt month, a lady ſoon after her huſband's being knighted, or any perſon of either ſex, who has lately obtained any new good fortune or preferment, muſt be prepared ſome time before they uſe it. It has an

effect upon others, as well as the patient, when it is taken in due form. Lady Petulant has by the uſe of it cured her huſband of jealouſy, and lady Gad her whole neighbourhood of detraction.

The fame of theſe things, added to my being an old fellow, makes me extremely acceptable to the fair ſex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a man in town ſo much their delight as myſelf. They make no more of viſiting me, than going to madam Depingle's [f]; there were two of them, namely, Damia and Clidamira, (I aſſure you women of diſtinction) who came to ſee me this morning in their way to prayers; and being in a very diverting humour (as innocence always makes people cheerful), they would needs have me, according to the diſtinction of pretty and very pretty fellows, inform them, if I thought either of them had a title to the very pretty among thoſe of their own ſex; and if I did, which was the more deſerving of the two?

To put them to the trial, 'Look ye,' ſaid I, 'I muſt not raſhly give my judgment in matters of this importance; pray let me ſee you dance, I play upon the kit.' They immediately fell back to the lower end of the room (you may be ſure they courteſied low enough to me) and began. Never were two in the world ſo equally matched, and both ſcholars to my name-ſake Iſaac [g]. Never was man in ſo dangerous a con-

[f] See N° 3, N° 10, N° 33, and notes.

[g] Mr. Iſaac, a famous French dancing-maſter at that time. Babillard.

dition as myſelf, when they began to expand their charms. 'Oh! ladies, ladies,' cried I, 'not half that air, you will fire the houſe.' Both ſmiled; for, by the bye, there is no carrying a metaphor too far, when a lady's charms are ſpoken of. Somebody, I think, has called a fine woman dancing, 'a brandiſhed torch of beauty.' Theſe rivals moved with ſuch an agreeable freedom, that you would believe their geſture was the neceſſary effect of the muſic, and not the product of ſkill and practice. Now Clidamira came on with a crowd of graces, and demanded my judgment with ſo ſweet an air—and ſhe had no ſooner carried it, but Damia made her utterly forgot, by a gentle ſinking, and a rigadoon ſtep. The conteſt held a full half-hour; and, I proteſt, I ſaw no manner of difference in their perfections, until they came up together, and expected ſentence. 'Look ye, ladies,' ſaid I, 'I ſee no difference in the leaſt in your performance; but you, Clidamira, ſeem to be ſo well ſatisfied that I ſhall determine for you, that I muſt give it to Damia, who ſtands with ſo much diffidence and fear, after ſhewing an equal merit to what ſhe pretends to. Therefore, Clidamira, you are a pretty; but, Damia, you are a very pretty lady: for,' ſaid I, 'beauty loſes its force, if not accompanied with modeſty. She that has an humble opinion of herſelf, will have every body's applauſe, becauſe ſhe does not expect it; while the vain creature loſes approbation through too great a ſenſe of deſerving it.'

From my own Apartment, June 27.

BEING of a very ſpare and hective conſtitution, I am forced to make frequent journies of a mile or two for freſh air; and indeed by this laſt, which was no farther than the village of Chelſea, I am farther convinced of the neceſſity of travelling to know the world: for, as it is uſual with young voyagers, as ſoon as they land upon a ſhore, to begin their accounts of the nature of the people, their ſoil, their government, their inclinations, and their paſſions; ſo really I fancied I could give you an immediate deſcription of this village, from the Five Fields, where the robbers lie in wait, to the coffee-houſe where the literati ſit in council. A great anceſtor of ours by the mother's ſide, Mr. Juſtice Overdo [h] (whoſe hiſtory is written by Ben Jonſon), met with more enormities by walking incognito than he was capable of correcting; and found great mortifications in obſerving alſo perſons of eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. Thus it fared with me, even in a place ſo near the town as this. When I came into the coffee-houſe, I had not time to ſalute the company, before my eye was diverted by ten thouſand gimcracks round the room, and on the cieling. When my firſt aſtoniſhment was over, comes to me a ſage of a thin and meagre countenance; which aſpect made me doubt, whether reading or fretting had made it ſo phi-

[h] Adam Overdo, the name of a juſtice of peace, whoſe character is drawn in Bartholomew Fair, a comedy by Ben Jonſon, 1614.

loſophic: but I very ſoon perceived him to be of that ſect which the ancients call 'gingiviſtæ;' in our language tooth-drawers. I immediately had a reſpect for the man; for theſe practical philoſophers go upon a very rational hypotheſis, not to cure, but take away the part affected. My love of mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. Salter [i]: for ſuch is the name of this eminent barber and antiquary. Men are uſually, but unjuſtly, diſtinguiſhed rather by their fortunes than their talents, otherwiſe this perſonage would make a great figure in that claſs of men which I diſtinguiſh under the title of 'odd fellows.' But it is the misfortune of perſons of great genius to have their faculties diſſipated by attention to too many things at once. Mr. Salter is an inſtance of this: if he would wholly give himſelf up to the ſtring [k], inſtead of playing twenty beginnings to tunes, he might, before he dies, play Roger de Caubly quite out. I heard him go through his whole round, and indeed I think he does play the Merry Chriſt-church Bells [l] pretty juſtly; but he confeſſed to me, he did that rather to ſhew he was orthodox, than that he valued himſelf upon the muſic

[i] Mr. Salter was a noted barber, who began to make a collection of natural curioſities, which acquired him the name (probably firſt given him by Steele) of Don Saltero. He latterly kept a coffee-houſe, which ſtill ſubſiſts, where his curioſities are yet to be ſeen. P.

See N° 195, and N° 226.

[k] There was no paſſing his houſe, if he was at home, without having one's ears grated with the ſound of his fiddle, on which he ſcraped moſt execrably. Babillard.

[l] A well known celebrated catch, compoſed by Dr. Henry Aldrich, dean of Chriſt-church.

itſelf. Or, if he did proceed in his anatomy, why might he not hope in time to cut off legs, as well as draw teeth? The particularity of this man put me into a deep thought, whence it ſhould proceed, that, of all the lower order, barbers ſhould go further in hitting the ridiculous, than any other ſet of men. Watermen brawl, cobblers ſing: but why muſt a barber be for ever a politician, a muſician, an anatomiſt, a poet, and a phyſician? The learned Voſſius ſays, his barber uſed to comb his head in iambics [m]. And indeed, in all ages, one of this uſeful profeſſion, this order of coſmetic philoſophers, has been celebrated by the moſt eminent hands. You ſee the barber in Don Quixote is one of the principal characters in the hiſtory;

[m] Voſſius De Poematum cantu et viribus Rythmi. Oxon. 1673, p. 62, ſays, that he met, more than once, with barbers who combed his head in iambics, dactyls, trochees, anapeſti, &c. Iſaac, the ſon of Gerard John Voſſius, born at Leyden in 1618, came into England in 1670, and was made LL. D. at Oxford. Charles II. made him a canon of Windſor in 1673, and aſſigned him lodgings in the caſtle, where he died in 1688, leaving a library, for that of a private man, ſuppoſed to be the beſt in the world. It was offered to our univerſity at Oxford, but, through miſmanagement, was purchaſed, and carried out of this kingdom by the univerſity of Leyden. Iſaac Voſſius was well acquainted with the genius and cuſtoms of antiquity, but a ſtranger to the manners of his own times. He publiſhed books to prove the inſpiration of the Septuagint, though it appeared, from his converſation and behaviour in his laſt moments, that he had no belief in revelation. Nevertheleſs his credulity was exceſſive, for he credited every wonderful relation he read or heard of; and Charles II. who knew him well, ſaid, 'he was a ſtrange man, for he believed every thing, except the Bible.' The curious may ſee ſome account of Voſſius's fine library at the Britiſh Muſeum, Harl. MSS. 5911.

which gave me ſatisfaction in the doubt, why Don Saltero writ his name with a Spaniſh termination: for he is deſcended in a right line, not from John Tradeſcant [n], as he himſelf aſſerts, but from that memorable companion of the knight of Mancha. And I hereby certify all the worthy citizens who travel to ſee his rarities, that his double-barrelled piſtols, targets, coats of mail, his ſclopeta and ſword of Toledo, were left to his anceſtor by the ſaid Don Quixote, and by the ſaid anceſtor to all his progeny down to Don Saltero. Though I go thus far in favour of Don Saltero's great merit, I cannot allow a liberty he takes of impoſing ſeveral names (without my licence) on the collections he has made, to the abuſe of the good people of England [o]; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious perſons, to the great ſcandal of the well-diſpoſed, and may introduce heterodox opinions. He ſhews you a ſtraw-hat, which I know to be made by Madge Peſkad, within

[n] There were two ingenious and worthy men of both theſe names, treated here with indignity, in being repreſented as the progenitors of Don Saltero. To their ſuperior ſkill in natural hiſtory, and particularly in gardening and botany, this country is probably much more indebted than is commonly known. The muſeum, collected by theſe intelligent men, devolved on Elias Aſhmole, who left it to the univerſity of Oxford. See Muſeum Tradeſcantianum, 1656, 12mo.

[o] Vice admiral Munden, and other ſea officers, who had been much upon the coaſts of Spain, frequented Salter's houſe, and gave this Spaniſh termination to the name of the landlord. They gave him likewiſe the greateſt part of his curioſities, and among them a coffin containing the body or relics of a Spaniſh ſaint, who had wrought miracles, which had fallen into their hands. BABILLARD. See Cenſor, N° 21, 2d ed. 3 vol. 1717, 12mo.

three miles of Bedford; and tells you, 'It is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's ſiſter's hat.' To my knowledge of this very hat it may be added, that the covering of ſtraw was never uſed among the Jews, ſince it was demanded of them to make bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing but, under the ſpecious pretence of learning and antiquities, to impoſe upon the world. There are other things which I cannot tolerate among his rarities: as, the china figure of a lady in the glaſs-caſe; the Italian engine for the impriſonment of thoſe who go abroad with it: both which I hereby order to be taken down, or elſe he may expect to have his letters-patent for making punch ſuperſeded, be debarred wearing his muff next winter, or ever coming to London without his wife [P]. It may perhaps be thought I have dwelt too long upon the affairs of this operator; but I deſire the reader to remember, that it is my way to conſider men as they ſtand in merit, and not according to their fortune or figure; and, if he is in a coffee-houſe at the reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find, there may be more characters drawn in this account than that of Don Saltero; for half the politicians about him, he may obſerve, are by their place in nature, of the claſs of tooth-drawers.

[P] Salter had an old grey muff, and, by wearing it up to his noſe, he was diſtinguiſhable at the diſtance of a quarter of a mile. His wife was none of the beſt, being much addicted to ſcolding; and Salter, who liked his glaſs, if he could make a ſlip to London by himſelf, was in no haſte to return. BABILLARD.

N° 35. Thurſday, June 30, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, June 28.

THERE is an habit or cuſtom which I have put my patience to the utmoſt ſtretch to have ſuffered ſo long, becauſe ſeveral of my intimate friends are in the guilt; and that is, the humour of taking ſnuff, and looking dirty about the mouth by way of ornament.

My method is, to dive to the bottom of a ſore before I pretend to apply a remedy. For this reaſon, I ſat by an eminent ſtory-teller and politician, who takes half an ounce in five ſeconds, and has mortgaged a pretty tenement near the town, merely to improve and dung his brains with this prolific powder. I obſerved this gentleman, the other day, in the midſt of a ſtory, diverted from it by looking at ſomething at a diſtance, and I ſoftly hid his box. But he returns to his tale, and, looking for his box, he cries, 'And ſo, ſir—' Then, when he ſhould have taken a pinch, 'As I was ſaying—' ſays he, 'has no body ſeen my box?' His friend beſeeches him to finiſh his narration: then he proceeds; 'And ſo, ſir——where can my box

be?' Then turning to me, 'Pray, ſir, did you ſee my box?' 'Yes, ſir,' ſaid I, 'I took it to ſee how long you could live without it.' He reſumes his tale, and I took notice that his dulneſs was much more regular and fluent than before. A pinch ſupplied the place of 'As I was ſaying,' and 'So, ſir;' and he went on currently enough in that ſtyle which the learned call the inſipid. This obſervation eaſily led me into a philoſophic reaſon for taking ſnuff, which is done only to ſupply with ſenſations the want of reflection. This I take to be an εὕρηκα [q], a noſtrum; upon which I hope to receive the thanks of this board: for as it is natural to lift a man's hand to a ſore, when you fear any thing coming at you; ſo when a perſon feels his thoughts are run out, and he has no more to ſay, it is as natural to ſupply his weak brain with powder at the neareſt place of acceſs, viz. the noſtrils. This is ſo evident, that nature ſuggeſts the uſe according to the indigence of the perſons who take this medicine, without being prepoſſeſſed with the force of faſhion or cuſtom. For example; the native Hibernians, who are reckoned not much unlike the ancient Bœotians, take this ſpecific for emptineſs in the head, in greater abundance than any other nation under the ſun. The learned Sotus, as ſparing

[q] 'I have found it out!' The exclamation of Archimedes, when, by obſerving that the quantity of water which overflowed the bath he bathed in was preciſely equal to the weight of his body, he was led into a method of aſcertaining the degree of adulteration in the workmanſhip of a golden crown. The proceſs of this curious diſcovery is related by Vitruvius, lib. ix. cap. 3.

as he is in his words, would be ſtill more ſilent if it were not for this powder [r].

However low and poor the taking of ſnuff argues a man to be in his own ſtock of thoughts, or means to employ his brains and his fingers; yet there is a poorer creature in the world than he, and this is a borrower of ſnuff; a fellow that keeps no box of his own, but is always aſking others for a pinch. Such poor rogues put me always in mind of a common phraſe among ſchool-boys when they are compoſing their exerciſe, who run to an upper ſcholar, and cry, 'Pray give me a little ſenſe.' But, of all things, commend me to the ladies who are got into this pretty help to diſcourſe. I have been theſe three years perſuading Sagiſſa [s] to leave it off; but ſhe talks ſo much, and is ſo learned, that ſhe is above contradiction. However, an accident the other day brought that about, which my eloquence could never accompliſh. She had a very pretty fellow in her cloſet, who ran thither to avoid ſome company that came to viſit her: ſhe made an excuſe to go in to him for ſome implement they were talking of. Her eager gallant ſnatched a kiſs; but, being unuſed to ſnuff, ſome grains from off her upper lip

[r] See N° 197, N° 1, N° 27, and N° 142, *ad finem.*

[s] Mrs. De la Riviere Manley, who provoked Steele by the liberties ſhe had taken with his character in her Secret Memoirs from the New Atlantis, &c. She indiſcreetly renewed ſimilar provocations in her after-writings, and in return was treated moſt unmercifully. See Theatre, N° 26.

The latter years of Mrs. Manley's life were ſpent in alderman Barber's houſe, where ſhe died in 1723, and was buried at St. Bennet Fink church.

made him ſneeze aloud, which alarmed the viſitants, and has made a diſcovery, that profound reading, very much intelligence, and a general knowledge of who and who are together, cannot fill her vacant hours ſo much, but ſhe is ſometimes obliged to deſcend to entertainments leſs intellectual.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 29.

I KNOW no manner of news from this place, but that Cynthio, having been long in deſpair for the inexorable Clariſſa, lately reſolved to fall in love with the good old way of bargain and ſale, and has pitched upon a very agreeable young woman. He will undoubtedly ſucceed; for he accoſts her in a ſtrain of familiarity, without breaking through the deference that is due to a woman whom a man would chooſe for his life [t]. I have hardly ever heard rough truth ſpoken with a better grace than in this his letter.

'MADAM [u],

'I WRIT to you on Saturday by Mrs. Lucy, and give you this trouble to urge the ſame requeſt I made then, which was, that I may be

[t] Lord Hinchinbroke married lady Elizabeth Popham, only daughter of Alexander Popham, eſq; of Littlecote, in Wiltſhire.

[u] See N° 1, N° 5, N° 22, N° 85; and Lover, N° 38. This gay nobleman did not live long enough to ſhew what he would have been. The following anecdote of him is given on good authority. An old juſtice in Weſtminſter had committed him to the round-houſe for a drunken frolic, and obliged him to pay for ſome windows that had been broken

permitted to wait upon you. I ſhould be very far from deſiring this, if it was a tranſgreſſion of the moſt ſevere rules to allow it: I know you are very much above the little arts which are frequent in your ſex, of giving unneceſſary torments to their admirers; therefore hope you will do ſo much juſtice to the generous paſſion I have for you, as to let me have an opportunity of acquainting you upon what motives I pretend to your good opinion. I ſhall not trouble you with my ſentiments, until I know how they will be received; and, as I know no reaſon why difference of ſex ſhould make our language to each other differ from the ordinary rules of right reaſon, I ſhall affect plainneſs and ſincerity in my diſcourſe to you, as much as other lovers do perplexity and rapture. Inſtead of ſaying, I ſhall die for you, I profeſs, I ſhould be glad to lead my life with you: you are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humoured, as any woman breathing; but I muſt confeſs to you, I regard all theſe excellencies as you will pleaſe to direct them for my happineſs or miſery. With me, madam, the only laſting motive to love is the hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs. Lucy ſend me word when I may attend

on the occaſion. Soon after his lordſhip knocked up the juſtice at midnight, alledging buſineſs of importance, which could not admit of delay. The magiſtrate made his appearance, after ſome time, in his furred-gown and double night-cap; when his lordſhip told him, that he had had the miſfortune that evening to tear his ruffle, and had only called on his honour to borrow a pin. This letter was written originally by Steele himſelf, to Mrs. Scurlock, afterwards lady Steele. See Steele's Letters, vol. i. let. ii. p. 2, 2 vol. 1787.

you. I promiſe you I will talk of nothing but indifferent things; though, at the ſame time, I know not how I ſhall approach you in the tender moment of firſt ſeeing you, after this declaration of,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt faithful humble ſervant,' &c.

Will's Coffee-houſe, June 29.

HAVING taken a reſolution, when plays are acted next winter by an entire good company, to publiſh obſervations from time to time on the performance of the actors, I think it but juſt to give an abſtract of the laws of action, for the help of the leſs learned part of the audience, that they may rationally enjoy ſo refined and inſtructive a pleaſure as a juſt repreſentation of human life. The great errors in playing are admirably well expoſed in Hamlet's directions to the actors who are to play in his ſuppoſed tragedy; by which we ſhall form our future judgments on their behaviour, and for that reaſon you have the diſcourſe as follows:

'Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier ſpoke my lines. Nor do not ſaw the air too much with your hand, thus; but uſe all gently: for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a tempe-

rance, that may give it ſmoothneſs. O, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious perriwig-pated * fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who, for the moſt part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe: I would have ſuch a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. Be not too tame neither, but let your own diſcretion be your tutor: ſuit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of nature: for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end, both at the firſt, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirrour up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and preſſure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of which one, muſt, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have ſeen play,—and heard others praiſe, and that highly—not to ſpeak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gait of Chriſtian, pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abo-

* This is a ridicule on the quantity of falſe hair worn in Shakſpeare's time, for wigs were not in common uſe till the reign of Charles II.; players, however, ſeem to have worn them moſt generally. STEEVENS.

minably. This ſhould be reformed altogether. And let thoſe, that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: for there be of them, that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: that's villainous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it.'

From my own Apartment, June 29.

It would be a very great obligation, and an aſſiſtance to my treatiſe upon punning, if any one would pleaſe to inform me in what claſs among the learned[y], who play with words, to place the author of the following letter:

'Sir,

'Not long ſince you were pleaſed to give us a chimerical account of the famous family of the Staffs, from whence I ſuppoſe you would inſinuate, that it is the moſt ancient and numerous houſe in all Europe. But I poſitively

[y] Conſidering what traſh has appeared under the name of Swift, and with the ſanction of his countenance, it may be pardonable to ſuſpect him as the author of this bagatelle. Steele certainly might have declined publiſhing it, and left it to have been claſſed more ſuitably with the inſignificant things, which are not, after all, the moſt diſgraceful parts of Swift's works.

Charles Dartiquenave, or Dartineuf, eſq; celebrated by Swift as a punſter inferior only to himſelf, is ſaid to have written in the Tatler, and, it may be, on this occaſion. See N° 252, note on C. Dartiquenave, eſq.

deny that it is either, and wonder much at your audacious proceedings in this manner, ſince it is well known, that our moſt illuſtrious, moſt renowned, and moſt celebrated Roman family of Ix has enjoyed the precedency to all others, from the reign of good old Saturn. I could ſay much to the defamation and diſgrace of your family; as, that your relations Diſtaff and Broomſtaff were both inconſiderable mean perſons, one ſpinning, the other ſweeping the ſtreets, for their daily bread. But I forbear to vent my ſpleen on objects ſo much beneath my indignation. I ſhall only give the world a catalogue of my anceſtors, and leave them to determine which hath hitherto had, and which for the future ought to have, the preference.

'Firſt then comes the moſt famous and popular lady Meretrix, parent of the fertile family of Bellatrix, Lotrix, Netrix, Nutrix, Obſtetrix, Famulatrix, Coctrix, Ornatrix, Sarcinatrix, Fextrix, Balneatrix, Portatrix, Saltatrix, Divinatrix, Conjectrix, Comtrix, Debitrix, Creditrix, Donatrix, Ambulatrix, Mercatrix, Adſectrix, Aſſectatrix, Palpatrix, Præceptrix, Piſtrix.

I am yours,

Eliz. Potatrix.'

N° 36. Saturday, July 2, 1709.
STEELE AND ADDISON[z].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

MANY affairs calling my brother into the country, the care of our intelligence with the town is left to me for ſome time; therefore you

[z] This paper is aſcribed to Steele, agreeably to the method obſerved in this edition in all caſes of uncertainty. Nevertheleſs there is good ground to believe, that both N° 36, and the two following papers, N° 37 and N° 38, humorouſly aſſigned to Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, half-ſiſter to ſquire Bickerſtaff, were all three written by Addiſon, whoſe name is placed in conjunction with that of Steele to theſe three papers, for various concurring reaſons ſeparately incompetent, but conceived to be in combination together ſufficiently forcible.

1. Steel's indications of *errata*, and emendations in the courſe of the publication of theſe papers in folio, are not frequent, never very nice or curious, but always ſuch as were indiſpenſably neceſſary to evince, or aſcertain his meaning. The *errata* and alterations in Addiſon's papers are very different, and in a manner ſo peculiar, that wherever they occur they furniſh, if not a proof, a ſtrong preſumption of Addiſon's concern in the papers to which they refer. See notes on N° 77, and N° 155. The intimations of *errata* and emendations in this paper, at the cloſe of the following

must expect the advices you meet with in this paper, to be such as more immediately and naturally fall under the consideration of our sex.

N° 37, are of this last kind; they have been properly attended to, and induce a belief that Addison was the author of them both; and likewise of the subsequent papers ascribed to Mrs. J. Distaff.

2. There are not wanting other circumstances to strengthen this conjecture. All the three papers are superscribed; as Addison's often, and his only were. On the face of them it likewise appears, that they are of the nature, and therefore probably in the number, of those for which Steele, with an *outree* generosity stood sponsor, and was 'very patiently traduced and calumniated,' as he acknowledges to Mr. Congreve, in the dedication of The Drummer, 12mo.

3. As the nature of the principal contents support this supposition, it is likewise thought that there is nothing in the manner or style of any of the three papers incongruous with it; and that any variation in them from his common manner is adapted to the idea of their being written by a lady. Certainly they consist chiefly of pleasantries and oblique strokes, apparently on people of fashion in that period of both sexes, under the fictitious names of Lady Autumn, Lady Springly, Africanus, Monoculus, Mrs. Alse Copswood, Tom Bellfrey, Robin Cartail, Mr. Tinbreast, Beau Slimber, Lady Dainty, a Trainband Major, Will Shoestrings, Umbra, and Flyblow. Steele undoubtedly loved Addison, and therefore was not likely to be wanting in caution, or tenderness to him, in any instance where his quiet or his fame was at stake. It seems however that Addison, who was a very prudent man, did not altogether rely on the affection or discretion of his friend; for it appears, from the dedication quoted above, that Steele had Addison's direct injunctions to hide papers, which accordingly Steele never did declare to be Addison's. The desire of Addison was doubtless sure, at all times, to obtain a promise of concealment; and a promise in this kind from Steele was inviolable, witness his persistive secrecy with respect to some of Swift's obnoxious and highly censurable communications, which, to the honour of Steele's character, continued inviolate to the last, in spite of the greatest provocation and ill-treatment on the part of Swift. See N° 32, N° 63, and notes. The case seems to be, that as Steele says

Hiſtory, therefore, written by a woman, you will eaſily imagine to conſiſt of love in all its forms, both in the abuſe of, and obedience to, that paſſion. As to the faculty of writing itſelf, it will not, it is hoped, be demanded that ſtyle and ornament ſhall be ſo much conſulted, as truth and ſimplicity; which latter qualities we may more juſtly pretend to beyond the other ſex. While, therefore, the adminiſtration of our affairs is in my hands, you ſhall from time to time have an exact account of all falſe lovers, and their ſhallow pretences for breaking off; of all termagant wives who make wedlock a yoke; of men who affect the entertainments and manners ſuitable only to our ſex, and women who pretend to the conduct of ſuch affairs as are only within the province of men. It is neceſſary further to adverti ſe the reader, that the uſual places of reſort being utterly out of my province or obſervation, I ſhall be obliged frequently to change the dates of places, as occurrences come into my way. The following letter I lately received from Epſom [a].

there are communications in the courſe of this work which Addiſon's modeſty, ſo there are others which Addiſon's prudence, would never have admitted to come into day-light but under ſuch a ſhelter; and the three papers in queſtion are conceived to be of this number.

4. One argument ſtill remains to be conſidered in farther proof of this, which ſeems to indicate very clearly that Addiſon was the author of them. It is grounded on a very remarkable paragraph dated from Will's coffee-houſe in the original edition of the following paper, dropt in the firſt octavo copy of 1712, and now re-printed in N° 47, to which, and the note upon it, the reader is referred.

[a] About this time Epſom was a watering-place pretty much reſorted to in the ſummer ſeaſon. Its water was ſold

‘ Epſom, June 28.

‘ It is now almoſt three weeks ſince what you writ about happened in this place: the quarrel between my friends did not run ſo high as I find your accounts have made it. The truth of the fact you ſhall have very faithfully. You are to underſtand, that the perſons concerned in this ſcene were lady Autumn, and lady Springly. Autumn is a perſon of good breeding, formality, and a ſingular way practiſed in the laſt age; and lady Springly, a modern impertinent of our ſex, who affects as improper a familiarity as the other does diſtance. Lady Autumn knows to a hair's breadth where her place is in all aſſemblies and converſations; but Springly neither gives nor takes place of any body, but underſtands the place to ſignify no more, than to have room enough to be at eaſe wherever ſhe comes. Thus, while Autumn takes the whole of this life to conſiſt in underſtanding punctilio and decorum, Springly takes every thing to be becoming, which contributes to her eaſe and ſatisfaction. Theſe heroines have married two brothers, both knights. Springly is the ſpouſe of the elder, who is a baronet; and Autumn, being a rich widow, has taken the younger, and her purſe endowed him with an equal fortune, and knighthood of the ſame order. This jumble of titles, you need not doubt, has been an aching torment to Autumn, who took place of the other on no pre-

then in this town at 2d. per quart both ſummer and winter. See Tat. N° 7.

tence, but her careleſſneſs and diſregard of diſtinction. The ſecret occaſion of envy broiled long in the breaſt of Autumn; but no opportunity of contention on that ſubject happening, kept all things quiet until the accident of which you demand an account.

'It was given out among all the gay people of this place, that on the ninth inſtant ſeveral damſels, ſwift of foot, were to run for a ſuit of head-clothes at the Old Wells. Lady Autumn on this occaſion invited Springly to go with her in her coach to ſee the race. When they came to the place, where the governor of Epſom and all his court of citizens were aſſembled, as well as a crowd of people of all orders, a briſk young fellow addreſſes himſelf to the younger of the ladies, viz. Springly, and offers her his ſervice to conduct her into the muſic-room. Springly accepts the compliment, and is led triumphantly through a bowing crowd, while Autumn is left among the rabble, and has much ado to get back into her coach; but ſhe did it at laſt: and, as it is uſual to ſee by the horſes my lady's preſent diſpoſition, ſhe orders John to whip furiouſly home to her huſband; where, when ſhe enters, down ſhe ſits, began to unpin her hood, and lament her fooliſh fond heart, to marry into a family where ſhe was ſo little regarded, ſhe that might—— Here ſhe ſtops; then riſes up, and ſtamps, and ſits down again. Her gentle knight made his approach with a ſupple beſeeching geſture. "My dear!" ſaid he—"Tell me no dears!" replied Autumn —in the preſence of the governor and all the

merchants—" What will the world ſay of a woman that has thrown herſelf away at this rate!" Sir Thomas withdrew, and knew it would not be long a ſecret to him; as well as that experience told him, he that marries a fortune is of courſe guilty of all faults againſt his wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But Springly, an hour or two after, returns from the Wells, and finds the whole company together. Down ſhe ſat, and a profound ſilence enſued. You know a premeditated quarrel uſually begins and works up with the words " ſome people." The ſilence was broken by lady Autumn, who began to ſay, " There are ſome people who fancy, that if ſome people—" Springly immediately takes her up, " There are ſome people who fancy, if other people—" Autumn repartees, " People may give themſelves airs; but other people, perhaps, who make leſs ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as people who ſet themſelves out more." All the other people at the table ſat mute, while theſe two people, who were quarrelling, went on with the uſe of the word " people," inſtancing the very accidents between them, as if they kept only in diſtant hints. Therefore, ſays Autumn, reddening, " There are ſome people will go abroad in other peoples coaches, and leave thoſe with whom they went to ſhift for themſelves; and if, perhaps, thoſe people have married the younger brother; yet, perhaps, he may be beholden to thoſe people for what he is." Springly ſmartly anſwers, " People may bring ſo much ill-humour into a family, as people may repent

their receiving their money;" and goes on—"Every body is not conſiderable enough to give her uneaſineſs." Upon this Autumn comes up to her, and deſired her to kiſs her, and never to ſee her again; which her ſiſter refuſing, my lady gave her a box on the ear.——Springly returns; "Ay, ay," ſaid ſhe, "I knew well enough you meant me by your ſome people;" and gives her another on the other ſide. To it they went with moſt maſculine fury; each huſband ran in. The wives immediately fell upon their huſbands, and tore perriwigs and cravats. The company interpoſed; when (according to the ſlip-knot of matrimony, which makes them return to one another when any put in between) the ladies and their huſbands fell upon all the reſt of the company; and, having beat all their friends and relations out of the houſe, came to themſelves time enough to know, there was no bearing the jeſt of the place after theſe adventures, and therefore marched off the next day. It is ſaid, the governor has ſent ſeveral joints of mutton[b], and has propoſed divers diſhes very exquiſitely dreſſed, to bring them down again. From his addreſs and knowledge in roaſt and boiled, all our hopes of the return of this good company depend.

I am, dear Jenny,

Your ready friend and ſervant,

MARTHA TATLER.'

[b] The mutton of Epſom and its neighbourhood is accounted peculiarly delicate.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 30.

THIS day appeared here a figure of a perſon, whoſe ſervices to the fair ſex have reduced him to a kind of exiſtence for which there is no name. If there be a condition between life and death, without being abſolutely dead or living, his ſtate is that. His aſpect and complexion, in his robuſt days, give him the illuſtrious title of Africanus [c]: but it is not only from the warm climates in which he has ſerved, nor from the diſaſters which he has ſuffered, that he deſerves the ſame appellation with that renowned Roman; but the magnanimity with which he appears in his laſt moments, is what gives him the undoubted character of hero. Cato ſtabbed himſelf, and Hannibal drank poiſon; but our Africanus lives in the continual puncture of aching bones and poiſoned juices. The old heroes fled from torments, by death; and this modern lives in death and torments, with an heart wholly bent upon a ſupply for remaining in them. An ordinary ſpirit would ſink under his oppreſſions, but he makes an advantage of his very ſorrow, and raiſes an income from his diſeaſes. Long has this worthy been converſant in bartering, and knows that when ſtocks are loweſt, it is the time to buy. Therefore, with much prudence

[c] It is more than probable that Africanus was not altogether an ideal character; but, as it is a very bad one, the editor does not conceive himſelf at liberty to mention the real name here, even on pretty good authority, as it might give more pain to ſome innocent relation, than it could give pleaſure to any curious reader.

and tranquillity, he thinks that, now he has not a bone ſound, but a thouſand nodous parts for which the anatomiſts have not words, and more diſeaſes than the college ever heard of, it is the only time to purchaſe an annuity for life. Sir Thomas [d] told me, it was an entertainment more ſurpriſing and pleaſant than can be imagined, to ſee an inhabitant of neither world, without hand to lift, or leg to move, ſcarce tongue to utter his meaning, ſo keen upon biting the whole world, and making bubbles at his exit. Sir Thomas added, that he would have bought twelve ſhillings a year of him, but that he feared there was ſome trick in it, and believed him already dead. 'What,' ſays the knight, 'is Mr. Partridge [e], whom I met juſt now going on both his legs firmer than I can, allowed to be quite dead; and ſhall Africanus, without one limb that can do its office, be pronounced alive?'

What heightened the tragi-comedy of this market for annuities was, that the obſervation of it provoked Monoculus [f] (who is the moſt eloquent of all men) to many excellent reflections, which he ſpoke with the vehemence and language both of a gameſter and an orator. 'When I caſt,' ſaid that delightful ſpeaker, 'my eye upon thee, thou unaccountable Africanus, I cannot but call myſelf as unaccountable as thou art; for certainly we were born to

[d] See N° 16, N° 17, and N° 26. Spect. N° 49, and notes.

[e] See Tat. N° 1, notes, and N° 56, 59, 96, 99, 118, and 216.

[f] See Tat. N° 36, N° 38, note; and N° 73.

ſhew what contradictions nature is pleaſed to form in the ſame ſpecies. Here am I, able to eat, to drink, to ſleep, and to do all the acts of nature, except begetting my like: and yet, by an unintelligible force of ſpleen and fancy, I every moment imagine I am dying. It is utter madneſs in thee to provide for ſupper; for I will bet you ten to one, you do not live until half an hour after four; and yet I am ſo diſtracted as to be in fear every moment, though I will lay ten to three, I drink three pints of burnt claret at your funeral three nights hence. After all, I envy thee; thou, who dying haſt no ſenſe of death, art happier than one in health, who always fears it.' The knight had gone on, but that a third man ended the ſcene, by applauding the knight's eloquence and philoſophy, in a laughter too violent for his own conſtitution, as much as he mocked that of Africanus and Monoculus.

*** This paper, with a blank leaf to write buſineſs on, may be had of J. Morphew, near Stationers-hall [g].

[g] Probably the paper was raiſed to three half-pence at this time.

N° 37. Tueſday, July 5, 1709.
STEELE AND ADDISON[h].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 2.

It may be thought very unaccountable, that I, who can never be ſuppoſed to go to White's, ſhould pretend to talk to you of matters proper for, or in the ſtyle of, that place. But though I never viſit theſe public haunts, I converſe with thoſe who do: and, for all they pretend ſo much to the contrary, they are as talkative as our ſex, and as much at a loſs to entertain the preſent company, without ſacrificing the laſt, as we ourſelves. This reflection has led me into the conſideration of the uſe of ſpeech, and made me look over in my memory all my acquaintance of both ſexes, to know to which I may more juſtly impute the ſin of ſuperfluous diſcourſe in regard to converſation, without entering into it, as it reſpects religion.

I foreſee my acquaintance will immediately, upon ſtarting this ſubject, aſk me, how I ſhall

[h] See the introductory note to N° 36, N° 77, note; and Tat. N° 155, note.

celebrate Mrs. Alſe Copſwood, the Yorkſhire huntreſs, who is come to town lately, and moves as if ſhe were on her nag, and going to take a five-bar gate; and is as loud as if ſhe were following her dogs? I can eaſily anſwer that; for ſhe is as ſoft as Damon, in compariſon of her brother-in-law, Tom Bellfrey, who is the moſt accompliſhed man in this kingdom for all gentleman-like activities and accompliſhments. It is allowed, that he is a profeſſed enemy to the Italian performers in muſic. But then for our own native manner, according to the cuſtoms and known uſages of our iſland, he is to be preferred, for the generality of the pleaſure he beſtows, much before thoſe fellows, though they ſing to full theatres. For what is a theatrical voice to that of a fox-hunter? I have been at a muſical entertainment in an open field, where it amazed me to hear to what pitches the chief maſters would reach. There was a meeting near our ſeat in Staffordſhire, and the moſt eminent of all the counties of England were at it. How wonderful was the harmony between men and dogs! Robin Cartail of Bucks was to anſwer to Jowler; Mr. Tinbreaſt of Cornwall was appointed to open with Sweetlips; and Beau Slimber, a Londoner, undertook to keep up with Trips, a whelp juſt ſet in: Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood were coupled together, to fill the cry on all occaſions, and be in at the death of the fox, hare, or ſtag; for which both the dog and the man were excellently ſuited, and loved one another, and were as much together, as Baniſter and King. When Jowler firſt alarmed the field,

Cartail repeated every note; Sweetlip's treble ſucceeded, and ſhook the wood; Tinbreaſt echoed a quarter of a mile beyond it. We were ſoon after all at a loſs, until we rode up, and found Trips and Slimber at a default in half notes: but the day and the tune was recovered by Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood, to the great joy of us all, though they drowned every other voice: for Bellfrey carries a note four furlongs, three roods, and ſix paces, farther than any other in England.

I fear the mention of this will be thought a digreſſion from my purpoſe about ſpeech: but I anſwer, no. Since this is uſed where ſpeech rather ſhould be employed, it may come into conſideration in the ſame chapter: for Mr. Bellfrey being at a viſit where I was, viz. at his couſin's (lady Dainty's) in Soho-ſquare, was aſked, what entertainments they had in the country? Now, Bellfrey is very ignorant, and much a clown; but confident withal. In a word, he ſtruck up a fox-chaſe; lady Dainty's dog, Mr. Sippet, as ſhe calls him, ſtarted, jumped out of his lady's lap, and fell a barking. Bellfrey went on, and called all the neighbouring pariſhes into the ſquare. Never was woman in ſuch confuſion as that delicate lady. But there was no ſtopping her kinſman. A room full of ladies fell into the moſt violent laughter: my lady looked as if ſhe was ſhrieking; Mr. Sippet in the middle of the room, breaking his heart with barking, but all of us unheard. As ſoon as Bellfrey became ſilent, up gets my lady, and takes him by the arm, to lead him off;

Bellfrey was in his boots. As ſhe was hurrying him away, his ſpurs take hold of her petticoat; his whip throws down a cabinet of china: he cries, 'What! are your crocks rotten? are your petticoats ragged? a man cannot walk in your houſe for trincums.'

Every county of Great Britain has one hundred or more of this ſort of fellows, who roar inſtead of ſpeaking. Therefore, if it be true, that we women are alſo given to a greater fluency of words than is neceſſary, ſure, ſhe that diſturbs but a room or a family, is more to be tolerated, than one who draws together whole pariſhes and counties, and ſometimes (with an eſtate that might make him the bleſſing and ornament of the world around him) has no other view and ambition, but to be an animal above dogs and horſes, without the reliſh of any one enjoyment which is peculiar to the faculties of human nature. I know it will here be ſaid, that talking of mere country ſquires at this rate, is, as it were, to write againſt Valentine and Orſon [i]. To prove any thing againſt the race of men, you muſt take them as they are adorned with education; as they live in courts, or have received inſtructions in colleges.

But I am ſo full of my late entertainment by Mr. Bellfrey, that I muſt defer purſuing this ſubject to another day; and wave the proper obſervations upon the different offenders in this kind, ſome by profound eloquence on ſmall occaſions, others by degrading ſpeech upon great

[i] See the Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry, vol. iii. p. 180. P.

circumſtances. Expect, therefore, to hear of the whiſperer without buſineſs, the laugher without wit, the complainer without receiving injuries, and a very large crowd, which I ſhall not foreſtal, who are common (though not commonly obſerved) impertinents, whoſe tongues are too voluble for their brains, and are the general deſpiſers of us women, though we have their ſuperiors, the men of ſenſe, for our ſervants.

* * *

Will's Coffee-houſe[k], *July* 3.

A VERY ingenious gentleman was complaining this evening, that the players are grown ſo

[k] This article, to the end of Cæſar's ſpeech, was printed in the folio with whatever view, and withdrawn in the firſt 8vo. for whatever reaſon. Mr. M'Pherſon, in his publication of ſtate papers, ſays, that the duke of Marlborough was apprized of the inſufficiency of the queen's order to diſſolve his power, for which he had a commiſſion under the great ſeal; and that his friends adviſed him to uſe his authority as general, to aſſemble all the troops in London in the different ſquares, and to take poſſeſſion of St. James's, and the perſon of the queen. As the ſpeech of Cæſar appears to be original, and no quotation from any play, it leads to a ſuſpicion that Marlborough was actually adviſed to ſome ſuch bold ſtep, and that the writer of this paper was no ſtranger to that advice, if it did not originate with himſelf. But this ſuppoſition beſpeaks a degree of inordinate and cloſe ambition, foreign to the generous inartificial character of Steele; it is therefore probable, that though he was the editor, he was not the author of this paper, the obnoxious part of which Steele certainly ſuppreſſed, in the firſt edition that was printed under his immediate and ſole inſpection.

The annotator declines entering into the political reflections which the paſſage quoted from Mr. M'Pherſon ſuggeſts; and, after adding here the ſequel of the quotation, leaves

ſevere critics, that they would not take in his play, though it has as many fine things in it as any play that has been writ ſince the days of Dryden. He began his diſcourſe about his play with a preface.

'There is,' ſaid he, 'ſomewhat (however we palliate it) in the very frame and make of us, that ſubjects our minds to chagrin and irreſolution on any emergency of time or place. The difficulty grows on our ſickened imagination, under all the killing circumſtances of danger and diſappointment. This we ſee, not only in the men of retirement and fancy, but in the characters of the men of action; with this only difference, the coward ſees the danger, and ſickens under it; the hero, warmed by the difficulty, dilates, and riſes in proportion to that, and in ſome ſort makes uſe of his very fears to diſarm it. A remarkable inſtance of this we have in the great Cæſar, when he came to the Rubicon, and was entering upon a part, perhaps, the moſt hazardous he ever bore (certainly the moſt ungrateful) a war with his country-

the reader to ſpeculate, and determine for himſelf. Oxford, apprized of this deſign, ſuddenly called together the cabinet council. Though he probably concealed his intelligence to prevent their fears, he told them of the neceſſity of ſuperſeding Marlborough under the great ſeal. This buſineſs was ſoon diſpatched. His diſmiſſion in form was ſent to the duke. The earl of Oxford, no ſtranger to the character of Marlborough, knew that he would not act againſt law by aſſembling the troops. The natural diffidence of his diſpoſition had made him unfit for enterprizes of danger, in a degree that furniſhed his enemies with inſinuations againſt his perſonal courage.' Sup. to Swift's Works, vol. i. p. 179, cr. 8vo. 1779.

men. When his mind brooded o'er perſonal affronts, perhaps his anger burned with a deſire of revenge. But when more ſerious reflections laid before him the hazard of the enterprize, with the diſmal conſequences which were likely to attend it, aggravated by a ſpecial circumſtance, What figure it would bear in the world, or how be excuſed to poſterity! What ſhall he do?——His honour, which was his religion, bids him arm; and he ſounds the inclinations of his party, by this ſet ſpeech:

CÆSAR TO HIS PARTY AT THE RUBICON.

" Great Jove, attend, and thou my native ſoil,
Safe in my triumphs, glutted in my ſpoil;
Witneſs with what reluctance I oppoſe
My arms to thine, ſecure of other foes.
What paſſive breaſt can bear diſgrace like mine?
Traytor!—For this I conquer'd on the Rhine,
Endur'd their ten years drudgery in Gaul,
Adjourn'd their fate, and ſav'd the capitol.
I grew by every guilty triumph leſs;
The crowd, when drunk with joy, their ſouls expreſs,
Impatient of the war, yet fear ſucceſs.
Brave actions dazzle with too bright a ray,
Like birds obſcene they chatter at the day;
Giddy with rule, and valiant in debate,
They throw the die of war, to ſave the ſtate.
And Gods! to gild ingratitude with fame,
Aſſume the patriot's, we the rebels name.
Farewell, my friends, your general forlorn,
To your bare pity, and the public ſcorn,
Muſt lay that honour and his laurel down,
To ſerve the vain caprices of the gown;

Expos'd to all indignities, the brave
Deſerve of thoſe they glory'd but to ſave,
To rods and axes !—No, the ſlaves can't dare
Play with my grief, and tempt my laſt deſpair.
This ſhall the honours which it won maintain,
Or do me juſtice, ere I hug my chain."

Mrs. Diſtaff has taken upon her, while ſhe writes this paper, to turn her thoughts wholly to the ſervice of her own ſex, and to propoſe remedies againſt the greateſt vexations attending female life. She has for this end written a ſmall treatiſe concerning the " ſecond word," with an appendix on the uſe of a " reply," very proper for all ſuch as are married to perſons either ill-bred or ill-natured. There is in this tract a digreſſion for the uſe of virgins, concerning the words, " I will."

' A gentlewoman, who has a very delicate ear, wants a maid who can whiſper, and help her in the government of her family. If the ſaid ſervant can clear-ſtarch, liſp, and tread ſoftly, ſhe ſhall have ſuitable encouragement in her wages.'

N° 38. Thurſday, July 7, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF[1].

From my own Apartment, July 6.

I FIND among my brother's papers the following letter verbatim, which I wonder how he could ſuppreſs ſo long as he has, ſince it was ſent him for no other end, but to ſhew the good effect his writings have already had upon the ill cuſtoms of the age.

'SIR, London, June 23.

'THE end of all public papers ought to be the benefit and inſtruction, as well as the diverſion of the readers: to which I ſee none ſo truly conducive as your late performances; eſpecially thoſe tending to the rooting out from among us that unchriſtian-like and bloody cuſtom of duelling; which, that you have already in ſome meaſure performed, will appear to the public in the following no leſs true than heroic ſtory.

[1] See N° 36, note 1; N° 77, and N° 155, notes on Addiſon's alterations and corrections.

'A noble gentleman of this city, who has the honour of ſerving his country as major of the trainbands, being at the general mart of ſtock-jobbers, called Jonathan's, endeavouring to raiſe himſelf (as all men of honour ought) to the degree of colonel at leaſt; it happened that he bought the [m] bear of another officer, who, though not commiſſioned in the army, yet no leſs eminently ſerves the public than the other, in raiſing the credit of the kingdom, by raiſing that of the ſtocks. However, having ſold the bear, and words ariſing about the delivery, the moſt noble major, no leſs ſcorning to be out-witted in the coffee-houſe, than to run into the field, according to method, abuſed the other with the titles of rogue, villain, bear-ſkin man, and the like. Whereupon ſatisfaction was demanded, and accepted; ſo, forth the major marched, commanding his adverſary to follow. To a moſt ſpacious room in the ſheriff's houſe, near the place of quarrel, they come; where, having due regard to what you have lately publiſhed [n], they reſolved not to ſhed one another's blood in that barbarous manner you prohibited; yet, not willing to put up affronts without ſatisfaction, they ſtripped, and in decent manner fought full fairly with their wrathful hands. The combat laſted a quarter of an hour; in which time victory was often doubtful, and many a dry blow was ſtrenuouſly laid on by each ſide, until the major, finding his adverſary ob-

[m] See note on the bear-ſkin, Tat. N° 7, N° 8, and N° 41.

[n] See the papers on duelling, Tat. N° 25, 26, 28, 29, 31, 39, and notes.

ſtinate, unwilling to give him further chaſtiſement, with moſt ſhrill voice cried out, " I am ſatisfied, enough!" Whereupon the combat ceaſed, and both were friends immediately.

' Thus the world may ſee, how neceſſary it is to encourage thoſe men, who make it their buſineſs to inſtruct the people in every thing neceſſary for their preſervation. I am informed, a body of worthy citizens have agreed on an addreſs of thanks to you for what you have writ on the foregoing ſubject, whereby they acknowledge one of their highly eſteemed officers preſerved from death.

Your humble ſervant,

A. B.'

I fear the word bear is hardly to be underſtood among the polite people; but I take the meaning to be, that one who inſures a real value upon an imaginary thing, is ſaid to ſell a bear, and is the ſame thing as a promiſe among courtiers, or a vow between lovers. I have writ to my brother to haſten to town; and hope that printing the letters directed to him, which I know not how to anſwer, will bring him ſpeedily; and, therefore, I add alſo the following:

July 5, 1709.

' Mr. Bickerstaff,

' You have hinted a generous intention of taking under your conſideration the whiſperers without buſineſs, and laughers without occaſion; as you tender the welfare of your

country, I intreat you not to forget or delay ſo public-ſpirited a work. Now or never is the time. Many other calamities may ceaſe with the war; but I diſmally dread the mulplication of theſe mortals under the eaſe and luxurioufneſs of a ſettled peace, half the bleſſing of which may be deſtroyed by them. Their miſtake lies certainly here, in a wretched belief, that their mimicry paſſes for real buſineſs, or true wit. Dear ſir, convince them, that it never was, is, or ever will be, either of them; nor ever did, does, or to all futurity ever can, look like either of them; but that it is the moſt curſed diſturbance in nature, which is poſſible to be inflicted on mankind, under the noble definition of a ſociable creature. In doing this, ſir, you will oblige more humble ſervants than can find room to ſubſcribe their names.'

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 6.

In purſuance of my laſt date from hence, I am to proceed on the accounts I promiſed of ſeveral perſonages among the men, whoſe conſpicuous fortunes, or ambition in ſhewing their follies, have exalted them above their fellows. The levity of their minds is viſible in their every word and geſture, and there is not a day paſſes but puts me in mind of Mr. Wycherley's character of a coxcomb: 'He is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman.' Now, though the women may put on ſoftneſs in their looks, or affected ſeverity, or impertinent gaiety, or pert ſmartneſs, their ſelf-love and

admiration cannot under any of theſe diſguiſes appear ſo invincible as that of the men. You may eaſily take notice, that in all their actions there is a ſecret approbation, either in the tone of their voice, the turn of their body, or caſt of their eye, which ſhews that they are extremely in their own favour.

Take one of your men of buſineſs, he ſhall keep you half an hour with your hat off, entertaining you with his conſideration of that affair you ſpoke of to him laſt, until he has drawn a crowd that obſerves you in this grimace. Then, when he is public enough, he immediately runs into ſecrets, and falls a whiſpering. You and he make breaks with adverbs; as, 'But however, thus far;' and then you whiſper again, and ſo on, until they who are about you are diſperſed, and your buſy man's vanity is no longer gratified by the notice taken of what importance he is, and how inconſiderable you are; for your pretender to buſineſs is never in ſecret, but in public.

There is my dear lord No-where, of all men the moſt gracious and moſt obliging, the terror of valets de chambre, whom he oppreſſes with good breeding, by inquiring for my good lord, and for my good lady's health. This inimitable courtier will whiſper a privy counſellor's lacquey with the utmoſt goodneſs and condeſcenſion, to know when they next ſit; and is thoroughly taken up, and thinks he has a part in a ſecret, if he knows that there is a ſecret. 'What it is,' he will whiſper you, that 'time will diſcover;' then he ſhrugs, and calls you back

again——'Sir, I need not ſay to you, that theſe things are not to be ſpoken of——and, harkye, no names, I would not be quoted.' What adds to the jeſt is, that his emptineſs has its moods and ſeaſons, and he will not condeſcend to let you into theſe his diſcoveries, except he is in very good humour, or has ſeen ſomebody of faſhion talk to you. He will keep his nothing to himſelf, and paſs by and overlook as well as the beſt of them; not obſerving that he is inſolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Shew me a woman ſo inconſiderable as this frequent character.

But my mind, now I am in, turns to many no leſs obſervable. Thou dear Will Shoeſtring! I profeſs myſelf in love with thee! how ſhall I ſpeak thee? how ſhall I addreſs thee? how ſhall I draw thee? thou dear outſide! Will you be combing your wig °, playing with your box, or picking your teeth? or chooſeſt thou rather to be ſpeaking; to be ſpeaking for thy only purpoſe in ſpeaking, to ſhew your teeth? Rub them no longer, dear Shoeſtring [P]: do not premeditate murder: do not for ever whiten. Oh! that for my quiet and his own they were rotten!

° Combing the peruke, when large wigs were in faſhion, was an act of gallantry even at public places; for this purpoſe they carried large combs of ivory or tortoiſe-ſhell curiouſly ornamented in their pockets. At the court, in the mall, and in the boxes, gentlemen converſed and combed their wigs. Many paſſages in old plays prove, that in the laſt century, and after the year 1700, this was the practice of gentlemen on all viſits of ceremony or buſineſs, in the preſence of the ladies, and at public places.

[P] Sir William Whitlocke, knt. member for Oxon, bencher of the Middle Temple: and the learned knight mentioned N° 43, and note. P.

But I will forget him, and give my hand to the courteous Umbra. He is a fine man indeed, but the ſoft creature bows below my apron-ſtring, before he takes it; yet, after the firſt ceremonies, he is as familiar as my phyſician, and his inſignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my doctor. He is ſo courteous, that he carries half the meſſages of ladies ails in town to their midwives and nurſes. He underſtands too the art of medicine as far as to the cure of a pimple, or a raſh. On occaſions of the like importance, he is the moſt aſſiduous of all men living, in conſulting and ſearching precedents from family to family; then he ſpeaks of his obſequiouſneſs and diligence in the ſtyle of real ſervices. If you ſneer at him, and thank him for his great friendſhip, he bows, and ſays, 'Madam, all the good offices in my power, while I have any knowledge or credit, ſhall be in your ſervice.' The conſideration of ſo ſhallow a being, and the intent application with which he purſues trifles, has made me carefully reflect upon that ſort of men we uſually call 'an impertinent:' and I am, upon mature deliberation, ſo far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aſide, and talk half an hour to you upon matters wholly inſignificant with the moſt ſolemn air, yet I conſider, that theſe things are of weight in his imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my ſervice. If, therefore, it be a juſt rule, to judge of a man by his intention, according to the equity of good breeding, he that

is impertinently kind or wife, to do you ſervice, ought in return to have a proportionable place both in your affection and eſteem; ſo that the courteous Umbra deſerves the favour of all his acquaintance; for, though he never ſerved them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

As impotent kindneſs is to be returned with all our abilities to oblige; ſo impotent malice is to be treated with all our force to depreſs it. For this reaſon, Fly-blow (who is received in all the families in town, through the degeneracy and iniquity of their manners) is to be treated like a knave, though he is one of the weakeſt of fools: he has by rote, and at ſecond-hand, all that can be ſaid of any man of figure, wit, and virtue, in town. Name a man of worth, and this creature tells you the worſt paſſage of his life. Speak of a beautiful woman, and this puppy will whiſper the next man to him, though he has nothing to ſay of her. He is a fly that feeds on the ſore part, and would have nothing to live on, if the whole body were in health. You may know him by the frequency of pronouncing the particle 'but;' for which reaſon I never heard him ſpoke [q] of with common charity, without uſing my 'but' againſt him: for a friend of mine ſaying the other day, 'Mrs. Diſtaff has wit, good-humour, virtue, and friendſhip;' this oaf added, 'But ſhe is not handſome.' 'Coxcomb! the gentleman was ſaying what I was, not what I was not.'

[q] Spoken, the præt. for the participle.

'Mrs. Diſtaff hath received the dialogue dated Monday evening, which ſhe has ſent forward to Mr. Bickerſtaff at Maidenhead: and in the mean time gives her ſervice to the parties.'

'N. B. It is to be noted, that when any part of this paper appears dull, there is a deſign in it.'

N° 39. Saturday, July 9, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, July 7.

As I am called forth by the immenſe love I bear to my fellow-creatures, and the warm inclination I feel within me, to ſtem, as far as I can, the prevailing torrent of vice and ignorance; ſo I cannot more properly purſue that noble impulſe, than by ſetting forth the excellence of virtue and knowledge in their native and beautiful colours. For this reaſon, I made my late excurſion to Oxford, where thoſe qualities appear in their higheſt luſtre, and are the only pretences to honour and diſtinction. Superiority is there given in proportion to men's advancement in wiſdom and learning; and that juſt rule

of life is ſo univerſally received among thoſe happy people, that you ſhall ſee an earl walk bare-headed to the ſon of the meaneſt artificer, in reſpect to ſeven years more worth and knowledge than the nobleman is poſſeſſed of. In other places they bow to men's fortunes, but here to their underſtandings. It is not to be expreſſed, how pleaſing the order, the diſcipline, the regularity of their lives, is to a philoſopher, who has, by many years experience in the world, learned to contemn every thing but what is revered in this manſion of ſelect and well-taught ſpirits. The magnificence of their palaces, the greatneſs of their revenues, the ſweetneſs of their groves and retirements, ſeem equally adapted for the reſidence of princes and philoſophers; and a familiarity with objects of ſplendour, as well as places of receſs, prepares the inhabitants with an equanimity for their future fortunes, whether humble or illuſtrious. How was I pleaſed when I looked round at St. Mary's, and could, in the faces of the ingenuous youth, ſee miniſters of ſtate, chancellors, biſhops, and judges. Here only is human life! Here only the life of man is that of a rational being! Here men underſtand and are employed in works worthy their noble nature. This tranſitory being paſſes away in an employment not unworthy a future ſtate, the contemplation of the great decrees of providence. Each man lives as if he were to anſwer the queſtions made to Job, 'Where waſt thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Who ſhut up the ſea with doors, and ſaid, Hitherto thou ſhalt come, and no far-

ther?' Such ſpeculations make life agreeable, and death welcome.

But, alas! I was torn from this noble ſociety by the buſineſs of this dirty mean world, and the cares of fortune: for I was obliged to be in London againſt the ſeventh day of the term, and accordingly governed myſelf by my Oxford almanack [r], and came laſt night; but find, to my great aſtoniſhment, that this ignorant town began the term on the twenty-fourth of the laſt month, in oppoſition to all the learning and aſtronomy of the famous univerſity of which I have been ſpeaking; according to which, the term certainly was to commence on the firſt inſtant. You may be ſure a man, who has turned his ſtudies as I have, could not be miſtaken in point of time; for, knowing I was to come to town in term, I examined the paſſing moments very narrowly, and called an eminent aſtronomer to my aſſiſtance. Upon very ſtrict obſervation we found, that the cold has been ſo ſevere this laſt winter (which is allowed to have a benumbing quality) that it retarded the earth in moving round from Chriſtmas to this ſeaſon full ſeven days and two ſeconds. My learned friend [s] aſſured me further, that the earth had lately received a ſhogg from a comet that croſſed its

[r] A humorous alluſion to the difference between the univerſity and the law terms, which ſtill ſubſiſts. See N° 43.

[s] Probably Mr. W. Whiſton, of whoſe friendſhip, conſidering the ſervices he did him, certainly Steele might well have thought himſelf ſecure; but Whiſton afterwards diſcovered himſelf unfriendly and ungrateful. See Whiſton's Memoirs, 2d edit. 8vo. 2 vol. 1753, p. 257, *et ſeqq.* and Tat. with notes, cr. 8vo. vol. vi. N° 251.

vortex, which, if it had come ten degrees nearer to us, had made us loſe this whole term. I was indeed once of opinion that the Gregorian computation was the moſt regular, as being eleven days before the Julian; but am now fully convinced, that we ought to be ſeven days after the chancellor and judges, and eighteen before the pope of Rome; and that the Oxonian computation is the beſt of the three.

Theſe are the reaſons which I have gathered from philoſophy and nature; to which I can add other circumſtances in vindication of the account of this learned body who publiſh this almanack.

It is notorious to philoſophers, that joy and grief can haſten and delay time. Mr. Locke is of opinion, that a man in great miſery may ſo far loſe his meaſure, as to think a minute an hour; or in joy make an hour a minute. Let us examine the preſent caſe by this rule, and we ſhall find, that the cauſe of this general miſtake in the Britiſh nation, has been the great ſucceſs of the laſt campaign, and the following hopes of peace. Stocks ran ſo high at the Exchange, that the citizens had gained three days of the courtiers; and we have indeed been ſo happy all this reign, that if the univerſity did not rectify our miſtakes, we ſhould think ourſelves but in the ſecond year of her preſent majeſty. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many damages that have happened by this ignorance of the vulgar. All the recognizances within the dioceſe of Oxford have been forfeited, for not appearing on the firſt day of this fictitious term. The

univerſity has been nonſuited in their action againſt the bookſellers for printing Clarendon in quarto. Indeed, what gives me the moſt quick concern, is the caſe of a poor gentleman, my friend, who was the other day taken in execution by a ſet of ignorant bailiffs. He ſhould, it ſeems, have pleaded in the firſt week of term; but being a maſter of arts of Oxford, he would not recede from the Oxonian computation. He ſhewed Mr. Broad the almanack, and the very day when the term began; but the mercileſs, ignorant fellow, againſt all ſenſe and learning, would hurry him away. He went indeed quietly enough; but he has taken exact notes of the time of arreſt, and ſufficient witneſſes of his being carried into gaol; and has, by advice of the recorder of Oxford, brought his action; and we doubt not but we ſhall pay them off with damages, and blemiſh the reputation of Mr. Broad. We have one convincing proof, which all that frequent the courts of juſtice are witneſſes of: the dog that comes conſtantly to Weſtminſter on the firſt day of the term, did not appear until the firſt day according to the Oxford almanack; whoſe inſtinct I take to be a better guide than men's erroneous opinions, which are uſually biaſſed by intereſt. I judge in this caſe, as king Charles the Second victualled his navy with the bread which one of his dogs choſe of ſeveral pieces thrown before him, rather than truſt to the aſſeverations of the victuallers. Mr. Cowper[t], and other learned

[t] Spencer Cowper, brother to the firſt earl of the name, at that time a celebrated counſellor, and afterwards chief juſtice of the common pleas.

counſel, have already urged the authority of this almanack, in behalf of their clients. We ſhall, therefore, go on with all ſpeed in our cauſe; and doubt not, but chancery will give at the end what we loſt in the beginning, by protracting the term for us until Wedneſday come ſevennight. And the univerſity orator ſhall for ever pray, &c.

From my own Apartment, July 7.

THE ſubject of duels [u] has, I find, been ſtarted with ſo good ſucceſs, that it has been the frequent ſubject of converſation among polite men; and a dialogue of that kind has been tranſmitted to me verbatim as follows. The perſons concerned in it are men of honour and experience in the manners of men, and have fallen upon the trueſt foundation, as well as ſearched the bottom of this evil.

Mr. *Sage*. If it were in my power, every man that drew his ſword, unleſs in the ſervice, or purely to defend his life, perſon, or goods, from violence (I mean abſtracted from all puncto's or whims of honour) ſhould ride the wooden horſe in the Tilt-yard for ſuch firſt offence; for the ſecond, ſtand in the pillory; and for the third be priſoner in Bedlam for life [x].

Col. *Plume*. I remember that a rencounter or duel was ſo far from being in faſhion among

[u] See Tat. N° 8, 25, 26, 29, 31, and 38. Spect. N° 84, N° 97, and N° 99. Guard. N° 20, N° 129, N° 133, and N° 161; Theatre, N° 19, and N° 26.

[x] See N° 30, and note.

the officers that ſerved in the parliament-army, that on the contrary it was as diſreputable, and as great an impediment to advancement in the ſervice, as being baſhful in time of action.

Sir *Mark*. Yet I have been informed by ſome old cavaliers, of famous reputation for brave and gallant men, that they were much more in mode among their party than they have been during this laſt war.

Col. *Plume*. That is true too, ſir.

Mr. *Sage*. By what you ſay, gentlemen, one ſhould think that our preſent military officers are compounded of an equal proportion of both thoſe tempers; ſince duels are neither quite diſcountenanced, nor much in vogue.

Sir *Mark*. That difference of temper in regard to duels, which appears to have been between the court and the parliament-men of the ſword, was not (I conceive) for want of courage in the latter, nor of a liberal education, becauſe there were ſome of the beſt families in England engaged in that party; but gallantry and mode, which glitter agreeably to the imagination, were encouraged by the court, as promoting its ſplendour; and it was as natural that the contrary party (who were to recommend themſelves to the public for men of ſerious and ſolid parts) ſhould deviate from every thing chimerical.

Mr. *Sage*. I have never read of a duel among the Romans, and yet their nobility uſed more liberty with their tongues than one may do now without being challenged.

Sir *Mark*. Perhaps the Romans were of opinion, that ill-language and brutal manners re-

flected only on thoſe who were guilty of them; and that a man's reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the perſon's throat who had reflected upon it: but the cuſtom of thoſe times had fixed the ſcandal in the action; whereas now it lies in the reproach.

Mr. *Sage*. And yet the only ſort of duel that one can conceive to have been fought upon motives truly honourable and allowable, was that between the Horatii and Curiatii.

Sir *Mark*. Colonel Plume, pray, what was the method of ſingle combat in your time among the cavaliers? I ſuppoſe, that as the uſe of clothes continues, though the faſhion of them has been mutable; ſo duels, though ſtill in uſe, have had in all times their particular modes of performance.

Col. *Plume*. We had no conſtant rule, but generally conducted our diſpute and tilt, according to the laſt that had happened between perſons of reputation among the very top fellows for bravery and gallantry.

Sir *Mark*. If the faſhion of quarrelling and tilting was ſo often changed in your time, colonel Plume, a man may fight, yet loſe his credit for want of underſtanding the faſhion.

Col. *Plume*. Why, ſir Mark, in the beginning of July a man would have been cenſured for want of courage, or been thought indigent of the true notions of honour, if he had put up words, which, in the end of September following, one could not reſent without paſſing for a brutal and quarrelſome fellow.

Sir *Mark*. But, colonel, were duels or rencounters moſt in faſhion in thoſe days?

Col. *Plume*. Your men of nice honour ſir, were for avoiding all cenſure of advantage which they ſuppoſed might be taken in a rencounter; therefore they uſed ſeconds, who were to ſee that all was upon the ſquare, and make a faithful report of the whole combat; but in a little time it became a faſhion for the ſeconds to fight, and I will tell you how it happened.

Mr. *Sage*. Pray do, colonel Plume, and the method of a duel at that time, and give us ſome notion of the puncto's upon which your nice men quarrelled in thoſe days.

Col. *Plume*. I was going to tell you, Mr. Sage, that one cornet Modiſh had deſired his friend captain Smart's opinion in ſome affair, but did not follow it; upon which captain Smart ſent major Adroit (a very topping fellow of thoſe times) to the perſon that had ſlighted his advice. The major never enquired into the quarrel, becauſe it was not the manner then among the very topping fellows; but got two ſwords of an equal length, and then waited upon cornet Modiſh, deſiring him to chuſe his ſword, and meet his friend captain Smart. Cornet Modiſh came with his friend to the place of combat; there the principals put on their pumps[y], and ſtripped to their ſhirts, to ſhew that they had nothing but what men of honour carry about them, and then engaged.

Sir *Mark*. And did the ſeconds ſtand by, ſir?

[y] See N° 35.

Col. *Plume*. It was a received cuſtom until that time; but the ſwords of thoſe days being pretty long, and the principals acting on both ſides upon the defenſive, and the morning being froſty, major Adroit deſired that the other ſecond, who was alſo a very topping fellow, would try a thruſt or two, only to keep them warm, until the principals had decided the matter, which was agreed to by Modiſh's ſecond, who preſently whipt Adroit through the body, diſarmed him, and then parted the principals, who had received no harm at all.

Mr. *Sage*. But was not Adroit laughed at?

Col. *Plume*. On the contrary, the very topping fellows were ever after of opinion, that no man, who deſerved that character, could ſerve as a ſecond, without fighting; and the Smarts and Modiſhes finding their account in it, the humour took without oppoſition.

Mr. *Sage*. Pray, colonel, how long did that faſhion continue?

Col. *Plume*. Not long neither, Mr. Sage; for as ſoon as it became a faſhion, the very topping fellows thought their honour reflected upon, if they did not proffer themſelves as ſeconds, when any of their friends had a quarrel, ſo that ſometimes there were a dozen of a ſide.

Sir *Mark*. Bleſs me! if that cuſtom had continued, we ſhould have been at a loſs now for our very pretty fellows: for they ſeem to be the proper men to officer, animate, and keep up an army. But, pray, ſir, how did that ſociable manner of tilting grow out of mode?

Col. *Plume*. Why, ſir, I will tell you: it was a law among the combatants, that the party which happened to have the firſt man diſarmed or killed, ſhould yield as vanquiſhed: which ſome people thought might encourage the Modiſhes and Smarts in quarrelling to the deſtruction of only the very topping fellows; and as ſoon as this reflection was ſtarted, the very topping fellows thought it an incumbrance upon their honour to fight at all themſelves. Since that time the Modiſhes and the Smarts, throughout all Europe, have extolled the French king's edict.

Sir *Mark*. Our very pretty fellows, whom I take to be the ſucceſſors of the very topping fellows, think a quarrel ſo little faſhionable, that they will not be expoſed to it by any other man's vanity, or want of ſenſe.

Mr. *Sage*. But, colonel, I have obſerved in your account of duels, that there was a great exactneſs in avoiding all advantage that might poſſibly be between the combatants.

Col. *Plume*. That is true, ſir; for the weapons were always equal.

Mr. *Sage*. Yes, ſir; but ſuppoſe an active adroit ſtrong man had inſulted an awkward or a feeble, or an unpractiſed ſword's-man?

Col. *Plume*. Then, ſir, they fought with piſtols.

Mr. *Sage*. But, ſir, there might be a certain advantage that way; for a good markſman will be ſure to hit his man at twenty yards diſtance; and a man whoſe hand ſhakes (which is common to men that debauch in pleaſures, or have not

uſed piſtols out of their holſters) will not venture to fire, unleſs he touches the perſon he ſhoots at. Now, ſir, I am of opinion, that one can get no honour in killing a man, if one has it all 'rug,' as the gameſters ſay, when they have a trick to make the game ſecure, though ſeem to play upon the ſquare.

Sir *Mark*. In truth, Mr. Sage, I think ſuch a fact muſt be murder in a man's own private conſcience, whatever it may appear to the world.

Col. *Plume*. I have known ſome men ſo nice, that they would not fight but upon a cloak with piſtols.

Mr. *Sage*. I believe a cuſtom well eſtabliſhed would outdo the grand monarch's edict [z].

Sir *Mark*. And bullies would then leave off their long ſwords. But I do not find that a very pretty fellow can ſtay to change his ſword when he is inſulted by a bully with a long diego; though his own at the ſame time be no longer than a pen-knife; which will certainly be the caſe if ſuch little ſwords are in mode. Pray, colonel, how was it between the hectors of your time, and the very topping fellows?

Col. *Plume*. Sir, long ſwords happened to be generally worn in thoſe times.

Mr. *Sage*. In anſwer to what you were ſaying, ſir Mark, give me leave to inform you, that your knights-errant (who were the very pretty fellows of thoſe ancient times) thought they could not honourably yield, though they had fought their own truſty weapons to the ſtumps; but would venture as boldly with the page's

[z] See Spec. N° 97.

leaden ſword, as if it had been of enchanted metal. Whence, I conceive, there muſt be a ſpice of romantic gallantry in the compoſition of that very pretty fellow.

Sir *Mark*. I am of opinion, Mr. Sage, that faſhion governs a very pretty fellow; nature, or common ſenſe, your ordinary perſons, and ſometimes men of fine parts.

Mr. *Sage*. But what is the reaſon, that men of the moſt excellent ſenſe and morals, in other points, aſſociate their underſtandings with the very pretty fellows in that chimæra of a duel?

Sir *Mark*. There is no diſputing againſt ſo great a majority.

Mr. *Sage*. But there is one ſcruple, colonel Plume, and I have done. Do not you believe there may be ſome advantage even upon a cloak with piſtols, which a man of nice honour would ſcruple to take?

Col. *Plume*. Faith, I cannot tell, ſir; but ſince one may reaſonably ſuppoſe that, in ſuch a caſe, there can be but one ſo far in the wrong as to occaſion matters to come to that extremity, I think the chance of being killed ſhould fall but on one; whereas, by their cloſe and deſperate manner of fighting, it may very probably happen to both.

Sir *Mark*. Why, gentlemen, if they are men of ſuch nice honour, and muſt fight, there will be no fear of foul play, if they threw up croſs or pile who ſhould be ſhot [a].

* * *

[a] See N° 205; Theatre, N° 26; and The Conſcious Lovers, *paſſim*.

N° 40. Tueſday, July 12, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 11.

Letters from the city of London give an account of a very great conſternation that place is in at preſent, by reaſon of a late inquiry made at Guildhall, whether a noble perſon [b] has parts enough to deſerve the enjoyment of the great eſtate of which he is poſſeſſed? The city is apprehenſive, that this precedent may go farther than was at firſt imagined. The perſon againſt whom this inquiſition is ſet up by his relations, is a peer of a neighbouring kingdom, and has in his youth made ſome few bulls, by which it is inſinuated, that he has forfeited his goods and chattels. This is the more aſtoniſhing, in that there are many perſons in the ſaid city who are ſtill more guilty than his lordſhip, and who, though they are idiots, do not only poſſeſs, but have alſo themſelves acquired great eſtates, contrary to the known laws of this realm, which veſts their poſſeſſions in the crown.

There is a gentleman in the coffee-houſe at this time exhibiting a bill in chancery againſt

[b] Richard, the fifth viſcount Wenman.

his father's younger brother, who by ſome ſtrange magic has arrived at the value of half a plumb, as the citizens call an hundred thouſand pounds; and in all the time of growing up to that wealth, was never known in any of his ordinary words or actions to diſcover any proof of reaſon. Upon this foundation my friend has ſet forth, that he is illegally maſter of his coffers, and has writ two epigrams to ſignify his own pretenſions and ſufficiency for ſpending that eſtate. He has inſerted in his plea ſome things which I fear will give offence; for he pretends to argue, that though a man has a little of the knave mixed with the fool, he is nevertheleſs liable to the loſs of goods; and makes the abuſe of reaſon as juſt an avoidance of an eſtate as the total abſence of it. This is what can never paſs; but witty men are ſo full of themſelves, that there is no perſuading them; and my friend will not be convinced, but that upon quoting Solomon, who always uſed the word fool as a term of the ſame ſignification with unjuſt, and makes all deviation from goodneſs and virtue to come under the notion of folly; I ſay, he doubts not, but by the force of this authority, let his idiot uncle appear never ſo great a knave, he ſhall prove him a fool at the ſame time.

This affair led the company here into an examination of theſe points; and none coming here but wits, what was aſſerted by a young lawyer, that a lunatic is in the care of the chancery, but a fool in that of the crown, was received with general indignation. 'Why that?' ſays old Renault. 'Why that? Why muſt a

fool be a courtier more than a madman? This is the iniquity of this dull age. I remember the time when it went on the mad ſide; all your top-wits were ſcourers, rakes, roarers, and demoliſhers of windows. I knew a mad lord, who was drunk five years together, and was the envy of that age, who is faintly imitated by the dull pretenders to vice and madneſs in this. Had he lived to this day, there had not been a fool in faſhion in the whole kingdom.' When Renault had done ſpeaking, a very worthy man aſſumed the diſcourſe: 'This is,' ſaid he, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, a proper argument for you to treat of in your article from this place; and if you would ſend your Pacolet into all our brains, you would find, that a little fibre or valve, ſcarce diſcernable, makes the diſtinction between a politician and an idiot. We ſhould, therefore, throw a veil upon thoſe unhappy inſtances of human nature, who ſeem to breathe without the direction of reaſon and underſtanding, as we ſhould avert our eyes with abhorrence from ſuch as live in perpetual abuſe and contradiction to theſe noble faculties. Shall this unfortunate man be diveſted of his eſtate, becauſe he is tractable and indolent, runs in no man's debt, invades no man's bed, nor ſpends the eſtate he owes his children and his character; when one who ſhews no ſenſe above him, but in ſuch practices, ſhall be eſteemed in his ſenſes, and poſſibly may pretend to the guardianſhip of him who is no ways his inferior, but in being leſs wicked? We ſee old age brings us indifferently

into the ſame impotence of ſoul, wherein nature has placed this lord.'

There is ſomething very fantaſtical in the diſtribution of civil power and capacity among men. The law certainly gives theſe perſons into the ward and care of the crown, becauſe that is beſt able to protect them from injuries, and the impoſitions of craft and knavery; that the life of an idiot may not ruin the intail of a noble houſe, and his weakneſs may not fruſtrate the induſtry or capacity of the founder of his family. But when one of bright parts, as we ſay, with his eyes open, and all men's eyes upon him, deſtroys thoſe purpoſes, there is no remedy. Folly and ignorance are puniſhed! folly and guilt are tolerated! Mr. Locke has ſomewhere [c] made a diſtinction between a madman and a fool: a fool is he that from right principles makes a wrong concluſion; but a madman is one who draws a juſt inference from falſe principles. Thus the fool who cut off the fellow's head that lay aſleep, and hid it, and then waited to ſee what he would ſay when he awaked, and miſſed his head-piece, was in the right in the firſt thought, that a man would be ſurpriſed to find ſuch an alteration in things ſince he fell aſleep; but he was a little miſtaken to imagine he could awake at all after his head was cut off. A madman fancies himſelf a prince; but upon his miſtake, he acts ſuitably to that character; and though he is out in ſup-

[c] Locke's Eſſay concerning Human Underſtanding. Lond. ed. 1706, chap. xii. ſect. 14, page 94.

poſing he has principalities, while he drinks gruel, and lies in ſtraw, yet you ſhall ſee him keep the port of a diſtreſſed monarch in all his words and actions. Theſe two perſons are equally taken into cuſtody: but what muſt be done to half this good company, who every hour of their life [d] are knowingly and wittingly both fools and madmen, and yet have capacities both of forming principles, and drawing concluſions, with the full uſe of reaſon?

From my own Apartment, July 11.

This evening ſome ladies came to viſit my ſiſter Jenny; and the diſcourſe, after very many frivolous and public matters, turned upon the main point among the women, the paſſion of love. Sappho [e], who always leads on this occaſion, began to ſhew her reading, and told us, that ſir John Suckling and Milton had, upon a parallel occaſion, ſaid the tendereſt things ſhe ever read. 'The circumſtance,' ſaid ſhe, 'is ſuch as gives us a notion of that protecting part, which is the duty of men in their honourable deſigns upon, or poſſeſſion of women. In Suckling's tragedy of Brennoralt he makes the lover ſteal into his miſtreſs's bedchamber, and draw the curtains; then, when his heart is full of her charms, as ſhe lies ſleeping, inſtead of being carried away by the violence of his deſires into thoughts of a warmer nature, ſleep, which is

[d] Lives. [e] Probably Mrs. D. Manley. See N° 6, N° 35; Guardian, N° 53; Examiner, Vol. iv. N° 2; and Theatre, N° 26.

the image of death, gives this generous lover reflections of a different kind, which regard rather her ſafety than his own paſſion. For, beholding her as ſhe lies ſleeping, he utters theſe words:

" So miſers look upon their gold,
Which, while they joy to ſee, they fear to loſe:
The pleaſure of ſight ſcarce equalling
The jealouſy of being diſpoſſeſs'd by others.
Her face is like the milky way i'th' ſky,
A meeting of gentle lights without name!
Heav'n! ſhall this freſh ornament of the world,
Theſe precious love-lines, paſs with other common things
Amongſt the waſtes of time? what pity 'twere!"

'When Milton makes Adam leaning on his arm, beholding Eve, and lying in the contemplation of her beauty, he deſcribes the utmoſt tenderneſs and guardian affection in one word:

" Adam, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd."

'This is that ſort of paſſion which truly deſerves the name of love, and has ſomething more generous than friendſhip itſelf; for it has a conſtant care of the object beloved, abſtracted from its own intereſts in the poſſeſſion of it.'

Sappho was proceeding on this ſubject, when my ſiſter produced a letter ſent to her in the time of my abſence, in celebration of the marriage-ſtate, which is the condition wherein only this ſort of paſſion reigns in full authority. The epiſtle is as follows:

'DEAR MADAM,

'Your brother being abſent, I dare take the liberty of writing to you my thoughts of that ſtate, which our whole ſex either is, or deſires to be in. You will eaſily gueſs I mean matrimony, which I hear ſo much decried, that it was with no ſmall labour I maintained my ground againſt two opponents; but, as your brother obſerved of Socrates, I drew them into my concluſion, from their own conceſſions; thus:

"In marriage are two happy things allow'd,
A wife in wedding-ſheets, and in a ſhroud.
How can a marriage-ſtate be then accurs'd,
Since the laſt day's as happy as the firſt?"

'If you think they were too eaſily confuted, you may conclude them not of the firſt ſenſe, by their talking againſt marriage. Yours,

MARIANA.'

I obſerved Sappho began to redden at this epiſtle; and, turning to a lady, who was playing with a dog ſhe was ſo fond of as to carry him abroad with her, 'Nay,' ſays ſhe, 'I cannot blame the men if they have mean ideas of our ſouls and affections, and wonder ſo many are brought to take us for companions for life, when they ſee our endearments ſo triflingly placed: for, to my knowledge, Mr. Truman would give half his eſtate for half the affection you have ſhewn to that Shock: nor do I believe

you would be aſhamed to confeſs, that I ſaw you cry, when he had the colic laſt week with lapping ſour milk. What more could you do for your lover himſelf?' 'What more!' replied the lady. 'There is not a man in England for whom I could lament half ſo much.' Then ſhe ſtifled the animal with kiſſes, and called him beau, life, dear, monſieur, pretty fellow, and what not, in the hurry of her impertinence. Sappho roſe up; as ſhe always does at any thing ſhe obſerves done, which diſcovers in her own ſex a levity of mind, that renders them inconſiderable in the opinion of ours.

N° 41. Thurſday, July 14, 1709.
STEELE.

——— *Celebrare domeſtica facta.*

'To record acts and rules of common life.'

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 12.

THERE is no one thing more to be lamented in our nation, than their general affectation of every thing that is foreign; nay, we carry it ſo far, that we are more anxious for our own countrymen when they have croſſed the ſeas, than when we ſee them in the ſame dangerous condition before our eyes at home: elſe how is it poſſible, that on the twenty-ninth of the laſt month, there ſhould have been a battle fought in our very ſtreets of London, and nobody at this end of the town have heard of it? I proteſt, I,

who make it my buſineſs to inquire after adventures, ſhould never have known this, had not the following account been ſent me incloſed in a letter. This, it ſeems, is the way of giving out orders in the artillery-company [f]; and they prepare for a day of action with ſo little concern, as only to call it, 'An exerciſe of arms.'

'An exerciſe at arms of the artillery-company, to be performed on Wedneſday, June the twenty-ninth, 1709, under the command of ſir Joſeph Woolfe, knight and alderman, general; Charles Hopſon, eſquire, preſent ſheriff, lieutenant-general: captain Richard Synge, major; major John Shorey, captain of grenadiers; captain William Grayhurſt, captain John Butler, captain Robert Carellis, captains.

'The body marched from the Artillery-ground, through Moorgate, Coleman-ſtreet, Lothbury, Broad-ſtreet, Finch-lane, Cornhill, Cheapſide, St. Martin's, St. Anne's-lane, hault the pikes under the wall in Noble-ſtreet, draw up the firelocks facing the Goldſmiths-hall, make ready and face to the left, and fire, and ſo ditto three times. Beat to arms, and march round the hall, as up Lad-lane, Gutter-lane, Honey-lane, and ſo wheel to the right, and make your ſalute to my lord, and ſo down St. Anne's-lane, up Alderſgate-ſtreet, Barbican, and draw up in Red-croſs-ſtreet, the right at St. Paul's alley in the rear. March off lieutenant-general with half the body up Beech-lane: he

[f] See N° 28, note; and N° 38.

ſends a ſub-diviſion up King's-head-court, and takes poſt in it, and marches two diviſions round into Red-lion-market, to defend that paſs, and ſuccour the diviſion in King's-head-court; but keeps in White-croſs-ſtreet, facing Beech-lane, the reſt of the body ready drawn up. Then the general marches up Beech-lane, is attacked, but forces the diviſion in the court into the market, and enters with three diviſions while he preſſes the lieutenant-general's main body; and at the ſame time the three diviſions force thoſe of the revolters out of the market, and ſo all the lieutenant-general's body retreats into Chiſwell-ſtreet, and lodges two diviſions in Grub-ſtreet: and as the general marches on, they fall on his flank, but ſoon made to give way: but having a retreating-place in Red-lion-court, but could not hold it, being put to flight through Paul's-alley, and purſued by the general's grenadiers, while he marches up and attacks their main body, but are oppoſed again by a party of men as lay in Black-raven-court; but they are forced alſo to retire ſoon in the utmoſt confuſion, and at the ſame time, thoſe brave diviſions in Paul's-alley ply their rear with grenadoes, that with precipitation they take to the route along Bunhill-row: ſo the general marches into the Artillery-ground, and being drawn up, finds the revolting party to have found entrance, and makes a ſhow as if for a battle, and both armies ſoon engage in form, and fire by platoons [g].

[g] It was uſual about this time to publiſh ſome ſuch a paper, under the title of A Breviate of the Exerciſe at Arms, annually. See Tat. in 6 vols. vol. iv. p. 370, another ſpecimen *ſatis ſuperque*.

Much might be ſaid for the improvement of this ſyſtem; which, for its ſtyle and invention, may inſtruct generals and their hiſtorians, both in fighting a battle, and deſcribing it when it is over. Theſe elegant expreſſions, 'ditto—— and ſo——but ſoon——but having——but could not——but are——but they——finds the party to have found,' &c. do certainly give great life and ſpirit to the relation.

Indeed, I am extremely concerned for the lieutenant-general, who, by his overthrow and defeat, is made a deplorable inſtance of the fortune of war, and viciſſitudes of human affairs. He, alas! has loſt, in Beech-lane and Chiſwell-ſtreet, all the glory he lately gained in and about Holborn and St. Giles's. The art of ſubdividing firſt, and dividing afterwards, is new and ſurpriſing; and, according to this method, the troops are diſpoſed in King's-head-court and Red-lion-market: nor is the conduct of theſe leaders leſs conſpicuous in their choice of the ground, or field of battle. Happy was it, that the greateſt part of the achievements of this day was to be performed near Grub-ſtreet, that there might not be wanting a ſufficient number of faithful hiſtorians, who, being eye-witneſſes of theſe wonders, ſhould impartially tranſmit them to poſterity! But then it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the dark as to the name and title of that extraordinary hero, who commanded the diviſions in Paul's-alley; eſpecially becauſe thoſe diviſions are juſtly ſtyled brave, and accordingly were to puſh the enemy along Bunhill-row, and thereby occaſion a gene-

ral battle. But Pallas appeared in the form of a ſhower of rain, and prevented the ſlaughter and deſolation, which were threatened by theſe extraordinary preparations.

'*Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta*
Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa quieſcunt.'

VIRG. Georg. iv. 86.

'Yet all thoſe dreadful deeds, this doubtful fray,
A caſt of ſcatter'd duſt will ſoon allay.'

DRYDEN.

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 13.

SOME part of the company keep up the old way of converſation in this place, which uſually turned upon the examination of nature, and an inquiry into the manners of men. There is one in the room ſo very judicious, that he manages impertinents with the utmoſt dexterity. It was diverting this evening to hear a diſcourſe between him and one of theſe gentlemen. He told me, before that perſon joined us, that he was 'a queſtioner,' who, according to his deſcription, is one who aſks queſtions, not with a deſign to receive information, but an affectation to ſhew his uneaſineſs for want of it. He went on in aſſerting, that there are crowds of that modeſt ambition, as to aim no farther than to demonſtrate that they are in doubt. By this time Will Whynot was ſat down by us. 'So, gentlemen,' ſays he, 'in how many days, think you, ſhall we be maſters of Tournay? Is the account of the action of the Vivarois to be depended upon? Could you have imagined

England had ſo much money in it as you ſee it has produced? Pray, ſirs, what do you think? Will the duke of Savoy make an irruption into France? But,' ſays he, 'time will clear all theſe myſteries.' His anſwer to himſelf gave me the altitude of his head, and to all his queſtions I thus anſwered very ſatisfactorily.—'Sir, have you heard that this Slaughterford [h] never owned the fact for which he died? Have the news-papers mentioned that matter? But, pray, can you tell me what method will be taken to provide for theſe Palatines [i]? But this, as you ſay, time will clear.' 'Ay, ay,' ſays he, and whiſpers me, 'they will never let us into theſe things beforehand.' I whiſpered him again, 'We ſhall know it as ſoon as there is a proclamation.'——He tells me in the other ear, 'You are in the right of it.' Then he whiſpered my friend, to know what my name was; then made an obliging bow, and went to examine another table. This led my friend and me to weigh this wandering manner in many other incidents, and he took out of his pocket ſeveral little notes or tickets to ſolicit for votes to employments: as, 'Mr. John Taplaſh having ſerved all offices, and being reduced to great poverty, deſires your vote for ſinging-clerk of this pariſh. Another has had ten children, all whom his wife has ſuckled herſelf; therefore humbly deſires to be a ſchoolmaſter.'

[h] This fellow was hanged for the murder of his ſweetheart.

[i] See N° 51, N° 24, and notes, on Betty Pepin, and the Palatines.

There is nothing ſo frequent as this way of application for offices. It is not that you are fit for the place, but becauſe the place would be convenient for you, that you claim a merit to it. But commend me to the great Kirleus, who has lately ſet up for midwifery, and to help child-birth, for no other reaſon, but that he is himſelf the 'unborn doctor [k].' The way is, to hit upon ſomething that puts the vulgar upon the ſtare, or touches their compaſſion, which is often the weakeſt part about us. I know a good lady, who has taken her daughters from their old dancing-maſter, to place them with another, for no other reaſon but becauſe the new man has broke his leg, which is ſo ill ſet, that he can never dance more.

From my own Apartment, July 13.

As it is a frequent mortification to me to receive letters, wherein people tell me, without a name, they know I meant them in ſuch and ſuch a paſſage; ſo that very accuſation is an argument, that there are ſuch beings in human life as fall under our deſcription, and that our

[k] See N° 14, and note. Kirleus aſſumed the title of phyſician to K. Charles II. and availing himſelf of a vulgar prejudice, pretended to extraordinary endowments, on the ſcore of his having been introduced into the world by means of the Ceſarean operation. In the Examiner in folio, among the advertiſements ſubjoined July 5, 1711, Vol. i. N° 49, notice is given, that ſome of this unborn ſwindler's noſtrums were to be had of Mary Kirleus, widow of John Kirleus, ſon of Dr. Thomas Kirleus, a ſworn phyſician in ordinary to Charles II. and theſe noſtrums are ſaid to have been in their reſpectable family for half a century. See Tat. N° 226.

diſcourſe is not altogether fantaſtical and groundleſs: but in this caſe I am treated as I ſaw a boy was the other day, who gave out pocky bills: every plain fellow took it that paſſed by, and went on his way without further notice: and at laſt came one with his noſe a little abridged; who knocks the lad down, with a 'Why, you ſon of a w——e, do you think I am p—d?' But Shakeſpeare has made the beſt apology for this way of talking againſt the public errors: he makes Jaques, in the play called 'As you Like it,' expreſs himſelf thus:

'Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, the city woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or, what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays his bravery is not on my coſt?
Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech.
There then! How then? Then let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild gooſe flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.'

N° 42. Saturday, July 16, 1709.
STEELE, CONGREVE, AND ADDISON.

——*Celebrare domeſtica facta.*

'To regiſter inſtruction for common life.' C.

From my own Apartment, July 15.

LOOKING over ſome old papers, I found a little treatiſe, written by my great-grandfather, concerning bribery, and thought his manner of treating that ſubject not unworthy my remark. He there has a digreſſion concerning a poſſibility, that in ſome circumſtances a man may receive an injury, and yet be conſcious to himſelf that he deſerves it. There are abundance of fine things ſaid on the ſubject; but the whole wrapped up in ſo much jingle and pun, which was the wit of thoſe times, that it is ſcarce intelligible; but I thought the deſign was well enough in the following ſketch of an old gentleman's poetry: for in this caſe, where two are rivals for the ſame thing, and propoſe to obtain it by preſents, he that attempts the judge's honeſty, by making him offers of reward, ought not to complain when he loſes his cauſe by a better bidder. The good old doggrel runs thus:

'A poor man once a judge beſought
To judge aright his cauſe,
And with a pot of oil ſalutes
This judger of the laws.

" My friend," quoth he, " thy cauſe is good :"
He glad away did trudge ;
Anon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial judge.

' A hog well fed this churl preſents,
And craves a ſtrain of law ;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a ſtraw.

' Therewith he cry'd, " O ! partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone ;
When oil I gave, my cauſe was good,
But now to ruin run."

" Poor man," quoth he, " I thee forgot,
And ſee thy cauſe of foil ;
A hog came ſince into my houſe,
And broke thy pot of oil [l]."

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 15.

THE diſcourſe happened this evening to fall upon characters drawn in plays ; and a gentleman remarked, that there was no method in the world of knowing the taſte of an age, or period of time, ſo good, as by the obſervations of the perſons repreſented in their comedies. There were ſeveral inſtances produced, as Ben Jonſon's [m] bringing in a fellow ſmoking, as a piece of foppery ; ' but,' ſaid the gentleman who entertained us on this ſubject, ' this matter is no

[l] From George Whetſtone's Engliſh Mirror, &c. London, 1586, 4to. The book is in proſe, and printed in black letter, and this fable is towards the end of it. P.

[m] See Every Man in his Humour, C. 1598, 4to ; and N° 9, note on Beau.

where ſo obſervable as in the difference of the characters of women on the ſtage in the laſt age, and in this. It is not to be ſuppoſed that it was a poverty of genius in Shakſpeare [n], that his women made ſo ſmall a figure in his dialogues; but it certainly is, that he drew women as they then were in life: for that ſex had not in thoſe days that freedom in converſation; and their characters were only, that they were mothers, ſiſters, daughters, and wives. There were not then among the ladies, ſhining wits, politicians, virtuoſæ, free-thinkers, and diſputants; nay, there was then hardly ſuch a creature even as a coquette: but vanity had quite another turn, and the moſt conſpicuous woman at that time of day was only the beſt houſewife. Were it poſſible to bring into life an aſſembly of matrons of that age, and introduce the learned lady Woodby into their company, they would not believe the ſame nation could produce a creature ſo unlike any thing they ever ſaw in it.

'But theſe ancients would be as much aſtoniſhed to ſee in the ſame age ſo illuſtrious a pattern to all who love things praiſe-worthy as the divine Aſpaſia [o]. Methinks, I now ſee her

[n] All the female parts in Shakſpeare's plays were acted by boys and men, in his time; and this is thought to be one reaſon why Shakſpeare makes his female characters generally ſo inſignificant. P.

[o] The character of Aſpaſia was written by Mr. Congreve; and the perſon meant, was lady Elizabeth Haſtings. Scarce has any age, ſince the commencement of the Chriſtian æra, produced a lady of ſuch high birth and ſuperior accompliſhments, who was a greater bleſſing to many, or a brighter pattern to all. By all accounts ſhe appears to have been

walking in her garden like our firſt parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had ſpectators, and bearing celeſtial conſcious virtue in her aſpect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the ſeat of honour, truth, compaſſion, knowledge, and innocence.

" There dwells the ſcorn of vice, and pity too."

' In the midſt of the moſt ample fortune, and veneration of all that behold and know her, without the leaſt affectation, ſhe conſults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that ſupreme Power which beſtowed it. Without the learning of ſchools, or knowledge of a long courſe of arguments, ſhe goes on in a ſteady courſe of uninterrupted piety and virtue, and adds to the ſeverity and privacy of the laſt age all the freedom and eaſe of this. The language and mien of a court ſhe is poſſeſſed of in the higheſt degree; but the ſimplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainments. Aſpaſia is a female philoſopher, who does not only live up to the reſignation of the moſt retired lives of the ancient ſages, but alſo to the ſchemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the moſt exact œconomiſt, without appearing buſy; the moſt ſtrictly virtuous, without taſting the praiſe of it; and ſhuns applauſe

' little lower than the angels.' See N° 49. See the authority for this, with an edifying account of this extraordinary lady, and her benefactions, in a book in folio, entitled Memorials and Characters, &c. London, 1741, printed for J. Wilford, p. 780. This fine lady's character ſeems to have been ſuperior to that of our firſt parent.

with as much induſtry as others do reproach. This character is ſo particular, that it will very eaſily be fixed on her only, by all that know her; but I dare ſay ſhe will be the laſt that finds it out.

'But, alas! if we have one or two ſuch ladies, how many dozens are there like the reſtleſs Polugloſſa, who is acquainted with all the world but herſelf; who has the appearance of all, and poſſeſſion of no one virtue: ſhe has, indeed, in her practice the abſence of vice, but her diſcourſe is the continual hiſtory of it; and it is apparent, when ſhe ſpeaks of the criminal gratifications of others, that her innocence is only a reſtraint, with a certain mixture of envy. She is ſo perfectly oppoſite to the character of Aſpaſia, that as vice is terrible to her only as it is the object of reproach, ſo virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with applauſe.'

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 15.

It is now twelve of the clock at noon, and no mail come in; therefore I am not without hopes that the town will allow me the liberty which my brother news-writers take, in giving them what may be for their information in another kind, and indulge me in doing an act of friendſhip, by publiſhing the following account of goods and moveables.

[p] This is to give notice, that a magnificent palace, with great variety of gardens, ſtatues,

[p] The remainder of this paper was written by Addiſon, and Steele entitles it The Inventory of the Playhouſe. Pref. to Tat. vol. iv. See Guard. N° 95.

and water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury-lane; where there are likewiſe ſeveral caſtles to be diſpoſed of, very delightfully ſituated; as alſo groves, woods, foreſts, fountains, and country-ſeats, with very pleaſant proſpects on all ſides of them; being the moveables of Chriſtopher Rich [q], eſquire, who is breaking up houſe-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to diſpoſe of, which may be ſeen between the hours of ſix and ten in the evening.

THE INVENTORY.

Spirits of right Nantz brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and an half of lightning.

One ſhower of ſnow in the whiteſt French paper.

Two ſhowers of a browner ſort.

A ſea, conſiſting of a dozen large waves; the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well-conditioned.

A rainbow, a little faded.

A ſet of clouds after the French mode, ſtreaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

A new moon, ſomething decayed.

A pint of the fineſt Spaniſh waſh, being all that is left of two hogſheads ſent over laſt winter.

A coach very finely gilt, and little uſed, with a pair of dragons, to be ſold cheap.

A ſetting-ſun, a pennyworth.

[q] Drury-lane playhouſe was about this time ſhut up by an order from the lord chamberlain. See C. Cibber's Apology for his Life, vol. i. p. 296. P.

An imperial mantle, made for Cyrus the Great, and worn by Julius Cæſar, Bajazet, king Harry the Eighth, and ſignor Valentini.

A baſket-hilted ſword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's night-gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A wild boar killed by Mrs. Tofts and Dioclesian.

A ſerpent to ſting Cleopatra.

A muſtard-bowl to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger ſort, by Mr. D——s's [r] directions, little uſed.

Six elbow-chairs, very expert in country-dances, with ſix flower-pots for their partners.

The whiſkers of a Turkiſh baſſa.

The complexion of a murderer in a band-box; conſiſting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke [s].

A ſuit of clothes for a ghoſt, viz. a bloody ſhirt, a doublet curiouſly pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breaſt.

A bale of red Spaniſh wool.

[r] In 1709, Dennis's tragedy, called Appius and Virginia, was acted, on which occaſion the author introduced a new, or an improved, method of making thunder. His tragedy did not ſucceed, but his other invention was approved, and continues in uſe to this day. Soon after he diſcovered this at the acting of Macbeth, and the diſcovery threw him into a fury; being addicted to ſwearing, he exclaimed, 'S'death, that's my thunder. See how the fellows uſe me. They ſilence my tragedy, and roar out my thunder.'

[s] The coal-black peruke was clapped upon every actor who appeared as a bravo, or murderer.

Modern plots, commonly known by the name of trap-doors, ladders of ropes, vizard-maſques, and tables with broad carpets over them.

Three oak-cudgels, with one of crab-tree; all bought for the uſe of Mr. Pinkethman.

Materials for dancing; as maſques, caſtanets, and a ladder of ten rounds.

Aurengzebe's ſcymitar, made by Will. Brown in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers, never uſed but by Oedipus and the earl of Eſſex.

There are alſo ſwords, halbards, ſheep-hooks, cardinals hats, turbans, drums, gallipots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, an helmet, a back-piece, a breaſt-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed-baby.

Theſe are the hard ſhifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuſe us, if a weſterly wind, blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we ſhew our martial ſkill in every line, and, according to the ſpace we have to fill, we range our men in ſquadrons and battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever obſerving that no muſter is to be made, but when the wind is in a croſs-point, which often happens at the end of a campaign, when half the men are deſerted or killed. The Courant is ſometimes ten deep, his ranks cloſe: the Poſt-boy is generally in files, for greater exactneſs; and the Poſt-man comes down upon you rather after the Turkiſh way, ſword in hand, pell-mell, without form or

diſcipline; but ſure to bring men enough into the field; and, wherever they are raiſed, never to loſe a battle for want of numbers.

N° 43. Tueſday, July 19, 1709.
STEELE AND ADDISON.

—— *Bene nummatum decorat ſuadela Venuſque.*

HOR.

'The goddeſs of perſuaſion forms his train,
And Venus decks the well bemoney'd ſwain.'

FRANCIS.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 18.

I WRITE from hence at preſent to complain, that wit and merit are ſo little encouraged by people of rank and quality, that the wits of the age are obliged to run within Temple-bar for patronage. There is a deplorable inſtance of this kind in the caſe of Mr. D'Urfey, who has dedicated his inimitable comedy, called The Modern Prophets [t], to a worthy knight, to whom, it ſeems, he had before communicated his plan, which was, to ridicule the ridiculers of our eſtabliſhed doctrine. I have elſewhere celebrated the contrivance of this excellent drama; but was not, until I read the dedication, wholly let into the religious deſign of it. I am afraid it has ſuffered diſcontinuance at this gay

[t] See N° 1, and N° 11. The recommendation of D'Urfey in the Guardian, N° 67, atones for the raillery and liberties taken with him as an author, in this and ſome other papers. See Guardian, N° 29, and N° 82.

end of the town, for no other reaſon but the piety of the purpoſe. There is however, in this epiſtle, the true life of panegyrical performance; and I do not doubt but, if the patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good pretenſions to it, viz. of 'uncommon underſtanding,' who will give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble perſon, whom theſe words (which are the body of the panegyric) would fit to a hair.

[u] 'Your eaſineſs of humour, or rather your harmonious diſpoſition, is ſo admirably mixed with your compoſure, that the rugged cares and diſturbance that public affairs bring with it, which does ſo vexatiouſly affect the heads of other great men of buſineſs, &c. does ſcarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow ſo much as with a frown. And what above all is praiſe-worthy, you are ſo far from thinking yourſelf better than others, that a flouriſhing and opulent fortune, which, by a certain natural corruption in its quality, ſeldom fails to infect other poſſeſſors with pride, ſeems in this caſe as if only providentially diſpoſed to enlarge your humility.

'But I find, ſir, I am now got into a very large field, where, though I could with great eaſe raiſe a number of plants in relation to your merit of this plauditory nature; yet, for fear of an author's general vice, and that the plain juſtice I have done you ſhould, by my proceeding, and others miſtaken judgment, be imagined flattery, a thing the bluntneſs of my nature does

[u] An extract from D'Urfey's dedication.

not care to be concerned with, and which I alſo know you abominate.'

It is wonderful to ſee how many judges of theſe fine things ſpring up every day by the riſe of ſtocks, and other elegant methods of abridging the way to learning and criticiſm. But I do hereby forbid all dedications to any perſons within the city of London; except ſir Francis [x], ſir Stephen, and the Bank, will take epigrams and epiſtles as value received for their notes; and the Eaſt-India company accept of heroic poems for their ſealed bonds. Upon which bottom our publiſhers have full power to treat with the city in behalf of us authors, to enable traders to become patrons and fellows of the Royal Society [y], as well as to receive certain degrees of ſkill in the Latin and Greek tongues, according to the quantity of the commodities which they take off their hands.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, July 18. [z]

THE learned have ſo long laboured under the imputation of dryneſs and dulneſs in their accounts of the phænomena, that an ingenious

[x] Sir Francis and ſir Stephen were evidently bankers of the times; and of thoſe the two moſt eminent were ſir Francis Child and ſir Stephen Evance. See N° 46, note on Aurengezebe.

[y] Mr. Whiſton, alluded to in the following part of this paper, was at this time propoſed as a member of the Royal Society, and rejected. The pretended account of his hypotheſis that follows is mere pleaſantry, and not a quotation from his book, or any true account of his theory.

[z] By Addiſon.

gentleman of our ſociety has reſolved to write a ſyſtem of philoſophy in a more lively method, both as to the matter and language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his account, by way of fable of the worlds about us, had ſo much vivacity in it, that I could not forbear tranſcribing his hypotheſis, to give the reader a taſte of my friend's treatiſe, which is now in the preſs [a].

'The inferior deities, having deſigned on a day to play a game at football, kneaded together a numberleſs collection of dancing atoms into the form of ſeven rolling globes: and that nature might be kept from a dull inactivity, each ſeparate particle is endued with a principle of motion, or a power of attraction, whereby all the ſeveral parcels of matter draw each other proportionably to their magnitudes and diſtances into ſuch a remarkable variety of different forms, as to produce all the wonderful appearances we now obſerve in empire, philoſophy, and religion. But to proceed:

[a] This ſeems to be a banter upon Mr. Whiſton's book, entitled *Prælectiones Phyſicæ Mathematicæ, ſive Philoſophia clariſſimi Newtoni Mathematica illuſtrata*, 1710; wherein he explained the Newtonian philoſophy, which now began to grow into vogue. Both Addiſon and Steele very much befriended Whiſton; and, after his baniſhment from Cambridge, promoted a ſubſcription for his aſtronomical lectures at Button's coffee-houſe.

It appears from this paper, that Whiſton's book was printed and publiſhed in 1709, though it is dated on the title-page in 1710. This is commonly done. The printers begin their year in November.

'At the beginning of the game, each of the globes, being ſtruck forward with a vaſt violence, ran out of ſight, and wandered in a ſtraight line through the infinite ſpaces. The nimble deities purſue, breathleſs almoſt, and ſpent in the eager chace; each of them caught hold of one, and ſtamped it with his name; as, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and ſo of the reſt. To prevent this inconvenience for the future, the ſeven are condemned to a precipitation, which in our inferior ſtyle we call gravity. Thus the tangential and centripetal forces, by their counterſtruggle, make the celeſtial bodies deſcribe an exact ellipſis.

'There will be added to this an appendix, in defence of the firſt day of the term according to the [b] Oxford almanack, by a learned knight [c] of this realm, with an apology for the ſaid knight's manner of dreſs; proving, that his habit, according to this hypotheſis, is the true modern and faſhionable [c]; and that buckles are not to be worn, by this ſyſtem, until the tenth of March in the year 1714, which, according to the computation of ſome of our greateſt divines, is to be the firſt year of the millennium; in which bleſſed age all habits will be reduced to a primitive ſimplicity; and whoever ſhall be found to have perſevered in a conſtancy of dreſs, in ſpite of all the allurements of prophane and heathen habits, ſhall be rewarded with a never-fading

[b] See N° 39; and Guardian, N° 107.

[c] Sir William Whitlocke, knt. member for Oxon, bencher of the Middle Temple, and queen's ſerjeant. He is alſo alluded to, under the name of Dear Shoeſtrings, which it would ſeem that he wore inſtead of buckles, N° 38. P.

doublet of a thouſand years. All points in the ſyſtem, which are doubted, ſhall be atteſted by the knight's extemporary oath [d], for the ſatisfaction of his readers.'

Will's Coffeè-houſe, July 18.

We were upon the heroic ſtrain this evening; and the queſtion was, 'What is the true ſublime?' Many very good diſcourſes happened thereupon; after which a gentleman [e] at the table, who is, it ſeems, writing on that ſubject, aſſumed the argument; and, though he ran through many inſtances of ſublimity from the ancient writers, ſaid, he had hardly known an occaſion wherein the true greatneſs of ſoul, which animates a general in action, is ſo well repreſented, with regard to the perſon of whom it was ſpoken, and the time in which it was writ, as in a few lines in a modern poem. 'There is,' continued he, nothing ſo forced and conſtrained, as what we frequently meet with in tragedies; to make a man, under the weight of great ſorrow, or full of meditation upon what he is ſoon to execute, caſt about for a ſimile to

[d] The whigs at this time vented their reproaches againſt the earl of Nottingham, who dreſſed always as he had done in his youth. The raillery levelled at his lordſhip's long pockets and large buttons is pleaſant and inoffenſive, but there is nothing aſcertained in hiſtory to juſtify inſinuations againſt his veracity. Whatever might be the bent of this earl's political principles, no whig nobleman appears to have been more ſincere or ſteady in his endeavours to eſtabliſh the ſucceſſion of the crown in a proteſtant family.

[e] Probably Mr. Welſted, who publiſhed about this time a tranſlation of Longinus Περὶ ὑψῶς.

what he himſelf is, or the thing which he is going to act: but there is nothing more proper and natural for a poet, whoſe buſineſs it is to deſcribe, and who is ſpectator of one in that circumſtance, when his mind is working upon a great image, and that the ideas hurry upon his imagination—I ſay, there is nothing ſo natural, as for a poet to relieve and clear himſelf from the burden of thought at that time, by uttering his conception in ſimile and metaphor. The higheſt act of the mind of man is to poſſeſs itſelf with tranquillity in imminent danger, and to have its thoughts ſo free, as to act at that time without perplexity. The ancient authors have compared this ſedate courage to a rock that remains immoveable amidſt the rage of winds and waves; but that is too ſtupid and inanimate a ſimilitude, and could do no credit to the hero. At other times they are all of them wonderfully obliged to a Lybian lion, which may give indeed very agreeable terrors to a deſcription, but is no compliment to the perſon to whom it is applied: eagles, tigers, and wolves, are made uſe of on the ſame occaſion, and very often with much beauty; but this is ſtill an honour done to the brute rather than the hero. Mars, Pallas, Bacchus, and Hercules, have each of them furniſhed very good ſimilies in their time, and made, doubtleſs, a greater impreſſion on the mind of a heathen than they have on that of a modern reader. But the ſublime image that I am talking of, and which I really think as great as ever entered into the thought of man, is in the poem

called The Campaign [f]; where the ſimile of a miniſtering angel ſets forth the moſt ſedate and the moſt active courage, engaged in an uproar of nature, a confuſion of elements, and a ſcene of divine vengeance. Add to all, that theſe lines compliment the general and his queen at the ſame time, and have all the natural horrors heightened by the image that was ſtill freſh in the mind of every reader [g]:

" 'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm [h]."

'The whole poem is ſo exquiſitely noble and poetic, that I think it an honour to our nation and language [i].

[f] By Addiſon, publiſhed in 1704.

[g] The author alludes here to the terrible tempeſt which happened in November 1703, and made ſad havoc in England, and in other parts of Europe. In 1704, D. De Foe publiſhed an account of the diſaſters it produced, under the title of The Storm. Price 3s. 6d. Printed for G. Sawbridge, by J. Nutt.

[h] Pſalm cxlviii. 8.

[i] Dr. Johnſon, ſpeaking of this paſſage of The Campaign, ſays, 'Perhaps this thought, though hardly a ſimile, was

The gentleman concluded his critique on this work, by ſaying that he eſteemed it wholly new, and a wonderful attempt to keep up the ordinary ideas of a march of an army, juſt as they happened, in ſo warm and great a ſtyle, and yet be at once familiar and heroic. Such a performance is a chronicle as well as a poem, and will preſerve the memory of our hero, when all the edifices [k] and ſtatues erected to his honour are blended with common duſt.

N° 44. Thurſday, July 21, 1709.
STEELE.

—— *Nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis.* OVID.

'No herb, alas! can cure the pangs of love.'

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 19.

THIS day, paſſing through Covent-garden, I was ſtopped in the piazza by Pacolet, to obſerve what he called the triumph of love and youth. I turned to the object he pointed at, and there I ſaw a gay gilt chariot, drawn by freſh prancing horſes; the coachman with a new cockade, and the lacqueys with inſolence and plenty in their countenances. I aſked immediately, what young

remote from vulgar conceptions, and required a great labour of reſearch, or dexterity of application.' Dr. Maddan (he adds) once gave me his opinion: 'If I had ſet,' ſaid he, 'ten ſchool-boys on the battle of Blenheim, and eight had brought me the angel, I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed.' Dr. Johnſon's Lives of Engl. Poets, vol. ii. p. 408 and 410.

[k] Blenheim Houſe ſeems not likely to blend with common duſt, for a great while to come.

heir or lover owned that glittering equipage; but my companion interrupted, 'Do you not ſee there the mourning Æſculapius [l]?' 'The mourning?' ſaid I. 'Yes, Iſaac,' ſaid Pacolet, 'he is in deep mourning, and is the languiſhing, hopeleſs lover of the divine Hebe [m], the emblem of youth and beauty. The excellent and learned ſage you behold in that furniture is the ſtrongeſt inſtance imaginable, that love is the moſt powerful of all things.

'You are not ſo ignorant as to be a ſtranger to the character of Æſculapius, as the patron and moſt ſucceſsful of all who profeſs the art of medicine. But as moſt of his operations are owing to a natural ſagacity or impulſe, he has very little troubled himſelf with the doctrine of drugs, but has always given nature more room to help herſelf, than any of her learned aſſiſtants; and, conſequently, has done greater wonders than is in the power of art to perform: for which reaſon he is half deified by the people; and has ever been juſtly courted by all the world, as if he were a ſeventh ſon.

'It happened that the charming Hebe was reduced, by a long and violent fever, to the moſt extreme danger of death; and when all ſkill failed, they ſent for Æſculapius. The renowned artiſt was touched with the deepeſt compaſſion

[l] This paper was written in ridicule of a love-affair which befel Dr. Radcliffe, who was at this time about ſixty; he died Nov. 1, 1714, aged ſixty-four. See N° 46, N° 47, N° 50, N° 67, and notes.

[m] This lady's real name was Miſs Tempeſt; ſhe was one of the maids of honour to Q. Anne.

to ſee the faded charms and faint bloom of Hebe; and had a generous concern in beholding a ſtruggle, not between life, but rather between youth and death. All his ſkill and his paſſion tended to the recovery of Hebe, beautiful even in ſickneſs: but, alas! the unhappy phyſician knew not that in all his care he was only ſharpening darts for his own deſtruction. In a word, his fortune was the ſame with that of the ſtatuary, who fell in love with the image of his own making; and the unfortunate Æſculapius is become the patient of her whom he lately recovered. Long before this diſaſter, Æſculapius was far gone in the unneceſſary and ſuperfluous amuſements of old age, in increaſing unwieldy ſtores, and providing, in the midſt of an incapacity of enjoyment of what he had, for a ſupply of more wants than he had calls for in youth itſelf. But theſe low conſiderations are now no more, and love has taken place of avarice, or rather is become an avarice of another kind, which ſtill urges him to purſue what he does not want. But, behold the metamorphoſis; the anxious, mean cares of an uſurer are turned into the languiſhments and complaints of a lover. "Behold," ſays the aged Æſculapius, "I ſubmit; I own, great love, thy empire: pity, Hebe, the fop which you have made. What have I to do with gilding but on pills? Yet, O fair! for thee I ſit amidſt a crowd of painted deities on my chariot, buttoned in gold, claſped in gold, without having any value for that beloved metal, but as it adorns the perſon, and laces the hat, of thy dying lover. I aſk not to

live, O Hebe! give me but gentle death: Εὐθανάσια, Εὐθανάσια [n], that is all I implore."

When Æſculapius had finiſhed his complaint, Pacolet went on in deep morals on the incertainty of riches, with this remarkable exclamation: 'O wealth! how impotent art thou! and how little doſt thou ſupply us with real happineſs, when the uſurer himſelf can forget thee for the love of what is as foreign to his felicity as thou art!'

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 19.

The company here, who have all a delicate taſte for theatrical repreſentations, had made a gathering to purchaſe the moveables of the neighbouring playhouſe, for the encouragement of one which is ſetting up in the Hay-market. But the proceedings at the auction, by which method the goods have been ſold this evening, have been ſo unfair, that this generous deſign has been fruſtrated; for the imperial mantle made for Cyrus was miſſing, as alſo the chariot and two dragons: but upon examination it was found, that a gentleman of Hampſhire [o] had

[n] A Greek word, that ſignifies 'an eaſy death,' which was the common wiſh of the emperor Auguſtus. See Sueton. in Auguſt. cap. 99.

[o] Richard Norton, eſq; of Southwick, in Hampſhire, often M. P. for the county of Southampton, built a playhouſe at Southwick. He was long in habits of friendſhip with A. Henley, eſq; which was cemented and endeared by a ſimilarity in their ſtudies and pleaſures. This gay man was a votary of the muſes, and ſuppoſed to be the author of a play called Pauſanias. Cibber dedicated his firſt play to him; his laſt will may be ſeen in the Gent. Mag. for 1733, p. 57.

clandeſtinely bought them both, and is gone down to his country-ſeat; and that on Saturday laſt he paſſed through Staines, attired in that robe, and drawn by the ſaid dragons, aſſiſted by two only of his own horſes. This theatrical traveller has alſo left orders with Mr. Hall [p] to ſend the faded rainbow to the ſcourer's, and when it comes home, to diſpatch it after him. At the ſame time Chriſtopher Rich [q], eſquire, is invited to bring down his ſetting-ſun himſelf, and be box-keeper to a theatre erected by this gentleman near Southampton. Thus there has been nothing but artifice in the management of this affair; for which reaſon I beg pardon of the town, that I inſerted the inventory in my paper; and ſolemnly proteſt, I knew nothing of this artful deſign of vending theſe rarities: but I meant only the good of the world in that, and all other things which I divulge.

And now I am upon this ſubject, I muſt do myſelf juſtice in relation to an article in a former paper [r], wherein I made mention of a perſon

There happened a breach in the friendſhip between Mr. Norton and Mr. Henley, when they were pretty far advanced in life, and ſoon after they both married about the ſame time. See Tat. N° 11, N° 25, N° 26, N° 193; Spect. N° 494, and notes on Ant. Henley, eſq. See alſo Memoirs of Illuſtr. Perſons who died in 1711, 8vo. 1712, p. 531, *et ſeqq.* Life of A. Henley, eſq; who died in Aug. 1711.

[p] A noted auctioneer of thoſe times.

[q] The patentee for Drury-lane play-houſe, which was ſhut up about this time by an order from the lord chamberlain. See N° 42, and note.

[r] All the papers and paſſages about Powel, the puppet-ſhow-man, relate to the controverſy between Hoadly and Offspring Blackall biſhop of Exeter, on which they were

who keeps a puppet-ſhow in the town of Bath; I was tender of naming names, and only juſt hinted, that he makes larger promiſes, when he invites people to his dramatic repreſentations, than he is able to perform: but I am credibly informed, that he makes a prophane, lewd jeſter, whom he calls Punch, ſpeak to the diſhonour of Iſaac Bickerſtaff with great familiarity; and, before all my learned friends in that place, takes upon him to diſpute my title to the appellation of eſquire. I think I need not ſay much to convince all the world, that this Mr. Powel, for that is his name, is a pragmatical and vain perſon, to pretend to argue with me on any ſubject. *Mecum certaſſe feretur* [s]; that is to ſay, 'It will be an honour to him to have it ſaid he contended with me:' but I would have him to know, that I can look beyond his wires, and know very well the whole trick of his art; and that it is only by theſe wires that the eye of the ſpectator is cheated, and hindered from ſeeing that there is a thread on one of Punch's chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the diſcretion of the ſaid Powel, who ſtands behind and plays him, and makes him ſpeak ſaucily of his betters. He! to pretend to make prologues againſt me! ——But a man never behaves himſelf with decency in his own caſe; therefore I ſhall com-

intended as a banter; it is needleſs to ſay that the wit and raillery is employed on the ſide of Hoadly. See preface to Tat. vol. iv. See alſo N° 11, N° 16, and N° 45.

[s] The faſtidious and reproachful anſwer of Ajax to Ulyſſes, on the occaſion of their conteſting for the arms of Achilles. See Ovid. Metam. lib. xiii. ver. 20.

mand myſelf, and never trouble me further with this little fellow, who is himſelf but a tall puppet, and has not brains enough to make even wood ſpeak as it ought to do: and I, that have heard the groaning board [t], can deſpiſe all that his puppets ſhall be able to ſpeak as long as they live. But, *Ex quovis ligno non ſit Mercurius*, 'Every log of wood will not make a Mercury.' He has pretended to write to me alſo from the Bath [u], and ſays, he thought to have deferred giving me an anſwer until he came to his books; but that my writings might do well with the waters: which are pert expreſſions, that become a ſchool-boy better than [x] one that is to teach others: and

[t] This dark paſſage is explained by the following advertiſement:

†§† 'At the ſign of the Wool-ſack in Newgate-market, is to be ſeen a ſtrange and wonderful elm board, which being touched with a hot iron, doth expreſs itſelf as if it were a man dying with groans, &c. It hath been preſented before the king and his nobles, and hath given great ſatisfaction.'

[u] Alluding to the biſhop of Exeter's anſwer to Hoadly's letter, 1709, in which there is this paſſage: 'I have no books here; and, being under theſe circumſtances, I hope I may be excuſed if, in citing ſcripture, I ſhould not always name chapter and verſe, nor hit exactly upon the very words of the tranſlation.' Lord biſhop of Exeter's Anſwer, &c. p. 2 and 3.

'As to the Tatlers relating to Powel's puppets, and the doctrines of paſſive obedience and abſolute non-reſiſtance, and to biſhop Blackall, I know it gave my father ſome uneaſineſs, that there is a reference to a fact, which, as he reſolved himſelf never to take notice of, thinking it ungenerous, ſo he was ſorry to ſee any friend of the cauſe had; which is, that the biſhop had ſaid inadvertently, he was at Bath, and had not a Bible in his family.' Dr. John Hoadly.

[x] Meaning a biſhop, alluding to what ought to be his employment.

when I have ſaid a civil thing to him, he cries, 'Oh! I thank you for that——I am your humble ſervant for that [y].' Ah! Mr. Powel, theſe ſmart civilities will never run down men of learning: I know well enough your deſign is to have all men automata [z], like your puppets; but the world is grown too wiſe, and can look through theſe thin devices. I know your deſign to make a reply to this; but be ſure you ſtick cloſe to my words; for if you bring me into diſcourſes concerning the government of your puppets, I muſt tell you [a], 'I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at leiſure to anſwer you.' It is really a burning ſhame this man ſhould be tolerated in abuſing the world with ſuch repreſentations of things: but his parts decay, and he is not much more alive than Partridge [b].

From my own Apartment, July 14.

I MUST beg pardon of my readers, that for this time I have, I fear, huddled up my diſcourſe, having been very buſy in helping an old friend of mine out of town. He has a very good eſtate, and is a man of wit; but he has been three years abſent from town, and cannot bear a

[y] The biſhop, after quoting a reſpectful expreſſion of Hoadly, ſays, 'Your ſervant, ſir, for that.'

[z] Mere machines.

[a] The biſhop's words retorted. [b] See N° 1, N° 7, N° 11, N° 35, N° 44; and notes on Partridge. This fine banter is continued in the ſame ſpirit of exquiſite raillery in Tat. N° 50, *art.* From my own Apartment. See notes, ibidem; and an honourable anecdote of Hoadly, *ad finem*; and N° 45, Let. from Mother Gourdon's.

jeſt; for which reaſon I have, with ſome pains, convinced him, that he can no more live here than if he were a downright bankrupt. He was ſo fond of dear London, that he began to fret, only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laughed at, I took a place in the northern coach for him and his family; and hope he is got to-night ſafe from all ſneerers in his own parlour.

N° 45. Saturday, July 23, 1709.

STEELE.

Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris—— JUV. Sat. vi. 1.

'In Saturn's reign, at nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chaſtity on earth.'
DRYDEN.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 22.

THE other day I took a walk a mile or two out of town, and, ſtrolling wherever chance led me, I was inſenſibly carried into a by-road, along which was a very agreeable quickſet, of an extraordinary height, which ſurrounded a very delicious ſeat and garden. From one angle of the hedge I heard a voice cry, 'Sir, ſir!'—This raiſed my curioſity, and I heard the ſame voice ſay, but in a gentle tone, 'Come forward, come forward!' I did ſo, and one through the hedge called me by my name, and bid me go on to the left, and I ſhould be admitted to viſit an old acquaintance in diſtreſs. The laws of

knight-errantry made me obey the ſummons without heſitation; and I was let in at the back-gate of a lovely houſe by a maid-ſervant, who carried me from room to room until I came into a gallery; at the end of which I ſaw a fine lady, dreſſed in the moſt ſumptuous habit, as if ſhe were going to a ball, but with the moſt abject and diſconſolate ſorrow in her face that I ever beheld. As I came near, ſhe burſt into tears, and cried, 'Sir, do not you know the unhappy Teraminta [c]?' I ſoon recollected her whole perſon: 'But,' ſaid I, 'madam, the ſimplicity of dreſs, in which I have ever ſeen you at your good father's houſe, and the cheerfulneſs of countenance with which you always appeared, are ſo unlike the faſhion and temper you are now in, that I did not eaſily recover the memory of you. Your habit was then decent and modeſt, your looks ſerene and beautiful: whence then this unaccountable change? Nothing can ſpeak ſo deep a ſorrow as your preſent aſpect; yet your dreſs is made for jollity and revelling!' —'It is,' ſaid ſhe, 'an unſpeakable pleaſure to meet with one I know, and to bewail myſelf to any that is not an utter ſtranger to humanity.

'When your friend, my father, died, he left me to a wide world, with no defence againſt the inſults of fortune; but rather a thouſand ſnares to intrap me in the dangers to which youth and innocence are expoſed, in an age wherein honour and virtue are become mere words, and uſed only as they ſerve to betray thoſe who underſtand them in their native ſenſe, and obey them as

[c] See N° 7, Teraminta.

the guides and motives of their being. The wickedeſt of all men living, the abandoned Decius, who has no knowledge of any good art or purpoſe of human life, but as it tends to the ſatisfaction of his appetites, had opportunities of frequently ſeeing and entertaining me at a houſe where mixed company boarded, and where he placed himſelf for the baſe intention which he has ſince brought to paſs. Decius ſaw enough in me to raiſe his brutal deſires, and my circumſtances gave him hopes of accompliſhing them. But all the glittering expectations he could lay before me, joined by my private terrors of poverty itſelf, could not for ſome months prevail upon me; yet, however I hated his intention, I ſtill had a ſecret ſatisfaction in his courtſhip, and always expoſed myſelf to his ſolicitations. See here the bane of our ſex! Let the flattery be never ſo apparent, the flatterer never ſo ill thought of, his praiſes are ſtill agreeable, and we contribute to our own deceit. I was, therefore, ever fond of all opportunities and pretences of being in his company. In a word, I was at laſt ruined by him, and brought to this place, where I have been ever ſince immured; and, from the fatal day after my fall from innocence, my worſhipper became my maſter, and my tyrant.

'Thus you ſee me habited in the moſt gorgeous manner, not in honour of me as a woman he loves, but as this attire charms his own eye, and urges him to repeat the gratification he takes in me, as the ſervant of his brutiſh luſts and appetites. I know not where to fly for re-

dreſs; but am here pining away life in the ſolitude and ſeverity of a nun, but the conſcience and guilt of an harlot. I live in this lewd practice with a religious awe of my miniſter of darkneſs, upbraided with the ſupport I receive from him, for the ineſtimable poſſeſſion of youth, of innocence, of honour, and of conſcience. I ſee, ſir, my diſcourſe grows painful to you; all I beg of you is, to paint it in ſo ſtrong colours, as to let Decius ſee I am diſcovered to be in his poſſeſſion, that I may be turned out of this deteſtable ſcene of regular iniquity, and either think no more, or ſin no more. If your writings have the good effect of gaining my enlargement, I promiſe you I will atone for this unhappy ſtep, by preferring an innocent laborious poverty, to all the guilty affluence the world can offer me.'

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 21.

To ſhew that I do not bear an irreconcileable hatred to my mortal enemy, Mr. Powel at Bath, I do his function the honour to publiſh to the world, that plays repreſented by puppets are permitted in our univerſities [d], and that ſort of drama is not wholly thought unworthy the critique of learned heads; but, as I have been converſant rather with the greater ode, as I think the critics call it, I muſt be ſo humble as to make a requeſt to Mr. Powel, and deſire him

[d] The univerſity of Oxford declared publicly in favour of his lordſhip, and his doctrine of paſſive obedience; and in ſo doing acted in conſiſtency with its infamous decree in 1683. BABILLARD.

to apply his thoughts to anſwering the difficulties with which my kinſman, the author of the following letter, ſeems to be embarraſſed.

' *To my honoured kinſman, Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq.*

From mother Gourdon's at Hedington, near Oxon, June 16 [e].

' DEAR COUSIN,

' HAD the family of the Beadleſtaffs [f], whereof I, though unworthy, am one, known of your being lately at Oxon, we had in our own name, and in the univerſity's, as it is our office, made you a compliment: but your ſhort ſtay here robbed us of an opportunity of paying our due reſpects, and you of receiving an ingenious entertainment, with which we at preſent divert ourſelves and ſtrangers. A puppet-ſhow at this time ſupplies the want of an act. And ſince the nymphs of this city are diſappointed of a luſcious muſic-ſpeech, and the country ladies of hearing their ſons or brothers ſpeak verſes; yet the vocal machines, like them, by the help of a prompter, ſay things as much to the benefit of the audience, and almoſt as properly their own. The licence of a Terræ-Filius [g] is refined to the well-bred ſatire of Punchenello. Now, couſin Bickerſtaff, though Punch has neither a French night-cap, nor long pockets, yet you muſt own him to be a " pretty

[e] A village near Oxford. [f] See N° 11.

[g] See Terræ-Filius, or The Secret Hiſtory of the Univerſity of Oxford, in ſeveral Eſſays, 2 vol. 1726.

fellow," a " very pretty fellow:" nay, ſince he ſeldom leaves the company, without calling ſon of a whore, demanding ſatisfaction, and duelling, he muſt be owned a " ſmart fellow," too. Yet, by ſome indecencies towards the ladies, he ſeems to be of a third character, diſtinct from any you have yet touched upon. A young gentleman who ſat next me (for I had the curioſity of ſeeing this entertainment) in a tufted gown, red ſtockings, and long wig (which I pronounce to be tantamount to red heels, and a dangling cane) was enraged when Punchenello diſturbed a ſoft love-ſcene with his ribaldry. You would oblige us mightily by laying down ſome rules for adjuſting the extravagant behaviour of this Almanzor of the play, and by writing a treatiſe on this ſort of dramatic poetry, ſo much favoured, and ſo little underſtood, by the learned world.

' From its being conveyed in a cart, after the Theſpian manner, all the parts being recited by one perſon, as the cuſtom was before Æſchylus, and from the behaviour of Punch, as if he had won the goat, you may poſſibly deduce its antiquity, and ſettle the chronology, as well as ſome of our modern critics. In its natural tranſitions from mournful to merry; as from the hanging of a lover to dancing upon the rope; from the ſtalking of a ghoſt to a lady's preſenting you with a jig, you may diſcover ſuch a decorum, as is not to be found elſewhere than in our tragi-comedies. But I forget myſelf; it is not for me to dictate: I thought fit, dear couſin, to give you theſe hints, to ſhew

you, that the Beadleſtaffs do not walk before men of letters to no purpoſe; and that, though we do but hold up the train of arts and ſciences, yet, like other pages, we are now and then let into our ladies ſecrets.

I am your affectionate kinſman,

BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.'

From my own Apartment, July 22.

I AM got hither ſafe, but never ſpent time with ſo little ſatisfaction as this evening; for, you muſt know, I was five hours with three merry, and two honeſt, fellows. The former ſang catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the noiſe they made. 'Well,' ſays Tom Bellfrey, 'you ſcholars, Mr. Bickerſtaff, are the worſt company in the world.'—'Ay,' ſays his oppoſite, 'you are dull to-night; pr'ythee be merry.' With that I huzzaed, and took a jump croſs the table, then came clever upon my legs, and fell a-laughing. 'Let Mr. Bickerſtaff alone,' ſays one of the honeſt fellows; 'when he is in a good humour, he is as good company as any man in England.' He had no ſooner ſpoke, but I ſnatched his hat off his head, and clapped it upon my own, and burſt out a-laughing again; upon which we all fell a-laughing for half an hour. One of the honeſt fellows got behind me in the interim, and hit me a ſound ſlap on the back; upon which he got the laugh out of my hands; and it was ſuch a twang on my ſhoulders, that I

confeſs he was much merrier than I. I was half angry; but reſolved to keep up the good humour of the company; and, after hollowing as loud as I could poſſibly, I drank off a bumper of claret, that made me ſtare again. 'Nay,' ſays one of the honeſt fellows, 'Mr. Iſaac is in the right, there is no converſation in this; what ſignifies jumping, or hitting one another on the back; let us drink about.' We did ſo from ſeven of the clock until eleven; and now I am come hither, and, after the manner of the wiſe Pythagoras, begin to reflect upon the paſſages of the day. I remember nothing but that I am bruiſed to death; and as it is my way to write down all the good things I have heard in the laſt converſation, to furniſh my paper, I can from this only tell you my ſufferings and my bangs.

I named Pythagoras juſt now; and I proteſt to you, as he believed men after death entered into other ſpecies, I am now and then tempted to think other animals enter into men, and could name ſeveral on two legs, that never diſcover any ſentiments above what is common with the ſpecies of a lower kind; as we ſee in theſe bodily wits with whom I was to-night, whoſe parts conſiſt in ſtrength and activity; but their boiſterous mirth gives me great impatience for the return of ſuch happineſs as I enjoyed in a converſation laſt week. Among others in that company we had Florio, who never interrupted any man living when he was ſpeaking; or ever ceaſed to ſpeak, but others lamented that he had done. His diſcourſe ever ariſes from the fulneſs

of the matter before him, and not from oſtentation or triumph of his underſtanding; for, though he ſeldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he ſpeaks without having that end in view; and his forbearance of calumny or bitterneſs is owing rather to his good-nature than his diſcretion; for which reaſon he is eſteemed a gentleman perfectly qualified for converſation, in whom a general good-will to mankind takes off the neceſſity of caution and circumſpection.

We had at the ſame time that evening the beſt ſort of companion that can be, a good-natured old man. This perſon, in the company of young men, meets with veneration for his benevolence; and is not only valued for the good qualities of which he is maſter, but reaps an acceptance from the pardon he gives to other men's faults: and the ingenuous ſort of men, with whom he converſes, have ſo juſt a regard for him, that he rather is an example, than a check, to their behaviour. For this reaſon, as Senecio never pretends to be a man of pleaſure before youth, ſo young men never ſet up for wiſdom before Senecio; ſo that you never meet, where he is, thoſe monſters of converſation, who are grave or gay above their years. He never converſes but with followers of nature and good ſenſe, where all that is uttered is only the effect of a communicable temper, and not of emulation to excel their companions; all deſire of ſuperiority being a contradiction to that ſpirit which makes a juſt converſation, the very eſſence of which is mutual good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a rule, that the natural, and

not the acquired man, is the companion. Learning, wit, gallantry, and good-breeding, are all but ſubordinate qualities in ſociety, and are of no value, but as they are ſubſervient to benevolence, and tend to a certain manner of being or appearing equal to the reſt of the company; for converſation is compoſed of an aſſembly of men, as they are men, and not as they are diſtinguiſhed by fortune: therefore he who brings his quality with him into converſation, ſhould always pay the reckoning; for he came to receive homage, and not to meet his friends.——But the din about my ears, from the clamour of the people I was with this evening, has carried me beyond my intended purpoſe, which was to explain upon the order of merry fellows; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good Senecio, with a ſpice of the wit of the laſt age, ſay, viz. that 'a merry fellow is the ſaddeſt fellow in the world.'

*** Dec. 30, 1709. 'The directors of the Eaſt-India company choſe Mr. Gulſton Addiſon, an eminent merchant reſiding at Fort St. George, governour and preſident of that place, vice Thomas Pitt, eſq; who it is ſaid has deſired leave to come home.' Poſt-man, 1697. See Tat. N° 46, note on Aurengezebe; and Tat. in 6 vols. vol. v. p. 380, *et ſeqq.* Additional notes.

N° 46. Tueſday, July 26, 1709.
STEELE.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una ſede morantur,
Majeſtas et amor.——

OVID. Met. II. 88.

——'Love but ill agrees with kingly pride.'

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 25.

WE ſee every day volumes written againſt that tyrant of human life called love; and yet there is no help found againſt his cruelties, or barrier againſt the inroads he is pleaſed to make into the mind of man. After this preface, you will expect I am going to give particular inſtances of what I have aſſerted. That expectation cannot be raiſed too high for the novelty of the hiſtory, and manner of life, of the emperor Aurengezebe [h], who has reſided for ſome years in the cities of London and Weſtminſter, with an air and mien indeed of his imperial quality, but the equipage and appointment only of a private gentleman. This potentate, for a long ſeries of time, appeared from the hour of twelve until that of two at a coffee-houſe near the

[h] This name has been applied to a celebrated Eaſt-India governor of that time, certainly without the leaſt foundation, for he was at this time, and long after this, a reſident at Fort St. George. The perſon alluded to was the goldſmith, or banker, to whom the diamond was conſigned in its native ſtate, who ſuperintended its manufacture, and was afterwards a bankrupt. See Tat. N° 43, note on ſir Stephen; and N° 45, adv. p. 451.

Exchange, and had a ſeat (though without a canopy) ſacred to himſelf, where he gave diurnal audiences concerning commerce, politics, tare and tret, uſury and abatement, with all things neceſſary for helping the diſtreſſed, who are willing to give one limb for the better maintenance of the reſt; or ſuch joyous youths, whoſe philoſophy is confined to the preſent hour, and were deſirous to call in the revenue of the next half-year to double the enjoyment of this. Long did this growing monarch employ himſelf after this manner: and, as alliances are neceſſary to all great kingdoms, he took particularly the intereſts of Lewis the XIVth into his care and protection. When all mankind were attacking that unhappy monarch, and thoſe who had neither valour nor wit to oppoſe againſt him, would be ſtill ſhewing their impotent malice, by laying wagers in oppoſition to his intereſts; Aurengezebe ever took the part of his contemporary, and laid immenſe treaſures on his ſide, in defence of his important magazine of Toulon. Aurengezebe alſo had all this while a conſtant intelligence with India; and his letters were anſwered in jewels, which he ſoon made brilliant, and cauſed to be affixed to his imperial caſtor [i], which he always wears cocked in front, to ſhew his defiance; with an heap of imperial ſnuff in the middle of his ample viſage, to ſhow his ſagacity. The zealots for this little ſpot called Great Britain fell univerſally into this emperor's policies, and paid homage to his ſuperior genius, in forfeiting their coffers to his treaſury.

[i] Beaver.

But wealth and wiſdom are poſſeſſions too ſolemn not to give wearineſs to active minds, without the relief (in vacant hours) of wit and love, which are the proper amuſements of the powerful and the wiſe. This emperor, therefore, with great regularity, every day at five in the afternoon, leaves his money-changers, his publicans, and little hoarders of wealth [k], to their low purſuits, and aſcends his chariot, to drive to Will's; where the taſte is refined, and a reliſh given to men's poſſeſſions, by a polite ſkill in gratifying their paſſions and appetites. There it is that the emperor has learned to live and to love, and not, like a miſer, to gaze only on his ingots or his treaſures; but, with a nobler ſatisfaction, to live the admiration of others, for his ſplendor and happineſs in being maſter of them. But a prince is no more to be his own caterer in his love, than in his food; therefore Aurengezebe has ever in waiting two purveyors for his diſhes, and his wenches for his retired hours, by whom the ſcene of his diverſion is prepared in the following manner:

There is near Covent-garden a ſtreet known by the name of Drury, which before the days of Chriſtianity was purchaſed by the queen of Paphos, and is the only part of Great Britain where the tenure of vaſſalage is ſtill in being. All that long courſe of building is under particular diſtricts or ladyſhips, after the manner of lordſhips in other parts, over which matrons of known abilities preſide, and have, for the ſup-

[k] The deſcription of a banker.

port of their age and infirmities, certain taxes paid out of the rewards of the amorous labours of the young. This ſeraglio of Great Britain is diſpoſed into convenient alleys and apartments, and every houſe, from the cellar to the garret, inhabited by nymphs of different orders, that perſons of every rank may be accommodated with an immediate conſort, to allay their flames and partake of their cares. Here it is that, when Aurengezebe thinks fit to give a looſe to dalliance, the purveyors prepare the entertainment; and what makes it more auguſt is, that every perſon concerned in the interlude has his ſet part, and the prince ſends beforehand word what he deſigns to ſay, and directs alſo the very anſwer which ſhall be made to him.

It has been before hinted, that this emperor has a continual commerce with India; and it is to be noted, that the largeſt ſtone that rich earth has produced [1], is in our Aurengezebe's poſſeſſion.

But all things are now diſpoſed for his reception. At his entrance into the ſeraglio, a ſervant delivers him his beaver of ſtate and love, on which is fixed this ineſtimable jewel as his diadem. When he is ſeated, the purveyors, Pandarus and Nuncio, marching on each ſide of the matron of the houſe, introduce her into his preſence. In the midſt of the room, they bow all together to the diadem. When the matron—

'Whoever thou art, as thy awful aſpect ſpeaks thee a man of power, be propitious to

[1] See p. 462, *ad finem.* Note.

this manſion of love, and let not the ſeverity of thy wiſdom diſdain, that by the repreſentation of naked innocence, or paſtoral figures, we revive in thee the memory at leaſt of that power of Venus, to which all the wiſe and the brave are ſome part of their lives devoted.' Aurengezebe conſents by a nod, and they go out backward.

After this, an unhappy nymph, who is to be ſuppoſed juſt eſcaped from the hands of a raviſher, with her treſſes diſhevelled, runs into the room with a dagger in her hand, and falls before the emperor.

'Pity, oh! pity, whoever thou art, an unhappy virgin, whom one of thy train has robbed of her innocence; her innocence, which was all her portion——Or rather, let me die like the memorable Lucretia.'—Upon which ſhe ſtabs herſelf. The body is immediately examined after the manner of our coroners. Lucretia recovers by a cup of right Nantz; and the matron, who is her next relation, ſtops all proceſs at law.

This unhappy affair is no ſooner over, but a naked mad woman breaks into the room, calls for her duke, her lord, her emperor. As ſoon as ſhe ſpies Aurengezebe, the object of all her fury and love, ſhe calls for petticoats, is ready to ſink with ſhame, and is dreſſed in all haſte in new attire at his charge. This unexpected accident of the mad woman makes Aurengezebe curious to know, whether others who are in their ſenſes can gueſs at his quality. For which reaſon, the whole convent is examined one by

one. The matron marches in with a tawdry country girl——' Pray, Winifred,' ſays ſhe, ' who do you think that fine man with thoſe jewels and pearls is ?'——' I believe,' ſays Winifred, it is our landlord——It muſt be the eſquire himſelf.'——The emperor laughs at her ſimplicity——' Go, fool,' ſays the matron: then turning to the emperor——' Your greatneſs will pardon her ignorance !' After her, ſeveral others of different characters are inſtructed to miſtake who he is, in the ſame manner: then the whole ſiſterhood are called together, and the emperor riſes, and cocking his hat, declares, he is the great mogul, and they his concubines. A general murmur goes through the whole aſſembly; and Aurengezebe, certifying that he keeps them for ſtate, rather than uſe, tells them, they are permitted to receive all men into their apartments; then proceeds through the crowd, among whom he throws medals ſhaped like half-crowns, and returns to his chariot.

This being all that paſſed the laſt day in which Aurengezebe viſited the women's apartments, I conſulted Pacolet concerning the foundation of ſuch ſtrange amuſements in old age: to which he anſwered, ' You may remember, when I gave you an account of my good fortune in being drowned on the thirtieth day of my human life, I told you of the diſaſters I ſhould otherwiſe have met with before I arrived at the end of my ſtamen, which was ſixty years. I may now add an obſervation to you, that all who exceed that period, except the latter part of it is ſpent in the exerciſe of virtue and contemplation

of futurity, muſt neceſſarily fall into an indecent old age; becauſe, with regard to all the enjoyments of the years of vigour and manhood, childhood returns upon them: and as infants ride on ſticks, build houſes in dirt, and make ſhips in gutters, by a faint idea of things they are to act hereafter; ſo old men play the lovers, potentates, and emperors, for the decaying image of the more perfect performances of their ſtronger years: therefore, be ſure to inſert Æſculapius and Aurengezebe in your next bill of mortality of the metaphorically defunct.'

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 24.

As ſoon as I came hither this evening, no leſs than ten people produced the following poem, which they all reported was ſent to each of them by the penny-poſt from an unknown hand. All the battle-writers in the room were in debate, who could be the author of a piece ſo martially written; and every body applauded the addreſs and ſkill of the author, in calling it a poſtſcript: it being the nature of a poſtſcript to contain ſomething very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expreſſed in the letter itſelf. Thus the verſes being occaſioned by a march without beat of drum, and that circumſtance being no ways taken notice of in any of the ſtanzas, the author calls it a poſtſcript; not that it is a poſtſcript, but figuratively, becauſe it wants a poſtſcript. Common writers, when what they mean is not expreſſed in the book itſelf, ſupply it by a preface; but a poſtſcript ſeems to me the more

juſt way of apology; becauſe otherwiſe a man makes an excuſe before the offence is committed. All the heroic poets were gueſſed at for its author; but though we could not find out his name, yet one repeated a couplet in Hudibras, which ſpoke his qualifications:

'I'th' midſt of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.'

The poem is admirably ſuited to the occaſion: for to write without diſcovering your meaning, bears a juſt reſemblance to marching without beat of drum.

'*On the march to Tournay without beat of drum.*

'THE BRUSSELS POSTSCRIPT.

'Could I with plaineſt words expreſs
That great man's wonderful addreſs,
His penetration, and his tow'ring thought;
It would the gazing world ſurpriſe,
To ſee one man at all times wiſe,
To view the wonders he with eaſe has wrought.

'Refining ſchemes approach his mind,
Like breezes of a ſouthern wind,
To temperate a ſultry glorious day;
Whoſe fannings, with an uſeful pride,
Its mighty heat do ſoftly guide,
And having clear'd the air, glide ſilently away.

'Thus his immenſity of thought
Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,
His temper always ſoftening life's diſeaſe;
That Fortune, when ſhe does intend
To rudely frown, ſhe turns his friend,
Admires his judgment, and applauds his eaſe.

'His great addreſs in this deſign
Does now, and will for ever ſhine,
And wants a Waller but to do him right;
The whole amuſement was ſo ſtrong,
Like fate he doom'd them to be wrong,
And Tournay's took by a peculiar ſlight.

'Thus, madam, all mankind behold
Your vaſt aſcendant, not by gold,
But by your wiſdom and your pious life;
You aim no more, than to deſtroy
That which does Europe's eaſe annoy,
And ſuperſede a reign of ſhame and ſtrife.'

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 24.

My brethren of the quill, the ingenious ſociety of news-writers, having with great ſpirit and elegance already informed the world, that the town of Tournay capitulated on the twenty-eighth inſtant; there is nothing left for me to ſay, but to congratulate the good company here, that we have reaſon to hope for an opportunity of thanking Mr. Withers next winter in this place, for the ſervice he has done his country. No man deſerves better of his friends than that gentleman, whoſe diſtinguiſhing character it is, that he gives his orders with the familiarity, and enjoys his fortune with the generoſity, of a fellow-ſoldier. His grace the duke of Argyle[m] had alſo an eminent part in the reduction of this

[m] The French tranſlator mentions a rumour then current of a miſunderſtanding between the duke of Marlborough and the duke of Argyle, and pretends to ſay, that Marlborough was blamed for expoſing this young nobleman too much to danger at the battle of Malplaquet.

juſt way of apology; becauſe otherwiſe a man makes an excuſe before the offence is committed. All the heroic poets were gueſſed at for its author; but though we could not find out his name, yet one repeated a couplet in Hudibras, which ſpoke his qualifications:

'I'th' midſt of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.'

The poem is admirably ſuited to the occaſion: for to write without diſcovering your meaning, bears a juſt reſemblance to marching without beat of drum.

'*On the march to Tournay without beat of drum.*

'THE BRUSSELS POSTSCRIPT.

'Could I with plaineſt words expreſs
That great man's wonderful addreſs,
His penetration, and his tow'ring thought;
It would the gazing world ſurpriſe,
To ſee one man at all times wiſe,
To view the wonders he with eaſe has wrought.

'Refining ſchemes approach his mind,
Like breezes of a ſouthern wind,
To temperate a ſultry glorious day;
Whoſe fannings, with an uſeful pride,
Its mighty heat do ſoftly guide,
And having clear'd the air, glide ſilently away.

'Thus his immenſity of thought
Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,
His temper always ſoftening life's diſeaſe;
That Fortune, when ſhe does intend
To rudely frown, ſhe turns his friend,
Admires his judgment, and applauds his eaſe.

‘ His great addreſs in this deſign
Does now, and will for ever ſhine,
And wants a Waller but to do him right;
The whole amuſement was ſo ſtrong,
Like fate he doom’d them to be wrong,
And Tournay’s took by a peculiar ſlight.

‘ Thus, madam, all mankind behold
Your vaſt aſcendant, not by gold,
But by your wiſdom and your pious life;
You aim no more, than to deſtroy
That which does Europe’s eaſe annoy,
And ſuperſede a reign of ſhame and ſtrife.’

St. James’s Coffee-houſe, July 24.

My brethren of the quill, the ingenious ſociety of news-writers, having with great ſpirit and elegance already informed the world, that the town of Tournay capitulated on the twenty-eighth inſtant; there is nothing left for me to ſay, but to congratulate the good company here, that we have reaſon to hope for an opportunity of thanking Mr. Withers next winter in this place, for the ſervice he has done his country. No man deſerves better of his friends than that gentleman, whoſe diſtinguiſhing character it is, that he gives his orders with the familiarity, and enjoys his fortune with the generoſity, of a fellow-ſoldier. His grace the duke of Argyle[m] had alſo an eminent part in the reduction of this

[m] The French tranſlator mentions a rumour then current of a miſunderſtanding between the duke of Marlborough and the duke of Argyle, and pretends to ſay, that Marlborough was blamed for expoſing this young nobleman too much to danger at the battle of Malplaquet.

important place. That illuſtrious youth diſcovers the peculiar turn of ſpirit and greatneſs of ſoul, which only make men of high birth and quality uſeful to their country; and conſiders nobility as an imaginary diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the practice of thoſe generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. But, that our military glory is arrived at its preſent height, and that men of all ranks ſo paſſionately affect their ſhare in it, is certainly owing to the merit and conduct of our glorious general: for as the great ſecret in chymiſtry, though not in nature, has occaſioned many uſeful diſcoveries; and the fantaſtic notion of being wholly diſintereſted in friendſhip has made men do a thouſand generous actions above themſelves; ſo, though the preſent grandeur and fame of the duke of Marlborough is a ſtation of glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their actions to an higher pitch, by having that great example laid before them.

N. B. There is a full account of the diamond mentioned in the preceding part of this paper, by Mr. D. Jeffries, with curious remarks, in a ſmall tract entituled, An Abſtract of a Treatiſe on Diamonds and Pearls. By the Author. Printed for R. Baldwin, 1753, price 6d. The treatiſe itſelf is in 8vo. 1751, price bound one guinea. The curious may ſee ſatisfactory evidence that governor Thomas Pitt, eſq; could not poſſibly be the perſon alluded to under the name of Aurengezebe, in the Tat. with notes in 6 vols. vol. v. p. 380, *et ſeqq.* Additional notes, &c.

N° 47. Thurſday, July 28, 1709.

STEELE [n].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 18.

My friend, ſir Thomas [o], has communicated to me his letters from Epſom of the twenty-fifth inſtant, which give, in general, a very good account of the preſent poſture of affairs in that place; but that the tranquillity and correſpondence of the company begins to be interrupted by the arrival of ſir Taffety Trippet [p], a fortune-hunter, whoſe follies are too groſs to give diverſion; and whoſe vanity is too ſtupid to let him be ſenſible that he is a public offence. If people will indulge a ſplenetic humour, it is impoſſible to be at eaſe, when ſuch creatures as are the ſcandal of our ſpecies ſet up for gallantry and adventures. It will be much more eaſy, therefore, to laugh ſir Taffety into reaſon, than con-

[n] This paper is aſcribed to Steele, but its pleaſantries and oblique ſtrokes are Addiſonian, and it might be one of the many publications for which Steele patiently ſuffered himſelf to be traduced and calumniated.

[o] The waiter. See N° 16, N° 26, and N° 36.

[p] Henry Cromwell, eſq; who died in 1728, was the original of the character here delineated under the name of ſir Taffety Trippet.

vert him from his foppery by any ſerious contempt. I knew a gentleman that made it a maxim to open his doors, and ever run into the way of bullies, to avoid their inſolence. The rule will hold as well with coxcombs: they are never mortified, but when they ſee you receive and deſpiſe them; otherwiſe they reſt aſſured, that it is your ignorance makes them out of your good graces; or, that it is only want of admittance prevents their being amiable where they are ſhunned and avoided. But ſir Taffety is a fop of ſo ſanguine a complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the fair-one he at preſent purſues, to get rid of the chace, without being ſo tired, as for her own eaſe, to fall into the mouth of the mongrel ſhe runs from. But the hiſtory of ſir Taffety is as pleaſant as his character.

It happened that, when he firſt ſet up for a fortune-hunter, he choſe Tunbridge for the ſcene of action, where were at that time two ſiſters upon the ſame deſign. The knight believed of courſe the elder muſt be the better prize; and conſequently makes all his ſail that way. People that want ſenſe do always in an egregious manner want modeſty, which made our hero triumph in making his amour as public as was poſſible. The adored lady was no leſs vain of his public addreſſes. An attorney with one cauſe is not half ſo reſtleſs as a woman with one lover. Wherever they met, they talked to each other aloud, choſe each other partner at balls, ſaluted at the moſt conſpicuous parts of the ſervice of

the church, and practiſed in honour of each other, all the remarkable particularities which are uſual for perſons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the reſt of the world. Theſe two lovers ſeemed as much made for each other as Adam and Eve, and all pronounced it a match of nature's own making; but the night before the nuptials, ſo univerſally approved, the younger ſiſter, envious of the good fortune even of her ſiſter, who had been preſent at moſt of their interviews, and had an equal taſte for the charms of a fop, as there are a ſet of women made for that order of men; the younger, I ſay, unable to ſee ſo rich a prize paſs by her, diſcovered to ſir Taffety, that a coquet air, much tongue, and three ſuits, was all the portion of his miſtreſs. His love vaniſhed that moment, himſelf and equipage the next morning. It is uncertain where the lover has been ever ſince engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his character as a follower of love and fortune until he arrived at Epſom, where there is at preſent a young lady of youth, beauty, and fortune, who has alarmed all the vain and the impertinent to infeſt that quarter. At the head of this aſſembly, ſir Taffety ſhines in the brighteſt manner, with all the accompliſhments which uſually enſnare the heart of a woman; with this particular merit, which often is of great ſervice, that he is laughed at for her ſake. The friends of the fair-one are in much pain for the ſufferings ſhe goes through from the perſeverance of this hero; but they may be much more ſo from the danger of his ſucceeding, toward which

they give a helping hand, if they diſſuade her with bitterneſs; for there is a fantaſtical generoſity in the ſex to approve creatures of the leaſt merit imaginable, when they ſee the imperfections of their admirers are become marks of deriſion for their ſakes; and there is nothing ſo frequent, as that he who was contemptible to a woman in her own judgment, has won her by being too violently oppoſed by others.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, July 27.

In the ſeveral capacities I bear, of aſtrologer, civilian, and phyſician, I have with great application ſtudied the public emolument: to this end ſerve all my lucubrations, ſpeculations, and whatever other labours I undertake, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this motive am I induced to publiſh a never-failing medicine for the ſpleen: my experience in this diſtemper came from a very remarkable cure on my ever worthy friend Tom Spindle, who, through exceſſive gaiety, had exhauſted that natural ſtock of wit and ſpirits he had long been bleſſed with: he was ſunk and flattened to the loweſt degree imaginable, ſitting whole hours over the Book of Martyrs and Pilgrim's Progreſs; his other contemplations never riſing higher than the colour of his urine, or the regularity of his pulſe. In this condition I found him, accompanied by the learned Dr. Drachm, and a good old nurſe. Drachm had preſcribed magazines of herbs, and mines of ſteel. I ſoon diſcovered the malady, and deſcanted on the nature of it, until I con-

vinced both the patient and his nurſe, that the ſpleen is not to be cured by medicine, but by poetry. Apollo, the author of phyſic, ſhone with diffuſive rays, the beſt of poets as well as of phyſicians; and it is in this double capacity that I have made my way; and have found ſweet, eaſy, flowing numbers are oft ſuperior to our nobleſt medicines. When the ſpirits are low, and nature ſunk, the Muſe, with ſprightly and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected turn with a grain of poetry; which I prepare without the uſe of Mercury. I have done wonders in this kind; for the ſpleen is like the Tarantula, the effects of whoſe malignant poiſon are to be prevented by no other remedy but the charms of muſic [q]: for you are to underſtand, that as ſome noxious animals carry antidoes for their own poiſons, ſo there is ſomething equally unaccountable in poetry; for though it is ſometimes a diſeaſe, it is to be cured only by itſelf. Now I, knowing Tom Spindle's conſtitution, and that he is not only a pretty gentleman, but alſo a pretty poet, found the true cauſe of his diſtemper was a violent grief, that moved his affections too ſtrongly: for during the late treaty of peace, he had writ a moſt excellent poem on that ſubject; and when he wanted but two lines in the laſt ſtanza for finiſhing the whole piece, there

[q] This is now acknowledged to be a vulgar error even in Apulia, where vagabond impoſtors earn ſtill a wretched livelihood by practiſing on credulity. Lin. Inſ. Ord. vii. Aptera, Gen. 264. Aranea, Sp. 35. Tarantula, Tarentiſm is juſt as harmleſs in Apulia, as at Rome, or any where elſe.

comes news that the French tyrant would not ſign. Spindle in a few days took his bed, and had lain there ſtill, had not I been ſent for. I immediately told him, there was great probability the French would now ſue to us for peace [r]. I ſaw immediately a new life in his eyes; and I knew that nothing could help him forward ſo well, as hearing verſes which he would believe worſe than his own. I read him therefore the Bruſſels Poſtſcript: after which I recited ſome heroic lines of my own, which operated ſo ſtrongly on the tympanum of his ear, that I doubt not but I have kept out all other ſounds for a fortnight; and have reaſon to hope, we ſhall ſee him abroad the day before his poem.

This, you ſee, is a particular ſecret I have found out, viz. that you are not to chooſe your phyſician for his knowledge in your diſtemper, but for having it himſelf. Therefore, I am at hand for all maladies ariſing from poetical vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other day to one in love, I took indeed their three guineas, and gave them my advice, which was to ſend for Æſculapius [s]. Æſculapius, as ſoon as he ſaw the patient, cries out, 'It is love! it is love! Oh! the unequal pulſe! Theſe are the ſymptoms a lover feels; ſuch ſighs, ſuch pangs, attend the uneaſy mind; nor

[r] This alluſion to a poem on the peace, plainly ſhews that Mr. Thomas Tickell was the perſon here ſpoken of under the fictitious name of Tom Spindle, which indicates that he was at this time of a ſlender make. See an account of his poem, Spect. N° 523.

[s] Dr. Radcliffe. See Tatler, N° 44, and notes.

can our art, or all our boaſted ſkill, avail.—Yet, O fair! for thee—' Thus the ſage ran on, and owned the paſſion which he pitied, as well as that he felt a greater pain than ever he cured: after which he concluded, ' All I can adviſe is marriage: charms and beauty will give new life and vigour, and turn the courſe of nature to its better proſpect.' This is the new way; and thus Æſculapius has left his beloved powders, and writes a recipe for a wife at ſixty. In ſhort, my friend followed the preſcription, and married youth and beauty in its perfect bloom.

' Supine in Sylvia's ſnowy arms he lies,
And all the buſy cares of life defies:
Each happy hour is fill'd with freſh delight,
While peace the day, and pleaſure crowns the night.'

From my own Apartment, July 27.

TRAGICAL paſſion was the ſubject of the diſcourſe where I laſt viſited this evening: and a gentleman, who knows that I am at preſent writing a very deep tragedy, directed his diſcourſe in a particular manner to me. ' It is the common fault,' ſaid he, ' of you gentlemen who write in the buſkin ſtyle, that you give us rather the ſentiments of ſuch who behold tragical events, than of ſuch who bear a part in them themſelves. I would adviſe all who pretend this way, to read Shakſpeare with care; and they will ſoon be deterred from putting forth what is uſually called tragedy. The way of common writers in this kind is rather the deſcription than the expreſſion of ſorrow. There is no medium

in theſe attempts, and you muſt go to the very bottom of the heart, or it is all mere language; and the writer of ſuch lines is no more a poet, than a man is a phyſician for knowing the names of diſtempers, without the cauſes of them [t]. Men of ſenſe are profeſſed enemies to all ſuch empty labours: for he who pretends to be ſorrowful, and is not, is a wretch yet more contemptible than he who pretends to be merry, and is not. Such a tragedian is only maudlin drunk.' The gentleman went on with much warmth; but all he could ſay had little effect upon me: but when I came hither, I ſo far obſerved his counſel, that I looked into Shakſpeare. The tragedy I dipped into was Henry the Fourth. In the ſcene where Morton is preparing to tell Northumberland of his ſon's death, the old man does not give him time to ſpeak, but ſays,

'The whiteneſs of thy cheeks
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand;
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire, ere he is tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'ſt it.'

The image in this place is wonderfully noble and great; yet this man in all this is but riſing towards his great affliction, and is ſtill enough himſelf, as you ſee, to make a ſimile. But when he is certain of his ſon's death, he is loſt

[t] An alluſion to Dr. Radcliffe, who, though very ſucceſsful in his practice, deſpiſed and ridiculed the theory of phyſic.

to all patience, and gives up all the regards of this life; and ſince the laſt of evils is fallen upon him, he calls for it upon all the world.

'Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
And let the world no longer be a ſtage,
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the wide ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead.'

Reading but this one ſcene has convinced me, that he, who deſcribes the concern of great men, muſt have a ſoul as noble, and as ſuſceptible of high thoughts, as they whom he repreſents: I ſhall therefore lay by my drama for ſome time, and turn my thoughts to cares and griefs, ſomewhat below that of heroes, but no leſs moving. A misfortune, proper for me to take notice of, has too lately happened: the diſconſolate [u] Maria has three days kept her chamber for the loſs of the beauteous Fidelia, her lap-dog. Leſbia herſelf did not ſhed more tears for her ſparrow. What makes her the more concerned, is, that we know not whether Fidelia was killed or ſtolen; but ſhe was ſeen in the parlour-window when the train-bands went by, and never ſince. Whoever gives notice of her, dead or alive, ſhall be rewarded with a kiſs of her lady.

[u] The author's condolement probably on a melancholy accident of this kind in his own family. His wife's name was Mary.

N° 48. Saturday, July 30, 1709.
STEELE.

——*Virtutem verba putant, ut*
Lucum ligna —— HOR. Ep. vi. 31.

'They look on virtue as an empty name.'

From my own Apartment, July 29.

THIS day I obliged Pacolet to entertain me with matters which regarded perſons of his own character and occupation. We choſe to take our walk on Tower-hill; and as we were coming from thence, in order to ſtroll as far as Garraway's [x], I obſerved two men, who had but juſt landed, coming from the water-ſide. I thought there was ſomething uncommon in their mien and aſpect; but though they ſeemed by their viſage to be related, yet there was a warmth in their manner, as if they differed very much in their ſentiments of the ſubject on which they were talking. One of them ſeemed to have a natural confidence, mixed with an ingenuous freedom, in his geſture; his dreſs very plain, but very graceful and becoming: the other, in the midſt of an over-bearing carriage, betrayed, by frequently looking round him, a ſuſpicion that he was not enough regarded by thoſe he met, or that he feared they would make ſome attack upon him. This perſon was much taller

[x] Garraway kept a coffee-houſe at that time, oppoſite to the Royal Exchange, probably in the place where there is now a coffee-houſe well known by the ſame name.

than his companion, and added to that height the advantage of a feather in his hat, and heels to his ſhoes ſo monſtrouſly high, that he had three or four times fallen down, had he not been ſupported by his friend. They made a full ſtop as they came within a few yards of the place where we ſtood. The plain gentleman bowed to Pacolet; the other looked upon him with ſome diſpleaſure: upon which I aſked him, who they both were; when he thus informed me of their perſons and circumſtances:

'You may remember, Iſaac, that I have often told you, there are beings of a ſuperior rank to mankind; who frequently viſit the habitations of men, in order to call them from ſome wrong purſuits in which they are actually engaged, or divert them from methods which will lead them into errors for the future. He that will carefully reflect upon the occurrences of his life, will find he has been ſometimes extricated out of difficulties, and received favours, where he could never have expected ſuch benefits; as well as met with croſs events from ſome unſeen hand, which has diſappointed his beſt laid deſigns. Such accidents arrive from the interventions of aerial beings, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the nature of man; and attend his ſteps in the tracks of ambition, of buſineſs, and of pleaſure. Before I ever appeared to you in the manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your evening-walks; and have often, by throwing ſome accident in your way, as the paſſing by of a funeral, or the appearance of ſome other ſolemn object, given your imagination

a new turn, and changed a night you have deſtined to mirth and jollity, into an exerciſe of ſtudy and contemplation. I was the old ſoldier who met you laſt ſummer in Chelſea fields, and pretended that I had broken my wooden leg, and could not get home; but I ſnapped it ſhort off, on purpoſe that you might fall into the reflections you did on that ſubject, and take me into your hack. If you remember, you made yourſelf very merry on that fracture, and aſked me whether I thought I ſhould next winter feel cold in the toes of that leg; as is uſually obſerved, that thoſe who loſe limbs are ſenſible of pains in the extreme parts, even after thoſe limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you then in the ſtory of the battle of the Boyne prevented an aſſignation, which would have led you into more diſaſters than I then related.

'To be ſhort: thoſe two perſons whom you ſee yonder are ſuch as I am; they are not real men, but are mere ſhades and figures; one is named Alethes, the other Veriſimilis. Their office is to be the guardians and repreſentatives of conſcience and honour. They are now going to viſit the ſeveral parts of the town, to ſee how their intereſts in the world decay or flouriſh, and to purge themſelves from the many falſe imputations they daily meet with in the commerce and converſation of men. You obſerved Veriſimilis frowned when he firſt ſaw me. What he is provoked at is, that I told him one day, though he ſtrutted and dreſſed with ſo much oſtentation, if he kept himſelf within his own bounds, he was but a lacquey, and wore only

that gentleman's livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the heart; for you muſt know, he has pretended a long time to ſet up for himſelf, and gets among a crowd of the more unthinking part of mankind, who take him for a perſon of the firſt quality; though his introduction into the world was wholly owing to his preſent companion.'

This encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was reſolved to dog them, and deſired Pacolet to accompany me. I ſoon perceived what he told me in the geſture of the perſons; for when they looked at each other in diſcourſe, the well-dreſſed man ſuddenly caſt down his eyes, and diſcovered that the other had a painful ſuperiority over him. After ſome further diſcourſe, they took leave. The plain gentleman went down towards Thames-ſtreet, in order to be preſent, at leaſt, at the oaths taken at the Cuſtom-houſe; and the other made directly for the heart of the city. It is incredible how great a change there immediately appeared in the man of honour, when he got rid of his uneaſy companion: he adjuſted the cock of his hat a-new, ſettled his ſword-knot, and had an appearance that attracted a ſudden inclination for him and his intereſts in all who beheld him. 'For my part,' ſaid I to Pacolet, 'I cannot but think you are miſtaken in calling this perſon of the lower quality; for he looks much more like a gentleman than the other. Do not you obſerve all eyes are upon him, as he advances? how each ſex gazes at his ſtature, aſpect, addreſs, and motion?' Pacolet only ſmiled, and ſhaked his head; as leaving

me to be convinced by my own further obſervation. We kept on our way after him until we came to Exchange-alley, where the plain gentleman again came up to the other; and they ſtood together after the manner of eminent merchants, as if ready to receive application; but I could obſerve no man talk to either of them. The one was laughed at as a fop; and I heard many whiſpers againſt the other, as a whimſical ſort of a fellow, and a great enemy to trade. They croſſed Cornhill together, and came into the full Exchange, where ſome bowed, and gave themſelves airs in being known to ſo fine a man as Veriſimilis, who, they ſaid, had great intereſt in all princes courts; and the other was taken notice of by ſeveral, as one they had ſeen ſomewhere long before. One more particularly ſaid, he had formerly been a man of conſideration in the world; but was ſo unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by ſome ſtrange infatuation or other, had a way of cutting off their own bills, and were prodigiouſly ſlow in improving their ſtock. But as much as I was curious to obſerve the reception theſe gentlemen met with upon the Exchange, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every body made their compliments. He was of the common height, and in his dreſs there ſeemed to be great care to appear no way particular, except in a certain exact and feat [y] manner of behaviour and circumſpection. He was wonderfully careful that his ſhoes and clothes ſhould be

[y] Ready, ſkilful, ingenious. JOHNSON.

without the leaſt ſpeck upon them; and ſeemed to think, that on ſuch an accident depended his very life and fortune. There was hardly a man on the Exchange who had not a note upon him; and each ſeemed very well ſatisfied that their money lay in his hands, without demanding payment. I aſked Pacolet, what great merchant that was, who was ſo univerſally addreſſed to, yet made too familiar an appearance to command that extraordinary deference? Pacolet anſwered, 'This perſon is the dæmon or genius of credit; his name is Umbra. If you obſerve, he follows Alethes and Veriſimilis at a diſtance; and indeed has no foundation for the figure he makes in the world, but that he is thought to keep their caſh; though, at the ſame time, none who truſt him would truſt the others for a groat.' As the company rolled about, the three ſpectres were jumbled into one place: when they were ſo, and all thought there was an alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the buſineſs of the whole Exchange. But their affairs ſoon increaſed to ſuch an unwieldy bulk, that Alethes took his leave, and ſaid, he would not engage further than he had an immediate fund to anſwer. Veriſimilis pretended that, though he had revenues large enough to go on his own bottom, yet it was below one of his family to condeſcend to trade in his own name; therefore he alſo retired. I was extremely troubled to ſee the glorious mart of London left with no other guardian but him of credit. But Pacolet told me, that traders had nothing to do with the honour or conſcience of their correſpondents,

provided they ſupported a general behaviour in the world, which could not hurt their credit or their purſes: 'for,' ſaid he, 'you may, in this one tract of building of London and Weſtminſter, ſee the imaginary motives on which the greateſt affairs move, as well as in rambling over the face of the earth. For though Alethes is the real governor, as well as legiſlator of mankind, he has very little buſineſs but to make up quarrels; and is only a general referee, to whom every man pretends to appeal, but is ſatisfied with his determinations no further than they promote his own intereſt. Hence it is, that the ſoldier and the courtier model their actions according to Veriſimilis's manner, and the merchant according to that of Umbra. Among theſe men, honour and credit are not valuable poſſeſſions in themſelves, or purſued out of a principle of juſtice; but merely as they are ſerviceable to ambition and to commerce. But the world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity, until men are firmly convinced, that conſcience, honour, and credit, are all in one intereſt; and that, without the concurrence of the former, the latter are but impoſitions upon ourſelves and others. The force theſe deluſive words have, is not ſeen in the tranſactions of the buſy world only, but they have alſo their tyranny over the fair ſex. Were you to aſk the unhappy Lais, what pangs of reflection preferring the conſideration of her honour to her conſcience has given her; ſhe could tell you, that it has forced her to drink up half a gallon this winter of Tom Daſſapas's potions: that ſhe

ſtill pines away for fear of being a mother; and knows not but, the moment ſhe is ſuch, ſhe ſhall be a murdereſs: but if conſcience had as ſtrong a force upon the mind as honour, the firſt ſtep to her unhappy condition had never been made; ſhe had ſtill been innocent, as ſhe is beautiful. Were men ſo enlightened and ſtudious of their own good, as to act by the dictates of their reaſon and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conſcience would be the ſteady ruler of human life; and the words truth, law, reaſon, equity, and religion, would be but ſynonimous terms for that only guide which makes us paſs our days in our own favour and approbation.

*** Note. That proper cuts for the hiſtorical part of the paper are now almoſt finiſhed, by an engraver lately arrived from Paris, and will be ſold at all the Toy-ſhops in London and Weſtminſter. Tat. in folio, N° 50, *ad finem.*

N. B. Whoever is in poſſeſſion of a ſet of theſe cuts, is requeſted to communicate a ſight of them to Mr. Deputy Nichols, in Red-lion paſſage; or to give an account of them, through the channel of the Gentleman's Magazine.

N° 49. Tueſday, Auguſt 2, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 1.

The impoſition of honeſt names and words upon improper ſubjects, has made ſo regular a confuſion among us, that we are apt to ſit down with our errors, well enough ſatisfied with the methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver ourſelves from the tyranny under which we are reduced by ſuch innovations. Of all the laudable motives of human life, none have ſuffered ſo much in this kind as love; under which revered name a brutal deſire called luſt is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a matron from a proſtitute, or a companion from a buffoon. Philander the other day was bewailing this misfortune with much indignation, and upbraided me for having ſome time ſince quoted thoſe excellent lines of the ſatiriſt:

'To an exact perfection they have brought
The action love, the paſſion is forgot[z].'

[z] See Tatler, N° 5, and N° 33.

'How could you,' ſaid he, 'leave ſuch a hint ſo coldly? How could Aſpaſia and Sempronia enter into your imagination at the ſame time, and you never declare to us the different receptions you gave them?'

The figures which the ancient mythologiſts and poets put upon love and luſt in their writings are very inſtructive. Love is a beauteous blind child, adorned with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with, and ſhoots around him, without deſign or direction; to intimate to us, that the perſon beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with, but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant; they cannot but attract your concern and fondneſs, though the child ſo regarded is as inſenſible of the value you put upon it, as it is that it deſerves your benevolence. On the other ſide, the ſages figured luſt in the form of a ſatyr; of ſhape, part human, part beſtial; to ſignify that the followers of it proſtitute the reaſon of a man to purſue the appetites of a beaſt. This ſatyr is made to haunt the paths and coverts of the wood-nymphs and ſhepherdeſſes, to lurk on the banks of rivulets, and watch the purling ſtreams, as the reſorts of retired virgins; to ſhew, that lawleſs deſire tends chiefly to prey upon innocence, and has ſomething ſo unnatural in it, that it hates its own make, and ſhuns the object it loved, as ſoon as it has made it like itſelf. Love, therefore, is a child that complains and bewails its inability to help itſelf, and weeps for aſſiſtance, without an

immediate reflection or knowledge of the food it wants: luſt, a watchful thief, which ſeizes its prey, and lays ſnares for its own relief; and its principal object being innocence, it never robs, but it murders at the ſame time.

From this idea of a cupid and a ſatyr, we may ſettle our notions of theſe different deſires, and accordingly rank their followers. Aſpaſia[a] muſt, therefore, be allowed to be the firſt of the beauteous order of love, whoſe unaffected freedom, and conſcious innocence, give her the attendance of the Graces in all her actions. That awful diſtance which we bear toward her in all our thoughts of her, and that cheerful familiarity with which we approach her, are certain inſtances of her being the trueſt object of love of any of her ſex. In this accompliſhed lady, love is the conſtant effect, becauſe it is never the deſign. Yet, though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to looſe behaviour; and to love her is a liberal education; for, it being the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved perſon in the lover, a regard for Aſpaſia naturally produces decency of manners, and good conduct of life, in her admirers. If, therefore, the giggling Leucippe could but ſee her trains of fops aſſembled, and Aſpaſia move by them, ſhe would be mortified at the

[a] Lady Elizabeth Haſtings, 'the illuſtrious pattern of all who love praiſe-worthy things.' This eminent lady lived the ornament of her ſex and age to the year 1740. See N° 42, and note.

veneration with which ſhe is beheld, even by Leucippe's own unthinking equipage, whoſe paſſions have long taken leave of their underſtandings.

As charity is eſteemed a conjunction of the good qualities neceſſary to a virtuous man, ſo love is the happy compoſition of all the accompliſhments that make a fine gentleman. The motive of a man's life is ſeen in all his actions; and ſuch as have the beauteous boy for their inſpirer have a ſimplicity of behaviour, and a certain evenneſs of deſire, which burns like the lamp of life in their boſoms; while they who are inſtigated by the ſatyr are ever tortured by jealouſies of the object of their wiſhes; often deſire what they ſcorn, and as often conſciouſly and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

Florio, the generous huſband, and Limberham, the kind keeper, are noted examples of the different effects which theſe deſires produce in the mind. Amanda, who is the wife of Florio, lives in the continual enjoyment of new inſtances of her huſband's friendſhip, and ſees it the end of all his ambition to make her life one ſeries of pleaſure and ſatisfaction; and Amanda's reliſh of the goods of life is all that makes them pleaſing to Florio: they behave themſelves to each other, when preſent, with a certain apparent benevolence, which tranſports above rapture; and they think of each other in abſence with a confidence unknown to the higheſt friendſhip: their ſatisfactions are doubled, their ſorrows leſſened, by participation.

On the other hand, Corinna[b], who is the miſtreſs of Limberham, lives in conſtant torment: her equipage is an old woman, who was what Corinna is now; and an antiquated footman, who was pimp to Limberham's father; and a chambermaid, who is Limberham's wench by fits, out of a principle of politics to make her jealous and watchful of Corinna. Under this guard, and in this converſation, Corinna lives in ſtate: the furniture of her habitation, and her own gorgeous dreſs, make her the envy of all the ſtrolling ladies in the town; but Corinna knows ſhe herſelf is but part of Limberham's houſhold-ſtuff, and is as capable of being diſpoſed of elſewhere, as any other moveable. But while her keeper is perſuaded by his ſpies, that no enemy has been within his doors ſince his laſt viſit, no Perſian prince was ever ſo magnificently bountiful: a kind look or falling tear is worth a piece of brocade, a ſigh is a jewel, and a ſmile is a cupboard of plate. All this is ſhared between Corinna and her guard in his abſence. With this great œconomy and induſtry does the unhappy Limberham purchaſe the conſtant tortures of jealouſy, the favour of ſpending his eſtate, and the opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and deſpiſed. Theſe are the ordinary and common evils which attend keepers; and Corinna is a wench but of common ſize of wickedneſs, were you to know what paſſes under the roof where

[b] The perſons here alluded to under the names of Corinna and Limberham, were Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, junior, and Henry Cromwell, eſquire.

the fair Meſſalina reigns with her humble adorer.

Meſſalina [c] is the profeſſed miſtreſs of mankind; ſhe has left the bed of her huſband, and her beauteous offspring, to give a looſe to want of ſhame and fulneſs of deſire. Wretched Nocturnus, her feeble keeper! How the poor creature fribbles in his gait, and ſkuttles from place to place, to diſpatch his neceſſary affairs in painful daylight, that he may return to the conſtant twilight preſerved in that ſcene of wantonneſs, Meſſalina's bed-chamber! How does he, while he is abſent from thence, conſider in his imagination the breadth of his porter's ſhoulders, the ſpruce night-cap of his valet, the ready attendance of his butler! any of all whom he knows ſhe admits, and profeſſes to approve of. This, alas! is the gallantry, this the freedom of our fine gentlemen; for this they preſerve their liberty, and keep clear of that bugbear, marriage. But he does not underſtand either vice or virtue, who will not allow, that life without the rules of morality is a wayward uneaſy being, with ſnatches only of pleaſure; but under the regulation of virtue, a reaſonable and uniform habit of enjoyment. I have ſeen, in a play of old Haywood's [d], a ſpeech at the end of an act, which touched this point with much

[c] In alluſion to Valeria Meſſalina, the daughter of M. Valerius Barbatus Meſſala, and the fifth wife of Claudius Cæſar.

See Suet. in Claud. and Juv. lib. ii. ſat. 6.

[d] It is uncertain which of the dramatic writers of this name is here intended.

ſpirit. He makes a married man in the play, upon ſome endearing occaſion, look at his ſpouſe with an air of fondneſs, and fall into the following reflection on his condition:

'Oh marriage! happieſt, eaſieſt, ſafeſt ſtate;
Let debauchees and drunkards ſcorn thy rites,
Who, in their nauſeous draughts and luſts, profane
Both thee and heav'n, by whom thou wert ordain'd.
How can the ſavage call it loſs of freedom,
Thus to converſe with, thus to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous friend?
Bluſh not, my fair-one, that thy love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded wife
That my full heart o'erflows in praiſe of thee.
Thou art by law, by intereſt, paſſion, mine:
Paſſion and reaſon join in love of thee.
Thus, through a world of calumny and fraud,
We paſs both unreproach'd, both undeceiv'd;
While in each other's intereſt and happineſs,
We without art all faculties employ,
And all our ſenſes without guilt enjoy.'

N° 50. Thurſday, Auguſt 4, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 2.

THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO THE FAIR.

WHATEVER malicious men may ſay of our lucubrations, we have no deſign but to produce unknown merit, or place in a proper light the actions of our contemporaries who labour to diſtinguiſh themſelves, whether it be by vice or virtue. For we ſhall never give accounts to the world of any thing, but what the lives and endeavours of the perſons, of whom we treat, make the baſis of their fame and reputation. For this reaſon, it is to be hoped that our appearance is reputed a public benefit; and though certain perſons may turn what we mean for panegyric into ſcandal, let it be anſwered once for all, that if our praiſes are really deſigned as raillery, ſuch malevolent perſons owe their ſafety from it, only to their being too inconſiderable for hiſtory. It is not every man who deals in rats-bane, or is unſeaſonably amorous, that can adorn ſtory like Æſculapius [c]; nor every ſtock-

[c] Dr. Radcliffe. See Tat. N° 44, N° 46, N° 47, and N° 67.

jobber of the India company can aſſume the port, and perſonate the figure of Aurengezebe[f]. My noble Anceſtor, Mr. Shakſpeare, who was of the race of the Staffs, was not more fond of the memorable ſir John Falſtaff, than I am of thoſe worthies; but the Latins have an admirable admonition expreſſed in three words, to wit, *Ne quid nimis*[g], which forbids my indulging myſelf on thoſe delightful ſubjects, and calls me to do juſtice to others, who make no leſs figures in our generation: of ſuch, the firſt and moſt renowned is, that eminent hero and lover Orlando[h] the Handſome, whoſe diſap-

[f] See N° 46.

[g] 'Too much of one thing is good for nothing.' PROV.

[h] Robert Fielding, eſq; commonly known then by the name of Beau Fielding, a handſome and very comely gentleman, much diſtinguiſhed in the Annals of Gallantry at that time. He was tried for felony at the Old Bailey, Dec. 4, 1706. He had married, as the indictment holds forth, Nov. 25, 1705, the moſt noble Barbara ducheſs of Cleveland, having a former wife then living. In the courſe of the evidence on this trial, it appears, that ſixteen days before, viz. Nov. 9, 1705, Mrs. Villars, a very bad woman, had artfully drawn him into a marriage with one Mary Wadſworth, ſpinſter, on the miſtaken belief of her being Mrs. Deleau, a widow, with a fortune of 60,000l. His marriage with the ducheſs was therefore ſet aſide, and her grace was allowed the liberty of marrying again. He craved the benefit of his clergy, and when ſentence was given, that he ſhould be burnt in his hand, produced the queen's warrant to ſuſpend execution, and was admitted to bail. Trial of Robert Fielding, eſq; &c. folio. Lond. 1708, *paſſim*.

Fielding, having injured his fortune by his gallantry and extravagance in early life, repaired the breaches he had made in it, by his firſt marriage with the counteſs of Purbeck, a widow lady of an ancient and noble family in Ireland, who had a large fortune of her own, to which ſhe had added conſiderably by a former marriage: ſhe was the only daughter

pointments in love, in gallantry, and in war, have baniſhed him from public view, and made him voluntarily enter into a confinement to which the ungrateful age would otherwiſe have forced him. Ten luſtra [i] and more are wholly paſſed ſince Orlando firſt appeared in the metropolis of this iſland: his deſcent noble, his wit humorous, his perſon charming. But to none of theſe recommendatory advantages was his title ſo undoubted, as that of his beauty. His complexion was fair, but his countenance manly; his ſtature of the talleſt, his ſhape the moſt exact: and, though in all his limbs he had a proportion as delicate as we ſee in the works of the moſt ſkilful ſtatuaries, his body had a ſtrength and firmneſs little inferior to the marble of which ſuch images are formed. This made Orlando the univerſal flame of all the fair ſex; innocent virgins ſighed for him, as Adonis; experienced widows, as Hercules. Thus did this figure walk alone the pattern and ornament of our ſpecies, but of courſe the envy of all who had the ſame paſſions without his ſuperior merit, and pretences to the favour of that enchanting creature, woman. However, the generous Orlando believed himſelf formed for the world, and not to be ingroſſed by any particular affec-

and heireſs of Barnham Swift, lord Carlingford, who was of the ſame family with the dean of St. Patrick's. Fielding is ſaid to have lived happily for ſome years with this lady, who was a zealous Roman-catholic, and could have no great difficulty in inducing a man who had no religion, to profeſs himſelf a proſelyte to her religious perſuaſion. See Tatler, N° 51, and notes.

[i] Ten luſtra amount to half a century. Above fifty.

tion. He ſighed not for Delia, for Chloris, for Chloe, for Betty, nor my lady, nor for the ready chamber-maid, nor diſtant baroneſs: woman was his miſtreſs, and the whole ſex his ſeraglio. His form was always irreſiſtible: and, if we conſider that not one of five hundred can bear the leaſt favour from a lady without being exalted above himſelf; if alſo we muſt allow, that a ſmile from a ſide-box has made Jack Spruce half mad; we cannot think it wonderful that Orlando's repeated conqueſts touched his brain: ſo it certainly did, and Orlando became an enthuſiaſt in love; and in all his addreſs, contracted ſomething out of the ordinary courſe of breeding and civility. However, powerful as he was, he would ſtill add to the advantages of his perſon, that of a profeſſion which the ladies always favour, and immediately commenced ſoldier [k]. Thus equipped for love and honour, our hero ſeeks diſtant climes and adventures, and leaves the deſpairing nymphs of Great Britain, to the courtſhip of beaux and witlings till his return. His exploits in foreign nations and courts have not been regularly enough communicated unto us, to report them with that veracity which we profeſs in our narrations: but after many feats of arms (which thoſe who were witneſſes to them have ſuppreſſed out of envy, but which we have had faithfully related from his own mouth in our public ſtreets) Orlando returns home full, but not loaded, with

[k] Fielding embarked in the fortunes of king James II. who gave him the nomination of colonel, and for whom he raiſed a regiment in his native county of Warwick.

years. Beaux born in his abſence made it their buſineſs to decry his furniture, his dreſs, his manner; but all ſuch rivalry he ſuppreſſed (as the philoſopher did the ſceptic, who argued there was no ſuch thing as motion) by only moving. The beauteous Villaria[l], who only was formed for his paramour, became the object of his affection. His firſt ſpeech to her was as follows:

'Madam, it is not only that nature has made us two the moſt accompliſhed of each ſex, and pointed to us to obey her dictates in becoming one; but that there is alſo an ambition in following[m] the mighty perſons you have favoured. Where kings and heroes, as great as Alexander, or ſuch as could perſonnate Alexander[n], have bowed, permit your general to lay his laurels.'

According to Milton;

'The fair with conſcious majeſty approv'd
His pleaded reaſon——'

Fortune having now ſupplied Orlando with neceſſaries for his high taſte of gallantry and pleaſure, his equipage and œconomy had ſomething in them more ſumptuous and gallant than could be received in our degenerate age; therefore his figure, though highly graceful, appeared

[l] Barbara, daughter and heireſs to William Villiers, lord viſcount Grandiſon of the kingdom of Ireland.

[m] Orlando, though not the laſt in the motley proceſſion, came after a long promiſcuous train of king, lords, and commons.

[n] An alluſion to Goodman the player, who was one of the multifarious train above mentioned.

ſo exotic, that it aſſembled all the Britons under the age of ſixteen, who ſaw his grandeur, to follow his chariot with ſhouts and acclamations; which he regarded with the contempt which great minds affect in the midſt of applauſes. I remember, I had the honour to ſee him one day ſtop, and call the youths about him, to whom he ſpake as follows:

'Good baſtards—go to ſchool, and do not loſe your time in following my wheels: I am loth to hurt you, becauſe I know not but you are all my own offspring: hark ye, you ſirrah with the white hair, I am ſure you are mine: there is half a crown. Tell your mother this, with the half crown I gave her when I got you, comes to five ſhillings. Thou haſt coſt me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young dogs, did you never ſee a man before?' 'Never ſuch a one as you, noble general,' replied a truant from Weſtminſter. 'Sirrah, I believe thee: there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman.'

This vehicle, though ſacred to love, was not adorned with doves: ſuch an hieroglyphic denoted too languiſhing a paſſion. Orlando therefore gave the eagle°, as being of a conſtitution which inclined him rather to ſeize his prey with talons, than pine for it with murmurs.

° The Fieldings give the ſpread eagle, as counts of the German empire. Beau Fielding having given on his carriage ſome peculiar part of lord Denbigh's arms, Baſil, the fourth earl of that family, got a houſe-painter to daub his coat of arms all over, in the public ring, in broad day.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 2.

I HAVE received the following letter from Mr. Powel[p] of Bath, who, I think, runs from the point between us; which I leave the whole world to judge.

'TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

Bath, July 28.

'SIR,

'HAVING a great deal of more advantageous buſineſs at preſent on my hands, I thought to have deferred anſwering your Tatler of the twenty-firſt inſtant[q] until the company was gone, and ſeaſon over; but having reſolved not to regard any impertinencies of your paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more eaſily induced to anſwer you, as I ſhall find time to do it. Firſt, partly leſt you ſhould think yourſelf neglected, which I have reaſon to believe you would take heinouſly ill[r].

[p] 'Our friend the Tatler, under the notion of Mr. Powell at the Bath, has, in my mind, entered into the depth of the argument in diſpute [between Ben Hoadly and the biſhop of Exeter] and given a complete anſwer to all that the reverend biſhop either can or will ſay upon the ſubject.' Correſpondence of John Hughes, eſq; 1772, vol. i. let. 8, p. 38.

[q] See N° 44.

[r] 'REV. SIR,

'I was in ſuch full buſineſs,——that when your letter of conſiderations came to my hands, I could only dip into it, but had not time to give it a thorough reading; and when (ſoon after I came hither) I did read it all over, it was at firſt without any deſign of giving an anſwer to it, at leaſt

Secondly, partly becauſe it will increaſe my fame, and conſequently my audience, when all the quality ſhall ſee with how much wit and raillery I ſhew you—I do not care a farthing for you. Thirdly, partly becauſe " being without books [s]," if I do not ſhew much learning, it will not be imputed to my having none.

' I have travelled Italy, France, and Spain, and fully comprehended whatever any German artiſt [t] in the world can do; yet cannot I imagine, why you ſhould endeavour to diſturb the repoſe and plenty which, though unworthy, I enjoy at this place. It cannot be, that you take offence at my prologues and epilogues, which you are pleaſed to miſcall fooliſh and abuſive. No, no, until you give a better [u], I ſhall not forbear thinking that the true reaſon of your

not till I ſhould find more leiſure, and better conveniencies for it than I can have here, where I not only have no books proper for the purpoſe, but may alſo expect to find more other neceſſary buſineſs, than the phyſicians will allow any perſon in a courſe of drinking theſe waters to give a due attendance to. But after I had read it over, &c. I ſoon altered my mind, and took a reſolution of anſwering you from hence, according as I ſhould be able to find leiſure and convenience: becauſe I ſaw I ſhould have little more to do, than only to undergo the fatigue of writing,' &c. Biſhop of Exeter's Anſwer to Mr. Hoadly's Letter, London, 1709, page 2.

[s] His lordſhip uſes theſe words in his Anſwer, page 3. See N° 44, p. 439, note. Signed Dr. Hoadly.

[t] See Spect. N° 31, and this artiſt's adv. p. 502.

[u] ' And till I can hear of a better reaſon, &c. I ſhall not forbear thinking that the true reaſon of it was, becauſe I am (though unworthy, yet by God's permiſſion and the queen's favour) a biſhop; and a biſhop is thought by ſome people to be a ſort of an eccleſiaſtical governor,' &c. *Ibidem*, p. 5.

picking a quarrel with me was, becauſe it is more agreeable to your principles, as well as more to the honour of your aſſured victory, to attack a governor. Mr. Iſaac, Mr. Iſaac, I can ſee into a mill-ſtone as far as another, as the ſaying is; you are for ſowing the ſeeds of ſedition and diſobedience among my puppets, and your zeal for the good old cauſe would make you perſuade Punch to pull the ſtring from his chops, and not move his jaw when I have a mind he ſhould harangue. Now, I appeal to all men, if this be not contrary to that unaccountable and uncontroulable dominion, which by the laws of nature I exerciſe over them; for all ſorts of wood and wire were made for the uſe and benefit of man: I have, therefore, an unqueſtionable right to frame, faſhion, and put them together as I pleaſe; and having made them what they are, my puppets are my property, and therefore my ſlaves: nor is there in nature any thing more juſt, than the homage which is paid by a leſs to a more excellent being: ſo that by the right, therefore, of a ſuperior genius, I am their ſupreme moderator, although you would inſinuate, agreeably to your levelling principles, that I am myſelf but a great puppet, and can therefore have but a co-ordinate juriſdiction with them. I ſuppoſe, I have now ſufficiently made it appear, that I have a paternal right [x] to keep

[x] Filmer publiſhed two books, the one on the Anarchy of Limited Monarchy, the other on Patriarchal Government; in which he labours to prove, that all government ought to be abſolute and monarchical; that paternal is the ſame as royal authority, and implies deſpotic power.

a puppet-ſhow, and this right I will maintain in my prologues on all occaſions.

'And, therefore, if you write a defence of yourſelf againſt this my ſelf-defence, I admoniſh you to keep within bounds; for every day will not be ſo propitious to you as the twenty-ninth of April; and perhaps my reſentment may get the better of my generoſity, and I may no longer ſcorn to fight one who is not my equal, with unequal weapons: there are ſuch things as *ſcandalums magnatums*[y]; therefore, take heed hereafter how you write ſuch things as I cannot eaſily anſwer, for that will put me in a paſſion.

'I order you to handle only theſe two propoſitions, to which our diſpute may be reduced: the firſt, whether I have not an abſolute power, whenever I pleaſe, to light a pipe with one of Punch's legs, or warm my fingers with his whole carcaſe? the ſecond, whether the devil would not be in Punch, ſhould he by word or deed oppoſe my ſovereign will and pleaſure? and then, perhaps, I may, if I can find leiſure for it, give you the trouble of a ſecond letter.

'But if you intend to tell me of the original of puppet-ſhows[z]; and the ſeveral changes and

[y] 'Why, ſir, 1. As to other anſwer, I don't know but that I might anſwer it by an action of *ſcand. mag.* but that I ſhould ſcorn to fight an adverſary with unequal weapons.'
Biſhop of Exeter's Anſwer, &c. *ut ſupra*, p. 27.

[z] 'Alluſions to biſhop Blackall's peeviſh expreſſions in the concluſion of his anſwer from Bath, to Mr. Hoadly's Conſiderations,' &c. "If your reply ſhall be about original contracts, revolutions, &c. I tell you plainly that I an't at leiſure, nor I ſhan't be at leiſure, nor I won't be at leiſure, to write you ſo much as one ſingle line about ſuch matters."

revolutions that have happened in them ſince Theſpis, and I do not care who, that is *Noli me tangere!* I have ſolemnly engaged to ſay nothing of what I cannot approve. Or, if you talk of certain contracts with the mayor and burgeſſes, or fees to the conſtables, for the privilege of acting, I will not write one ſingle word about any ſuch matters; but ſhall leave you to be mumbled by the learned and very ingenious author of a late book, who knows very well what is to be ſaid and done in ſuch caſes. He is now ſhuffling the cards, and dealing to Timothy; but if he wins the game, I will ſend him to play at back-gammon with you; and then he will ſatisfy you, that duce-ace makes five.

'And ſo, ſubmitting myſelf to be tried by my country, and allowing any jury of twelve good men, and true, to be that country [a]; not excepting any unleſs Mr. Iſaac Bickerſtaff to be of the pannel, for you are neither good nor true [b]. I bid you heartily farewell; and am,

Sir, your loving friend,

POWEL.'

[a] Referring myſelf to be tried by God and my country, not excepting againſt any one perſon's being on the pannel, but only Mr. Benjamin Hoadly, rector or St. Peter's Poor.' *Ibidem*, page 22. The biſhop's Anſwer, &c. is dated Bath, May 10, 1709.

[b] Mr. Hoadly, after his advancement to the ſee of Winchester, having accidentally diſcovered that biſhop Blackall's widow was in indigent circumſtances, generouſly ſettled upon her an annuity of 50l.

*** Cuts for the hiſt. part of this paper, are advertiſed here in the Tat. in folio. See N° 48, *ad finem*, p. 481.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A copy of the advertiſement of the German artiſt, alluded to in the preceding part of this number, p. 446, copied from an original hand-bill in Bagford's Collection, now in the Britiſh Muſeum. See Harl. MSS. 5961.

'By Her Majeſty's Authority. At the ——

'This is to give notice to all gentlemen, ladies, and others, that there is lately arrived in this place, a rare and curious artiſt; who in the preſence of all ſpectators maketh all ſorts and faſhions of Indian china and other curious figures, &c. as jars, tea-pots, coffee-diſhes, bottles, and flower-pots, as ſmall as they pleaſe, dexterouſly intermixed with red, blue, and other colours, as natural as the Indian painting. Alſo all ſorts of beaſts, birds, fowls, and images of men, women, and children. He bloweth all colours in glaſs ſo curiouſly, the like was never ſeen in this kingdom. He ſheweth an admirable glaſs of water, wherein four or five images riſe and fall as he pleaſes, with ſeveral other rarities. A wheel turned by human power, which ſpins 10,000 yards of glaſs in leſs than half an hour. He alſo makes artificial eyes of glaſs to admiration, ſo curiouſly made and coloured, that they cannot be diſcerned from the natural eyes. Likewiſe he teaches how they may fix them in their heads themſelves, to the great ſatisfaction of all perſons that make uſe of them, &c.

VIVANT REGINA.'

See Spect. N° 31, &c. Alluſions to this G. artiſt.

INDEX.

ABSOLUTE power repreſented in a dance, N. 11.
Advice not aſked for information, but out of fulneſs and perplexity of heart, N. 25.
——— not to be given to every body, *ibid.*
Æſculapius falls in love with the divine Hebe, N. 44.
——— his recipe for love, N. 47.
Africanus, character of, N. 36.
——— magnanimity of, and manner of purchaſing annuities, N. 38.
Age, by what rendered moſt agreeable, N. 45.
—— indecent when not ſpent in virtue, N. 46.
Alchymiſt, of Ben Jonſon, remarks on, N. 14.
Alicant, caſtle of, ſurrendered, N. 10.
——— officers killed before, N. 21.
Allen, a player, founder of Dulwich college, N. 20.
Almanack, Oxford, for 1709, conſidered, N. 39.
Aloſt, attempt to ſurpriſe the garriſon of, N. 1.
Amanda, the happy wife of Florio, character of, N. 49.
Annihilation deſcribed by Milton and Dryden, N. 6.
Annuities, how purchaſed by Africanus, N. 38.
Argyle, character of John, duke of, N. 46.
Artillery company of London, deſcription of an exerciſe of arms performed by, N. 41.
Aſpaſia, a moſt excellent woman, character of, N. 42.
——— firſt of the beauteous order of love, N. 49.
Aſturias, prince of, acknowledged heir to the crown of Spain, N. 5.
Avaro, a mean-ſpirited rich man, deſcribed, N. 25.
Aurengzebe, an Indian ſtockjobber, hiſtory of, with his indecent manner of ſpending old age, N. 46.

BACHELOR's ſcheme to govern a wife, N. 10.
Bajados, account of the battle of, N. 17.
Bankers, why poems ought to be taken for bills by, N. 43.

INDEX.

Barrymore, earl of, made priſoner at the battle of Bajados, N. 17.
Barry, Mrs. an excellent player, N. 1.
——— defired to act the widow at Mr. Bickerſtaff's funeral, N. 7.
Bath, commotions among the good company at, N. 16.
Battle of Bajados, N. 17.
Bays, expedient of, to procure applauſe at the playhouſe, N. 6.
Beadleſtaff's teſtimony of a reformation and puppetſhow at Oxford, N. 45.
Bear, meaning of the word, explained, N. 38.
Bear-garden of great antiquity, N. 31.
Beauty, every temper to be ſoftened by, N. 10.
——— force and efficacy of, N. 10 and 15.
Belfry, an ignorant clown, behaviour of, at lady Dainty's, N. 37.
Bernard, a French banker, conſequences of the failure of, N. 3, 5 and 29.
——— offer of, to his creditors, N. 9.
Betterton, a celebrated player, account of the benefit play of, N. 1.
Bickerſtaff, Iſaac, an adept in aſtronomical ſpeculations, N. 2.
——— did not compound with the milliners and toymen, N. 30.
——— diſpoſes of his three nephews, *ibid.*
——— expects huſh money, N. 26.
——— extraordinary cures performed by, at his lodgings, N. 34.
——— genealogy of, N. 11.
——— gives advice for his own ſake, N. 6.
——— will of, N. 7.
Bicknell, or Bignell, Mrs. a comedian, commended, N. 3.
——— acts the Country Wife, *ibid.*
Billet-doux concerning a rival, N. 29.
Birth, to be proud of, the greateſt of vanities, N. 11.
Bodily wits, who, N. 45.
Bracegirdle, Mrs. an excellent player, N. 1.
Bribery, a poem on, N. 42.
——— a treatiſe on, *ibid.*
Brunette, colonel, a very pretty fellow, N. 24.
Bruſſels poſtſcript, a poem, remarks on, N. 46.
Buckley, Mr. a Drawcanſir, N. 18.

INDEX.

Bullock and Penkethman, comedians, to attend Mr. Bickerſtaff's funeral, N. 11.
Buſy Body, a comedy, character of, N. 19.
But, the particle, uſed too frequently, N. 38.

CADOGAN, major-general, arrives at Bruſſels, N. 1.
Cælia, why ſo long a maid, N. 5.
Cæſar, Julius, compared with Alexander, N. 6.
Camilla, account of the perſon who performed the character of, in the opera, N. 20.
Campaign, a poem, by Addiſon, character of, N. 43.
Cancrum, merit of, N. 24.
Cant of modern men of wit, N. 12.
Cards take the place of poetry, N. 1.
Careleſs, Frank, oppoſed to Fop Nice, N. 14.
Ceremony, invention and uſe of, N. 30.
Challenge, the ſtyle of, N. 25.
Children, the manner of nurſing, N. 15.
Chloe, love of, makes coxcombs, N. 4.
Circumſpection-water, Bickerſtaff's, wonderful effects of, N. 2 and 34.
Citizens diſtinguiſhed from cits, N. 25.
Clariſſa, love of, makes madmen, N. 4.
Clidamira, a woman of diſtinction, a pretty lady, N. 34.
Comment on ſtone walls, N. 17.
Companions, what ſort of, moſt deſirable, N. 45.
Compaſſion often the weakeſt part about us, N. 41.
Conſcience deſcribed, N. 48.
Contention between two ladies for the title of very pretty, N. 34.
Converſation, mutual goodwill the quinteſſence of, N. 45.
——— repartees in, N. 31.
——— the moſt neceſſary talent in, N. 21.
Copenhagen poetically deſcribed by Ambroſe Philips, N. 12.
Coquetry, what, N. 27.
Coquettes a miſchievous ſect, *ibid.*
Corinna, a kept miſtreſs, manner of life of, with Limberham, N. 49.
Country, ignorant of Mr. Bickerſtaff's writings, N. 31.
Country Wife, a comedy, remarks on, N. 3.
Credit deſcribed, N. 48.
Critic, great, falls into a fit at the opera, N. 4.
Critics of all mortals the ſillieſt, N. 29.
——— oppoſed to wits, *ibid.*

Cuſtom the cauſe of duels, N. 29.
Cynthio, adventure of, at the playhouſe, N. 22.
——— dictating on the paſſion of love, *ibid.*
——— effects of a bow from his miſtreſs on, N. 5.
——— falls in love, N. 1.
——— reſolution of, and letter to his miſtreſs thereon, N. 35.
Czar of Muſcovy's victory over the Swedes, account of, N. 8.

Damia, a woman of diſtinction, a very pretty lady, N. 34.
Dancing diſplays beauty, *ibid.*
Daſſapas, Tom, his potions, N. 48.
Dawks, honeſt Icabod, the news-letter-writer, an account of him, N. 18.
Decius, the character of a lewd perſon, N. 45.
Dedications, abuſe of them, N. 43.
——— play dedicated to a city knight, *ibid.*
Denmark, king of, account of his tour, N. 2, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 21.
——— runs for a prize at Dreſden, N. 33.
Diſtaff, Jenny, Mr. Bickerſtaff's half ſiſter, her conduct in an amour, N. 33.
——— her diſcourſe on love; the command and power of women, N. 10.
——— her reflections on her brother's writings, N. 33.
Diverſions for the king of Denmark at Dreſden, *ibid.*
Divito (or Chriſtopher Rich, eſq.) ſale of his goods, celeſtial and terreſtrial, N. 42.
Dogs, account of the loſs of a lady's lap-dog, N. 47.
Dryden's verſes on empire applied, N. 20.
Duel, inquiry into the genealogy of that monſter, N. 29.
Duellers, how treated after death, N. 26.
Duelling and its terms explained, N. 25.
——— cuſtom the ſource of it, N. 29.
——— dialogue thereon, N. 39.
——— how uſed by different nations, N. 28.
——— ſtripped of its pretenſions to credit and reputation, N. 37.
Dulwich college founded by Allen the player, N. 20.
Dumb fortune teller, ſome account of him, N. 14.
Durfey, Mr. the lyric poet, account of his great abilities, N. 11.

Durfey, Mr. dedication to his modern prophets, N. 43.
——————— writes ſtate plays and political dances, N. 11.
Durſley, lord, ſea-engagement between him and the French, N. 15.

Earl of Eſſex, character of that play, N. 14.
Eaſe in writing, what it is, N. 9.
Emblem of the parrot and dove, a poem, N. 27.
Engagement at ſea between the Engliſh and French, N. 15.
Epigram on marriage, N. 40.
Epithets of Homer and Virgil compared, N. 6.
Epſom, adventures of a fortune-hunter there, N. 47.
——— diverſions there, N. 36.
Epſom Wells, a comedy by Shadwell, account of it, N. 7.
Eſquire, the appellation of, notoriouſly abuſed, N. 19.
Exerciſe of arms in the city of London, with remarks thereon, N. 41.
Extaſy deſcribed by Dryden, N. 8.

Felicia, the iſland of, happy in good miniſters of ſtate, N. 4.
Fits, a lady cured of them by a whiſper, N. 23.
Flemming, general, deſign of his to viſit Berlin, N. 2.
Florimel and Picket, their courtſhip, N. 7.
Florio, a gentleman fitted for converſation, N. 45.
Fly-blow, a fool, who deſerves to be treated like a knave, N. 38.
Fools, how they differ from madmen, N. 40.
Foot-race by damſels at Epſom, N. 36.
Fox, a play by Ben Jonſon, applauded, N. 21.
France, miſery of that kingdom, N. 2, 6, 7, 10, 18, 19, 37.
Free ſtate repreſented in a dance, N. 11.
Free-thinkers, who call themſelves ſo, N. 12.
French king, Lewis XIV. anſwer of his ſubjects to his letter, N. 29.
Frontlet, an awful beauty, characterized, N. 24.

Galway, earl of, his bravery and conduct in Portugal, N. 17.
Gameſters, their miſery and alternate ſtate deſcribed, N. 12.
——————— what men of honour and wealth play againſt them, N. 15.
Gatty, Mrs. foremoſt in the rank of toaſts, N. 24.
Genealogy of the Bickerſtaffs, N. 11.

Genii, their good offices to men, N. 48.
Gentleman, what meant by that term, N. 21.
Good-breeding, what, N. 30.
Good-natured old man the beſt companion, *ibid.*
Good-will, (mutual) the quinteſſence of converſation, N. 45.
Guardeloop, the French taylor, account of his wedding, N. 7.
Guilt applies the ſatire, N. 41.

HAMLET, his directions to players, N. 35.
Hamman, diſpute between papiſts and proteſtants in that town, N. 6.
Hanover, elector of, remonſtrance of his miniſter to the council at Ratiſbon, N. 2.
———————— ſignifies his intentions to the imperial court, N. 4.
Holt, lord chief juſtice, his integrity deſcribed in the character of Verus, N. 14.
Homer indiſcreet in his epithets, N. 6.
———'s Iliad in a journal, *ibid.*
Honeſt fellows as companions deſcribed, N. 45.
Hunters, a meeting of them deſcribed, N. 37.
Huſh-money expected by Mr. Bickerſtaff, N. 26.

JACK Spruce made half mad by a ſmile, N. 50.
Idiots, an inquiry after one who put the city of London in great conſternation, N. 40.
——— diſtinguiſhed from politicians, *ibid.*
Jervaſe, Mr. a great painter, N. 4.
Iliad of Homer put into an exact journal, N. 6.
Impreſſions made on us by pictures, N. 8.
Indolence turned into philoſophy, N. 10.
Inſtructions to Vanderbank, remarks on that poem, N. 3.
Inſurrections at Marſeilles, N. 6.
Invention to have one's name concealed, N. 15.
Inventory of the playhouſe goods belonging to Chriſtopher Rich, eſq; to be ſold, N. 42.
Jonſon, Ben, his manner of writing, N. 21.
Journal of Homer's Iliad, N. 6.
Ix, antiquity of that family, N. 35.

KIDNEY, maſter of St. James's coffee-houſe, has the ear of the greateſt politicians, N. 1.
Knaves proved fools, N. 40.

INDEX.

Ladies, their trifling endearments give us mean ideas of their ſouls, N. 40.
——— a lady thankful to her huſband for curing her of fits, N. 23.
——— a young lady enchanted by an old rake, N. 22.
Le Brun's picture of the battle of Porus, its effect, N. 8.
Legacy of Noy the attorney-general to reclaim his ſon, N. 9.
Letter from Amanda to Penelope, giving an account of her conqueſts, N. 22.
——————— Bread to Lewis XIV. N. 24.
——————— Iſaac Bickerſtaff to Lewis XIV. N. 23.
——————— Lewis XIV. to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, N. 26.
——————— Powel to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, N. 50.
Letters of gallantry, directions for writing them, N. 30.
Limberham the keeper, his manner of life with Corinna, N. 49.
London cries compared with Italian operas, N. 4.
——— in a great conſternation about the trial of an idiot, N. 40.
Love changes the natural man, N. 4, 10.
—— diſtinguiſhed from luſt, N. 49.
—— moſt effectual cure for it, N. 47.
Love-letter by Cynthio, N. 35.
——————— directions for writing them, N. 30.
Lucubrations of Mr. Bickerſtaff, the deſign of them, N. 50.

MADMEN, difference between them and fools, N. 40.
Madonella, an account of a revolution in her Platonic nunnery, N. 32.
Maintenon, madame, her letter to monſieur Torcy on the peace, N. 19.
Maria, account of the loſs of her lap-dog, N. 47.
Marlborough, John, duke of, his merit, N. 5.
Marriage, a, deſcribed, N. 7.
——————— epigram on, N. 40.
——————— ſafeſt and happieſt ſtate this world affords, N. 49.
Marſeilles, account of an inſurrection there, N. 6.
May-fair, the downfal thereof reduced the price of curioſities, N. 20.
Medicine to cure a ſcold, N. 2.
Meeting of hunters deſcribed, N. 37.
Men in love generally poetical, N. 27.
—— of ſenſe, the womens humble ſervants, N. 37.
Merry fellows deſcribed, N. 45.

Meſſalina the profeſſed miſtreſs of mankind, N. 49.
Military achievements of London by the artillery company, N. 41.
Milton and Suckling, in a parallel caſe, ſhew the duty of men in love, N. 40.
Millennium, when to commence, N. 43.
Monoculus, a grave ſharper, his eloquent reflections on Africanus, N. 36.
Moveables of the playhouſe, ſale of them fruſtrated, N. 44.
Mountebanks, their artifice to inſnare the vulgar, N. 4.
Muſic and poetry cure the ſpleen, N. 47.

NAKED TRUTH, a pamphlet, an account of it, N. 17.
Naturalization act, wherein dangerous, N. 13.
News-writers in a panic on the approach of peace, N. 18.
———— the ſhifts they are put to, *ibid.*
———— Chelſea college propoſed as a reſidence for them, *ibid.*
Nice, Will, a fop, his character, N. 14.
Nobilis declared to be no rake, N. 27.
Noy, his expedient to reclaim his ſon by a legacy, N. 9.
Nurſes, their abuſe of infants expoſed, N. 15.
Nunnery erected by a Platonic, an account of it, N. 32,

OGLING gains women, N. 22.
Old Bachelor, account of that comedy, N. 9.
Opera, Italian, conſidered, N. 4.
———— the underſtanding has no part therein, *ibid.*
Orlando the Fair, his hiſtory, N. 50.
———— his ſpeech to the boys who followed his chariot, *ibid.*
Oxford almanac for 1709 conſidered, N. 39.
——— diſcipline applauded, N. 30.
——— puppet-ſhow at, N. 45.
——— univerſity deſcribed, N. 39.

PACOLET, a guardian angel, his firſt appearance to Bickerſtaff, N. 13.
———— account of his former wards, *ibid.*
———— his checks and admonitions, N. 14.
———— his life of a month, N. 15.
———— his obſervations on gameſters and ſharpers, *ibid.*
Panegyric, the true nature of it, N. 17.

Pariſatis, manner of converting her niece Paſtorella from coquetry, N. 9.
Paris Gazette burleſqued, N. 2.
Parrot, verſes on one, N. 27.
Partridge, John, his death demonſtrated, N. 1.
Paſtorella, the hiſtory of her converſion from coquetry, N. 9.
Paulo, the character of an eminent generous merchant, N. 25.
Penkethman, the comedian, relation of the progreſs of his company to Greenwich, N. 4.
——— ſale of his animals at May-fair, N. 20.
Philander the moſt ſkilful in addreſſing the fair ſex, N. 13.
Philoſophy, plan for a ſyſtem of it, with an appendix, N. 43.
Picket, colonel, his character and manner of courtſhip, N. 7.
Pictures, the impreſſion they make on us, *ibid.*
Places of truſt, pretended to, not out of merit, but becauſe they are convenient, N. 41.
Platonne, a, deſcribed, N. 32.
——— nunnery eſtabliſhed by Platonnes, N. 17.
Players inſtructed by Shakeſpear, N. 35.
Playhouſe at Amſterdam ſupports an alms-houſe, N. 20.
Plays, proper incitements to good behaviour, N. 9.
Politicians, the diſtinction ſcarce diſcernible between them and idiots, N. 40.
Polugloſſa, acquainted with all the world but herſelf, N. 42.
Pope in diſtreſs, N. 5, 6, 7.
Poſtſcript to Bruſſels Letter, a poem, conſidered, N. 46.
Potatrix, Elizabeth, catalogue of her anceſtors, N. 35.
Poverty of the French deſcribed, N. 2.
Powell, junior, a famous heroic actor, N. 3.
——— diſputes between him and Mr. Bickerſtaff, N. 44.
——— his letter from Bath, N. 50.
Power, abſolute, repreſented in a dance, N. 11.
Precedence, a quarrel about it at Epſom, N. 36.
——— the opera, N. 16.
Preliminaries of peace refuſed by the French king, N. 23.
——— ſettled, N. 20.
Pretty fellows, very, women's men in the firſt degree, N. 35.
——— what perſons excluded that order, N. 21.
——— who, *ibid.*
Prophets, Modern, a comedy by Mr. D'Urfey, ſome account of it, N. 11.
Punchinello, his original character and ill manners, N. 45.
——— how diſpoſed of, N. 20.

Punchinello, Terræ filius at Oxford, N. 45.
Punning an enormity, N. 32.
——— an inſtance of it, N. 35.
Puppet-ſhow, Mrs. Saraband's, in the Exchange, N. 20.
———— ſupplies the want of an act at Oxford, N. 45.

QUALITY, people of, ſhould always pay the reckoning, N. 45.
Quarrel at Epſom about precedence, N. 36.
——— at the opera on the ſame occaſion, N. 16.
Queſtioners deſcribed, N. 41.
Quid-nunc, his character of lazineſs, &c. N. 10.

RAKES characterized, N. 27.
Ranter, colonel, civilized at the ſight of lady Betty Modiſh, N. 10.
Reconſiderations on inſtructions to Vanderbank, a poem, N. 3.
Recruiting Officer, character of that comedy, N. 20.
Religion, a project for the advancement thereof recommended, N. 5.
Richards, major general, blown up by a mine at Alicant, N. 21.

SACHARISSA, an excellent young lady, why not courted, N. 5.
Sagiſſa, her intrigue diſcovered by taking ſnuff, N. 35.
Saltero, don, at Chelſea, his deſcent, qualifications, and relics, N. 34.
Sappho, a fine lady, her character and diſcourſe with Mr. Bickerſtaff, N. 6.
Saraband, Mrs. her puppet-ſhow at the Exchange, N. 20.
Satisfaction, a term in duelling, explained, N. 25.
Satire, apology for it by Shakeſpear, N. 41.
—— guilt makes the application of it, *ibid.*
Scoggin, Mr. what Mr. Bickerſtaff claims through him, N. 9.
Scolding, a medicine for that vice, N. 2.
Seignior, grand, ſets all his chriſtian ſlaves in the gallies at liberty, N. 6.
Sempronia, lady, her ſcheme to betray Jenny Diſtaff, N. 33.
Senecio, the character of a good old man, N. 45.
Shakeſpear, his apology for ſatire, N. 41.
———— his excellencies, N. 8.
———— why his plays ſhould be encouraged, N. 12.

Sibourg, colonel, blown up by a mine at Alicant, N. 21.
Smart fellow deſcribed, N. 26.
——— whether an affront to be called ſo, *ibid.*
Smile, a man made half mad with one, N. 50.
Snuff, taking of it cenſured, N. 35.
Sophronius, why he is the darling of all that converſe with him, N. 21.
Sorrow expreſſed by Shakeſpear, N. 47.
Spindle, Tom, how cured of the ſpleen, *ibid.*
Spleen, a never-failing remedy for it, *ibid.*
Staff of Life, his poem to the French king, N. 24.
Stone-walls, comment on them, N. 17.
Swearers how reformed, N. 13.
Sweden, king of, his ſucceſs againſt the Muſcovites, N. 25.
——— paſſes the Nieper without oppoſition, N. 24.

Taste of an age known by their plays, N. 42.
Teraminta, the unhappy, her ſtory, N. 45.
Terræ filius at Oxford, his place ſupplied by Punchinello, *ibid.*
Theatres, the moſt agreeable and eaſy method of making a polite and moral gentry, N. 8.
Thorold, ſir George, declared alderman of Cordwainers Ward, N. 11.
Toaſts, by whom, and to what purpoſe that name was found out, N. 31.
——— origin of that inſtitution, N. 24.
Tom Drybones, how he purchaſed that name, *ibid.*
Torcy, monſieur, the French plenipotentiary, appointed to treat of a peace, N. 9, 13, 19, 23.
——— the ſenſe of the greatneſs of France, N. 16.
——— letter to him from madame Maintenon, N. 19.
Toſs, pretty miſs, the coquette, her behaviour, N. 27.
Tournay inveſted, N. 35.
——— ſurrendered to the duke of Marlborough, N. 44.
Townſhend, lord, the Engliſh plenipotentiary to the ſtates general, N. 18.
Tragedy, materials for making one, N. 22.
Tragical paſſion, how it ſhould be expreſſed, N. 47.
Treaty of peace, broken off by the French, N. 23.
Trippet, ſir Taffety, account of his amours at Epſom and Tunbridge, N. 47.

Trip to the Jubilee, character of that comedy, N. 19.
Tumult at Paris on account of the dearneſs of bread, N. 10.
Tunbridge Wells, adventures of a fortune hunter there, N. 47.

VALENTINE, a ſoldier, his uncommon generoſity, N. 5.
Vanity, the greateſt under the ſun, N. 11.
Verſes, a tale for the ladies, N. 2.
——— Bruſſels poſtſcript, N. 46.
——— deſcribing Copenhagen, by Ambroſe Philips, N. 12.
——— from Dryden's play of Almanzor, *ibid.*
——— from Milton, N. 6, 40, 49, 50.
——— from ſir John Suckling, N. 40.
——— inſtructions to Vanderbank, N. 5.
——— lamentations of a witty author, *ibid.*
——— on a parrot, N. 27.
——— on a partial judge, N. 42.
——— on marriage, N. 40 and 49.
——— on the morning in town, N. 9.
——— out of Addiſon's campaign, N. 43.
——— ſimile of the ſun eclipſed, N. 11.
——— to Lewis XIV. N. 24.
Verus, the character of an impartial chief juſtice, N. 14.
Vignolles, major, blown up by a mine at Alicant, N. 21.
Villaria, the beauteous object of Orlando's affection, N. 50.
Virgil compared with Homer, N. 6.
—— more judicious in his epithets than Homer, *ibid.*
Underhill, Cave, an excellent comic actor for three generations, N. 22.
Unnion, corporal, account of his death, N. 5.

WALPOLE, Mr. going to England with the preliminaries of peace, N. 20.
Water, circumſpection, wonderful effects of it, N. 2.
Wedlock, a picture of it, N. 7.
Welſh, a nation of gentlemen, N. 31.
Whiſperers without buſineſs cenſured, N. 38.
Whitaker, admiral, arrives at Barcelona with troops from Naples, N. 5.
Wife, ſcheme to govern one, N. 10.
—— the moſt amiable term in life, and derided only by fools, N. 33.
Winter-piece, a poem, by Ambroſe Philips, from Copenhagen, N. 12.

INDEX.

Withers, general, his diſtinguiſhing character, N. 46.
Wits, bodily, deſcribed, N. 45.
—— oppoſed to critics, N. 29.
Witchcraft deſcribed and explained, N. 21.
Women have more underſtanding than men in their own affairs, N. 30.
——— natural to them to talk of themſelves, N. 10.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

G.R. III.
BRITISH MUSEUM